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THE NEW YORKER

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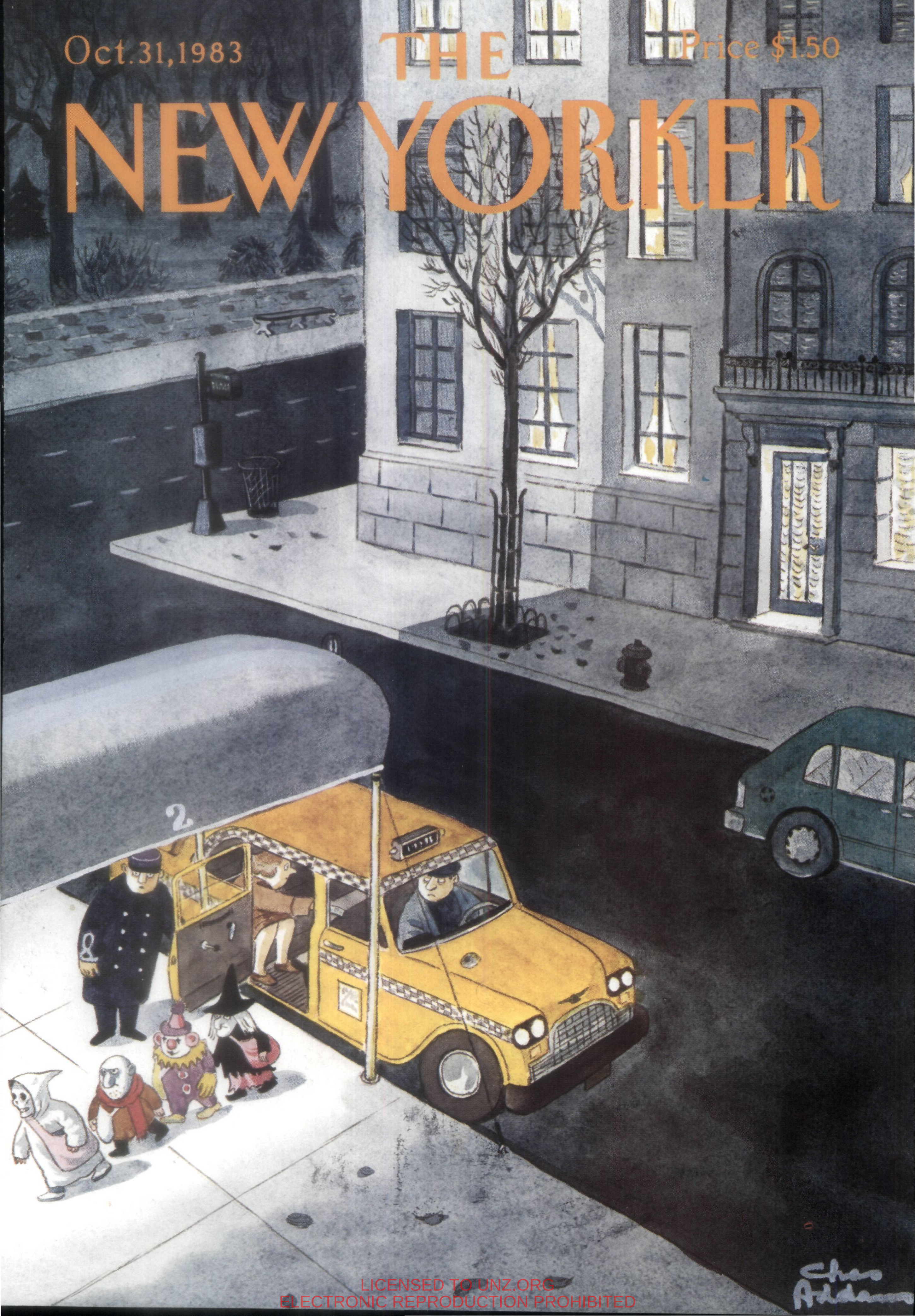
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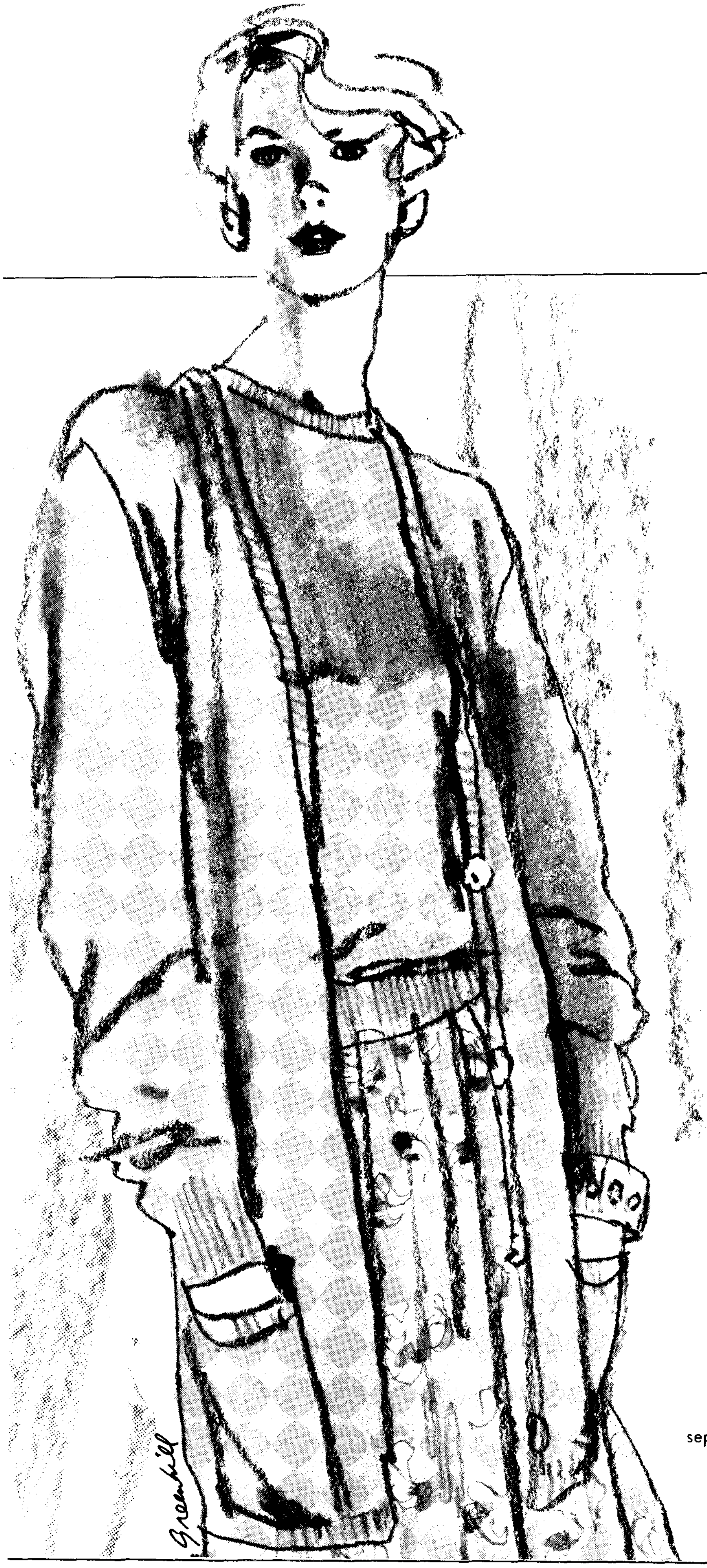

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—A return engagement of the Long Wharf Theatre production of David Mamet's play, with Al Pacino, J. J. Johnston, and James Hayden. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 26. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 27. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent portrayal, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. Alvin Epstein exchanges roles with Mr. Warrilow in alternate weeks. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Big Maggie—This harsh comedy—an Irish import by John B. Keane—is about a widow and the schemes she devises to initiate her four grown children into the stringent realities of life in provincial Ireland. Ideally, the play should be performed by an Irish company, but the American actors assembled do pretty well under Donal Donnelly's direction. Robin Howard is excellent in the title role. (10/10/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon's new and reputedly autobiographical comedy. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3.)

La Cage aux Folles—A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Gene Barry. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—An excellent revival of Herman Wouk's courtroom thriller about a dotty Navy captain in the Second World War. With Michael Moriarty, Philip Bosco, Joe Namath, and half a dozen other admirable actors. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 6.)

Edmund Kean—Ben Kingsley in a one-man show that celebrates the disreputable personal life and brilliant professional career of the man who is generally considered one of the three or four greatest actors in British history. (10/10/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, Oct. 29.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Meredith Willson's 1957 musical **THE MUSIC MAN** will be the second in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Oct. 27, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 20. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FunHouse—Eric Bogosian in a one-man show. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Jewish Gypsy—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Last of the Knucklemen—A play by John Powers, with Kevin O'Connor and Dennis Quaid. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 26. (American Theatre for Actors, 314 W. 54th St. 279 4200. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafte Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays a 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinée Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **THE STUDENT PRINCE.** (Eastside 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesday through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays a 3:30.)

The Master Builder—A moribund revival. (10 24/83) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23r St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays a 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, an Sundays at 2.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twigg make a pair of delightful lovers in a musica whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a doze classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398 0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, an Sundays at 3. Special performance Monda evening, Oct. 31.)

'Night, Mother—A faultlessly written play b Marsha Norman, starring Kathy Bates an Anne Pitoniak. The subject matter is grim— a young woman's determination to commi suicide—but one is often amused as well a touched by the family verities that Miss Norman manages to bring to light as if for th first time. Tom Moore directed. (4/11/83 (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesday through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednes

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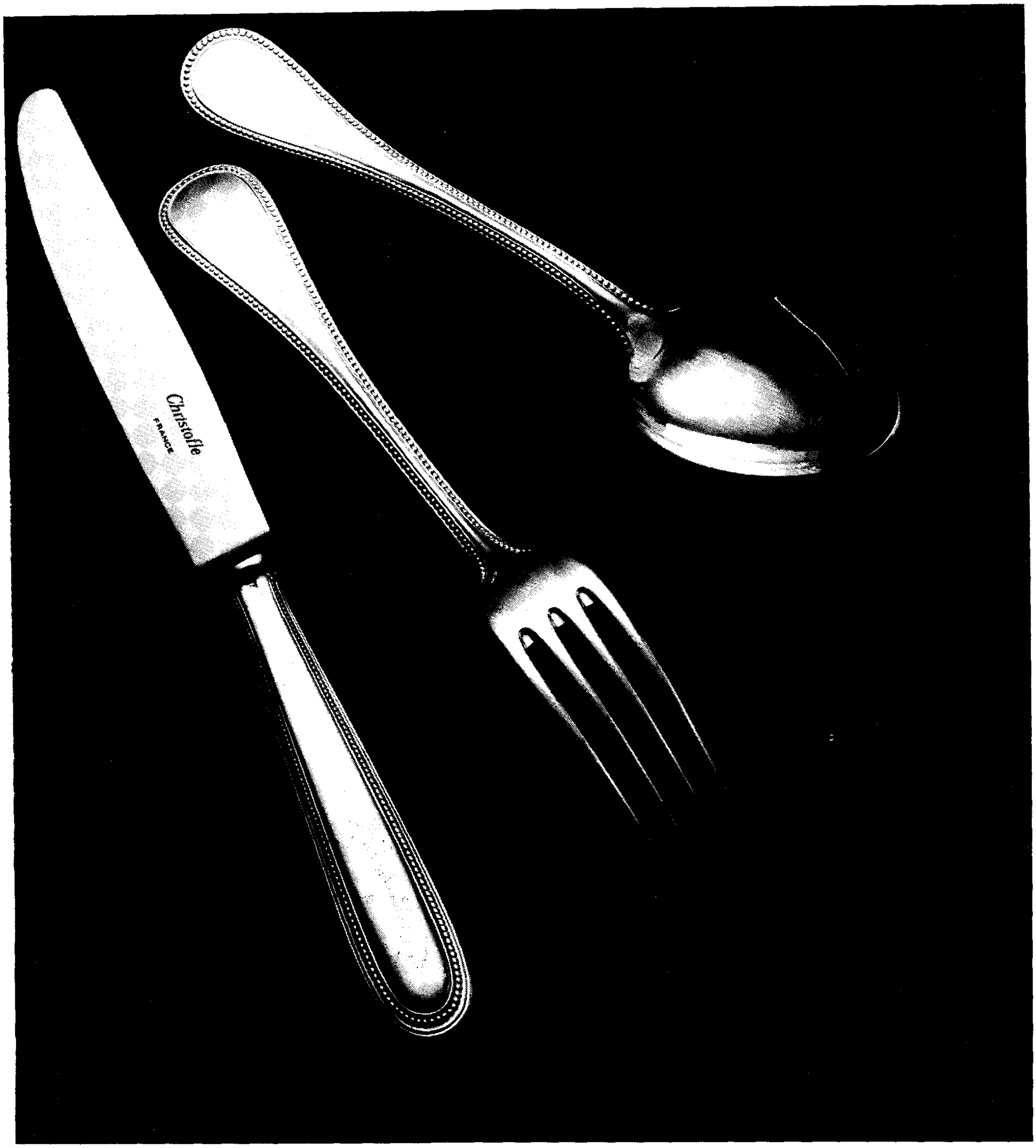

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Your Toes—A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. This production stars Galina Panova and Lara Teeter. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Philanthropist—A stylish and spirited revival of Christopher Hampton's satire—a spinoff (and reversal) of Molière's "The Misanthrope." David McCallum gives a strong performance in the title role, and he is ably supported by Glenne Headly, Anthony Heald, and Robin Bartlett, among others. (10/24/83) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton, and Barbara Caruso. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Sand Dancing—Lynn Milgrim gives a fine performance as a woman slowly awakening after years of sleeping sickness in Kenneth Pressman's play about a reunion of friends on an island in the Chesapeake Bay. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 6.)

Shades of Brown—An Afrikaans policeman comes to a Colored psychologist for advice, and this melodrama, set in South Africa, becomes a two-act therapy session. The idea (fable or not) is preposterous, but the actors give it more credibility than it earns. They are Count Stovall (therapist) and Michael O'Hare (cop). (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Trial of Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.—A play by Billy Graham. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Up from Paradise—Len Cariou, Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and Lonny Price in a musical by Arthur Miller (book and lyrics) and Stanley Silverman (music). (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 674-7200. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Weekend—A musical by Roger Lax. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 486-1666. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi was the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

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You Can't Take It with You—The happily slapdash comedy that George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart wrote in the middle nineteen-thirties seems as hilarious as ever. Directed by Ellis Rabb, with a rambunctious cast headed by Eddie Albert. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—The Life Force, embodied by Anthony Quinn, makes this otherwise dour musical about life in a Cretan village worth paying attention to. Also in the cast are Lila Kedrova and Robert Westenberg. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, book by Joseph Stein. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,776 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quicl ie about a man-eating plant, this exuberan jokey musical is wholly free of camp. Tl score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Asl man directed and wrote the book and lyric Martin P. Robinson designed the menacir plant, and it speaks and sings in the mena ing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 12 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesda through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 1 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of Fellini "8½," with charming music and lyrics l Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawren Miller, and sensationally attractive costum by William Ivey Long, but the book (l Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-fem nist tract. Sergio Franchi is the star. (46 Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-121 Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **O CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches th purport to give us a refreshing view of s and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 75 7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Satu days at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Mat nées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATI EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is scathing satire on Catholic education: a cra nun verbally molests her small pupils un she is given her comeuppance by four visiti alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Acto Nightmare," a businessman dreams that is on a stage and forced to perform, givi rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respec ed playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43 St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SO TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, se timental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstei which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewi homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phill Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the ma inée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sunda at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy abo two rival brothers in California, which w given an unsatisfactory production originall has now been transformed by the clowning James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sini was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays ar Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturda at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matiné Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire Shubert Alley denizens, in a revised, updat version. The lyrics to the song parodies a by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstai 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays throu Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written l Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Hol man, and Don Perman, and performed l Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, ai Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd 869-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:3 Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday evening, Oct. 2 "Les Patineurs," "Italian Suite" (premièr and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Thursday ev ning, Oct. 27: "Petrouchka," "Parade," ar "Italian Suite." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oc 28, and Sunday evening, Oct. 30: "Drea Dances," "Five Brahms Waltzes in the Ma ner of Isadora Duncan," "Round of Angels and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Saturday ev ning, Oct. 29: "Italian Suite," "Return to t Strange Land," and "Offenbach in the U derworld." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 3 "Petrouchka," "Parade," and "Cloven Kin dom." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 1, an Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "Les Patineurs "Illuminations," and "Cloven Kingdom. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 2: "Drea Dances," "Square Deal" (première), an

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"Rodeo." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "Light Rain," "Square Deal," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Love Songs," and "Rodeo." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Harry—Senta Driver and her company performing new and repertoire works. (The Space, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 26-30, at 8.)

Lucinda Childs Dance Company—A program of contemporary dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 27-29, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **MATTHEW NASH: ELEMENTS OF STYLE:** Wednesday, Oct. 26, and Friday, Oct. 28, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2. . . . **JAZZDANCE/THE DANNY BURACZESKI DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, Oct. 27, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2 and 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, the Vernel Fournier trio will be aboard, and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will head up his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concert-style (sh-h-h!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** a flamethrower of a tenor saxophonist and a bassoonist, leads a big band through Sunday, Oct. 30; on Monday, Oct. 31, Sudan Baronian's Taksim will trade sets with the Armen Donelian trio; and on Tuesday, Nov. 1, pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** will arrive with his quartet. Sets begin after nine-thirty. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions on Fridays and Saturdays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 26, veteran rock singer and keyboardist **AL KOOPER;** Thursday, Oct. 27, at eight and ten-thirty, **DOC & MERLE WATSON,** the stunning flat-pickers from North Carolina, and **JOSH WHITE, JR.;** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, and Monday, Oct. 31, British folk-rocker Richard Thompson and T-Bone Burnett; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 3-4, rockabillyist **ROBERT GORDON;** and Saturday, Nov. 5, **SONNY ROLLINS.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. Bassist **RED MITCHELL** and pianist **KENNY BARRON** work together through Sunday, Oct. 30; on Monday, Oct. 31, **ALAN BROADBENT,** a Tristano-influenced pianist and Woody Herman's rock-meets-big-band-charts arranger, will begin a six-night stint performing with bassist Putter Smith. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** is back in action in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** a delicate, elegantly swinging piano soloist given to playing short, abbreviated sets, works here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Oct. 26, the Action Faction, the Blind Dates, and John Are; Thursday, Oct. 27, the Mad Violets, the Cor Vairs, I Ride the Bus, and the Cyclones; Friday, Oct. 28, Urban Blight, the Foreign Legion, and Costa Rocka; Saturday, Oct. 29, the Nitecaps and the Outsets; and Tuesday, Nov. 1, the New Seeds, Zoo Music, the Young Turks, and Banana Republic. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Club Jisco, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—Formerly called the Jazzmania Society (but what's in a name?), this comfortable loft club features jazz (both live and recorded) to dance to. Thursdays are the property of the **HERMAN ANGEL SEXTET** and its guest soloists, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** on Oct. 27, and trumpeter **JIMMY OWENS** on Nov. 3. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, pianist and vibraharpist **KARL BERGER** will lead his **GAMELA-TAKI FUNK BAND.** Live music from about ten. Closed Saturday, Oct. 29.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—First-edition stride pianist **JOE TURNER**—he is a contemporary of Fats Waller—is still going strong here nightly, except Sundays. Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven: Wednesday, Oct. 26, Sean & James Keane, with Mick Moloney; Saturday, Oct. 29, Walt Michael & Company; and Saturday, Nov. 5, **FIDDLE FEVER.** Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sunday, Oct. 30, will be given over to tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** and his Jazz Sultans. On Mondays, Ed Polcer's quintet has the floor, on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty the **JAY LEONHART**–Danny D'Imperio quartet can be heard. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**ANITA O'DAY** sings here through Sunday, Oct. 30; on Tuesday, Nov. 1, electric pianist and vocalist **LES MC CANN** will take over. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Thursday, Oct. 27, Martin Carthy, John Kirkpatrick, and Howard Evans; Friday, Oct. 28, rock guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY** and David Massengill; Saturday, Oct. 29, veteran folkie **ERIC ANDERSEN** and Danny McCarthy; Sunday, Oct. 30, comedienne Jane Brucker; Friday, Nov. 4, June & Jean Millington; and Saturday, Nov. 5, bluesy singer **PAULA LOCKHEART.** Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

DANGER
SLIPPERY
ROAD AHEAD
S.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE,** guitarist **CHUCK LOEB,** and singer Carmen Questa; Sunday, Oct. 30, singer Karen Edwards; Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 1-5, pianist **ALBERT DAILEY.** Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 26-27.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist Matt McErlean's trio can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy; and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten belong to Baba Motta, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Trumpeter **DICK SUDHALTER** has joined the roster of pianists, as he works with **MIKE ABENE** through Saturday, Oct. 29, and with **STEVE KUHN** beginning Tuesday, Nov. 1. Keith MacDonald is at the dining-room grand on Sundays, and Mondays belong to **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five Dixieland players and trumpeter Spanky Davis hit it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to fine piano-bass duos: **LOU LEVY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Oct. 29; **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **RON CARTER** beginning Tuesday, Nov. 1; and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** who show up every Sunday and Monday. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Oct. 26, Topper Lilien and Joey Miserable; Thursday, Oct. 27, singer **TRACY NELSON** and Sugar Ray & the Bluetones; Sunday, Oct. 30, **ALBERT COLLINS,** a very fine blues singer and guitarist, and the Blue Prints; Monday, Oct. 31, Texas Jewish cowboy-folksinger Kinky Friedman and Juke Joint; Tuesday, Nov. 1, **ELVIN BISHOP,** a blues and rock guitarist who draws very lively audiences, and the Heart Fixers; and Thursday, Nov. 3, the Younger Brothers and Gabe Johnson. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. Wednesday, Oct. 26, trumpeter **VALERY PONOMAREV'S** band, which features guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS;** Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 27-30, the **JAKI BYARD–ERIC KLOSS QUARTET;** and starting Tuesday, Nov. 1, altoist **RICHIE COLE'S** quartet. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **MAX MORATH** guides a quintet through a program of vintage popular music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the

Seafoam Vase

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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 26-27, French Toast; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON;** Wednesday, Nov. 2, Slow Train; and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 3-5, singer **JON LUCIEN.** Music from ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Oct. 26, the Allies, Art Halperin, and the Young Turks; Thursday, Oct. 27, the Third Wave, Jesse Bullitt, and Richard X. Heyman; Friday, Oct. 28, Jim Dawson and Linda Webb; Saturday, Oct. 29, Diamond Dupree and Steve Postel; Sunday, Oct. 30, Rob Stoner; Monday, Oct. 31, the Looney Skip Rooney Show; Wednesday, Nov. 2, Doug Harris, the Whirling Dervishes, and the Jackrabbits; Thursday, Nov. 3, Hooke & Scalfi, Nanci Griffith, Jack Hardy, and the Backsters; Friday, Nov. 4, Grape Jam, the Junior X Trio, and L-7; and Saturday, Nov. 5, Maiden America and Spellbound. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty. On Sundays after ten, the place is given over to a jazz-rock jam session. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, Oct. 28, Panther Burns; Saturday, Oct. 29, the **FEELIES,** the Haledon, New Jersey, quartet whose tunes sound like nineteen-eighties minimalist Ventures music; Monday, Oct. 31, the Cramps; and Saturday, Nov. 5, the **SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS,** a trio from Scotland that plays not bagpipes but guitars, standup bass, and some of the best rockabilly in the world. Wednesdays and Thursdays are in the hands of the resident d.j.s and v.j.s.; Tuesdays are N.Y.U. nights. Live music from after eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor where **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Wednesday, Oct. 26, **GANG OF FOUR;** Friday, Oct. 28, Translator and the Pədant-iks; Saturday, Oct. 29, Juluka; Sunday and Monday, Oct. 30-31, **HOT TUNA;** Tuesday, Nov. 1, at nine and midnight, Twisted Sister and Queensrysche; Thursday, Nov. 3, Southside Johnny & the Jukes; Friday, Nov. 4, A.P.B.; and Saturday, Nov. 5, the Payolas. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Oct. 26, Snow Flight; Thursday, Oct. 27, singer **SYBIL THOMAS;** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, Noel Pointer; Sunday and Monday, Oct. 30-31, singer **CLARICE TAYLOR;** Tuesday, Nov. 1, the Banks Brothers; Wednesday, Nov. 2, flutist **RICHARD CLAY;** and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 3-5, the **CEDAR WALTON QUARTET.** Mondays are devoted to the music of **GIL EVANS** and his young vivacious big band. Music from ten.

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30	31	1	2	3	4	5

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. On weekends, patrons can become percussionists: they are given previously emptied and mysteriously resealed Brahma beer (it's Brazilian, of course) cans partway filled with rice and tantalizingly shakable. The roster: Wednesday, Oct. 26, **JORGE DALTO** and his Inter-American Band; Thursday, Oct. 27, Billy Bongo and his African-American Hilife Band; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, and Saturday, Nov. 5, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday, Nov. 1, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL'S** sextet; Wednesday, Nov. 2, altoist **OLIVER LAKE;** Thursday, Nov. 3, Gumbe Sounds; and Friday, Nov. 4, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

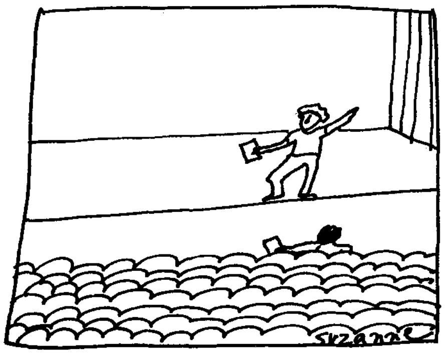
SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Super bassist **RON CARTER'S** quartet through Saturday, Oct. 29; Sunday, Oct. 30, **THIAGO DE MELLO** and his Brazilian-jazz band, **AMAZON;** Monday, Oct. 31, saxophonist **RENE MC LEAN;** and Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 1-5, saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** sextet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays after nine are salsa nights: on Oct. 31, **CELIA CRUZ** will sing with **TITO PUENTE'S LATIN JAZZ ENSEMBLE** and **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA NUEVA COMPANIA,** and the guest jazz soloist will be flutist **DAVE VALENTIN.** Music on the Terrace is handled by pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** through Sunday, Oct. 30; on Tuesday, Nov. 1, **JAKI BYARD** will move in with Ralph Hamperian. And in addition each Tuesday is graced by jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN,** and each Sunday from four to eight by singer Ruth Brisbane and the New Orleans Jazz Serenaders.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Pianist **HANK JONES,** tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH,** drummer **BILLY HART,** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** collaborate through Sunday, Oct. 30; on Tuesday, Nov. 1, tenor-sax wiz **ZOOT SIMS** will bring in his quartet. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** supplies Monday-night music. Music from ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). **CHRIS CONNOR** sings here through Sunday, Oct. 30; on Tuesday, Nov. 1, West Coast guitarist **MUNDELL LOWE** will begin working with bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER.** Shows at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. Hank Johnson performs at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Jack Wilson is at the keyboard with bassist **MIKE FLEMING** Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 27-30; and Esther Blue will be here Thursday through Sunday Nov. 3-6. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.



WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop music admirers and players. Saxophonist Percy France heads up his combo through Saturday, Oct. 29; Sunday, Oct. 30 will be claimed by pianist **DICK KATZ;** and blues and boogie-woogie pianist **SAMMY PRICE** will arrive with his group on Tuesday, Nov. 1. Music from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The musicians you'll find there: pianist **WALTER NORRIS** and bassist Dean Johnson through Saturday, Oct. 29; guitarist **JOE BECK** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** beginning Monday Oct. 31; and pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and his bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** on Sundays. Music every night from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JACK REILLY AND LLOYD MOSS—A program of music and poetry. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

KARL BERGER & GEORGE SCHUTZ and **OREGON**—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8.

PAT METHENY GROUP—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8 and 11:30.

WILLEM BREUKER'S KOLLEKTIEF—Public Theatre 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Oct. 28 at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 29, at 10.

JOSÉ LUIS RODRIGUEZ—Radio City Music Hall Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, at 8.

STEVE LACY SEXTET—Public Theatre. Friday, Oct 28, at 10, and Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8.

KEVIN BURKE, MICHEAL O'DOMHNAILL, AND JOE BURKE—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8, and Sunday Oct. 30, at 3.

SAMMY DAVIS, JR., and **BILL COSBY**—A two-week engagement. (Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Monday, Oct. 31 through Saturday, Nov. 12. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

KOOL & THE GANG—With the S.O.S. Band. (Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday through Friday Nov. 2-4, at 8.)

DICK HYMAN AND RUBY BRAFF—New School, 66 W 12th St. Friday, Nov. 4, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

WOODY SHAW QUINTET AND GRADY TATE—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.

MEG CHRISTIAN, CRIS WILLIAMSON, TRET FURE, TERESA TRULL, AND BARBARA HIGBIE—Beacon Theatre Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.

JAZZ CULTURAL THEATRE—Friday and Saturday Oct. 28-29, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Junior Cook-Bill Hardman Quintet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Terry Thornton trio. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997.)

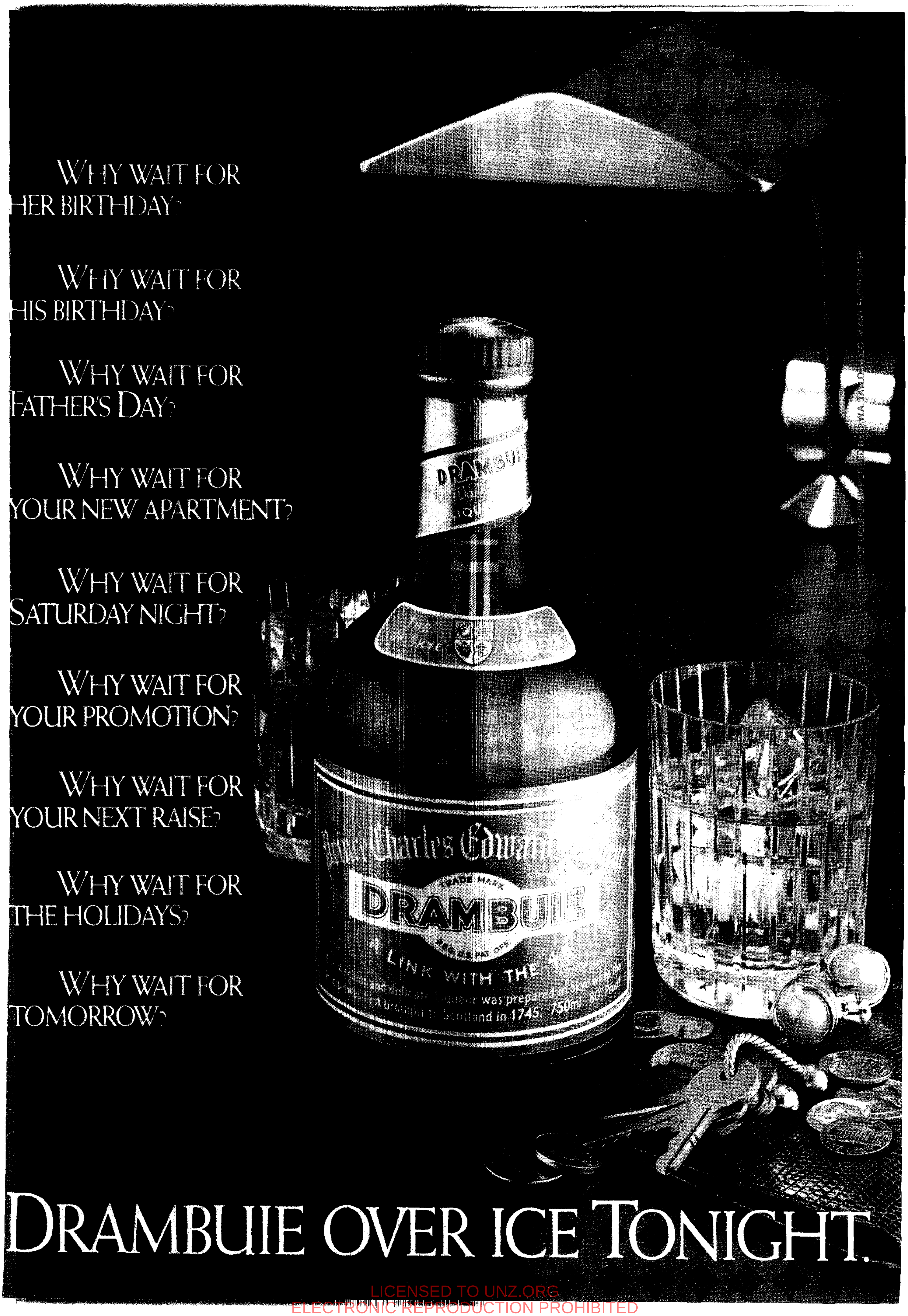
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

TADASHI ASOMA—Views of wooded areas and ponds, most of them painted from a closeup perspective. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

PAUL BRACH—Landscape paintings that repeat motifs of the Southwest—horses running in



WHY WAIT FOR
HER BIRTHDAY?

WHY WAIT FOR
HIS BIRTHDAY?

WHY WAIT FOR
FATHER'S DAY?

WHY WAIT FOR
YOUR NEW APARTMENT?

WHY WAIT FOR
SATURDAY NIGHT?

WHY WAIT FOR
YOUR PROMOTION?

WHY WAIT FOR
YOUR NEXT RAISE?

WHY WAIT FOR
THE HOLIDAYS?

WHY WAIT FOR
TOMORROW?

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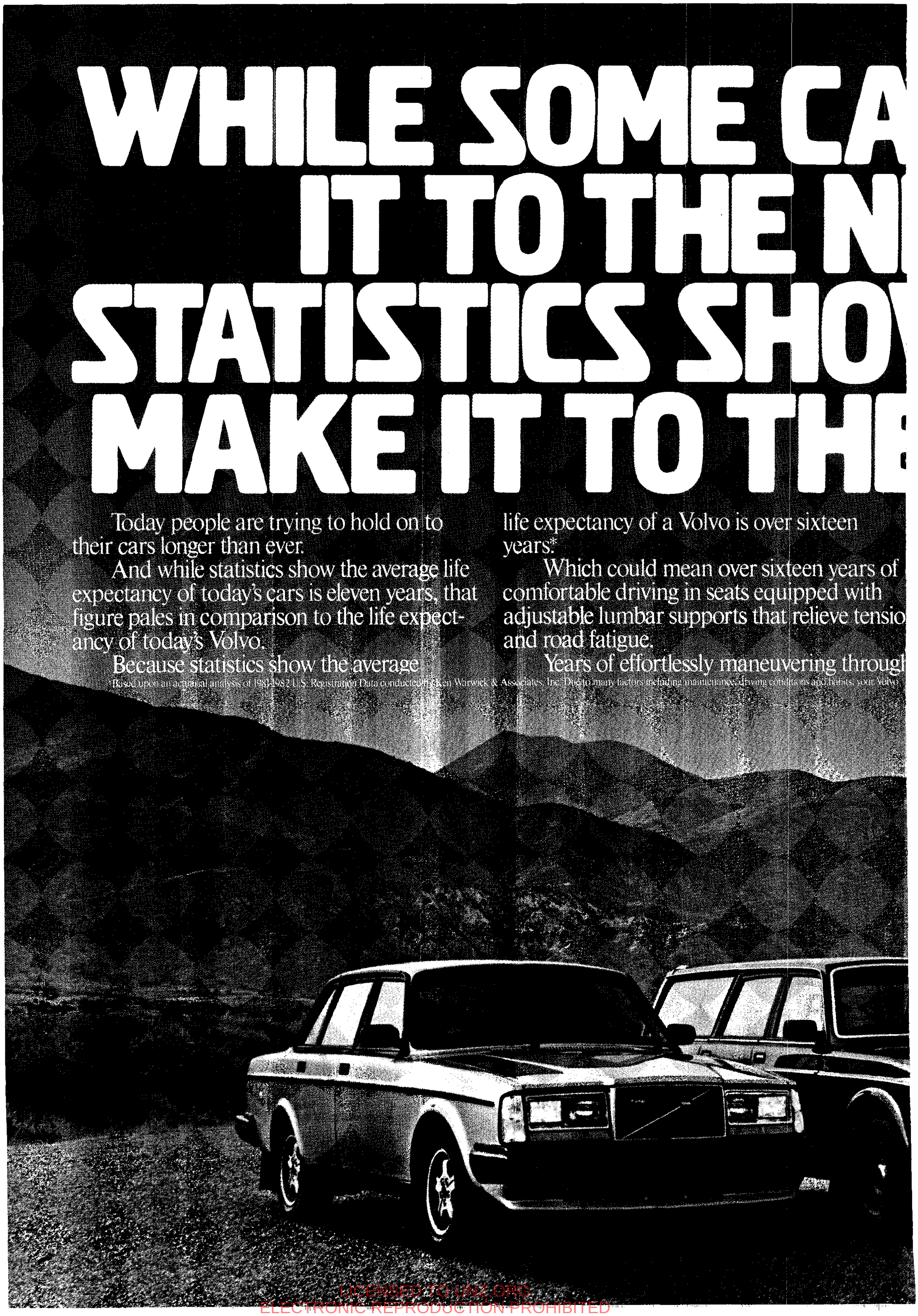

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

herds, mesas—and are bordered with Navajo designs. Through Nov. 19. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—Paintings of the *haut monde* in the thirties and early forties but looking just as *haut* now as they did then. Through Dec. 3. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

William Pène du Bois—A retrospective of paintings and drawings done over the past fifty years by this well-known author and illustrator of children's books, who is the son of Guy Pène du Bois. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Schiller-Wapner, 36 E. 61st St.)

Heide Fasnacht—Large-scale painted-wood sculptures, plus maquettes and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Michael Flanagan—Meticulously painted surrealistic works. Through Nov. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Anthony Green—Detailed paintings of English gardens and the interiors of cozy cottages, often occupied by the artist himself. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959) **and Hannah Höch** (1889-1978)—Oils and works on paper done in Berlin during the twenties and thirties. Through Dec. 31. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

Michael Heizer—Seven new sculptures (five of them very big), and eight large-scale drawings in a variety of mediums. Through Nov. 26. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

György Kepes—Abstract paintings that combine oil and sand and sometimes glow like stained-glass windows. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Morris Louis (1912-62)—Six paintings from his "veil" series. Through Thursday, Nov. 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Juan Martinez—New paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Drawings in a range of mediums, including four in charcoal on canvas. From the collection of Marina Ruiz Picasso. Through Dec. 3. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Robert Quijada—Collages and freestanding constructions made of canvas-covered strips of wood. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Fritz Scholder—This artist has moved on from American Indian subjects to paintings of distorted figures and semi-abstract Arizona landscapes. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Merton D. Simpson—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Nov. 3. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Nancy Spero—Two or three figures, occasionally reclining, seen in oils from the sixties and in drawings from the past three decades. Through Nov. 17. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Miklos Suba (1880-1944)—Drawings and watercolors of New York, mostly from the thirties. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Group Shows—At the **carus,** 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: Watercolors, drawings, and prints by the original German Expressionists, such as Emil Nolde, Kirchner, and Pechstein. Through Nov. 26. . . . **elkon,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by some of this century's more formidable artists, among them Picasso, Miró, Balthus, and Giacometti. Through Nov. 23. . . . **hutton,** 33 E. 74th St.: Russian Suprematist works, many of which were hidden in a Leningrad apartment until the seventies: Twenty-five drawings by Malevich, porcelains by Nikolai Suetin, and ink drawings and porcelains by Ilya Chashnik. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **coe kerr,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Scenes of turn-of-the-century Venice in paintings, works on paper, and prints by a half-dozen Americans, among them Childe Hassam and Maurice Prendergast. Through Nov. 16. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Jane Armstrong—Marble sculptures that include sleeping calves and cloud formations, plus a few abstractions. Through Thursday, Nov. 3. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Rela Banks—A new series of marble sculptures emphasizing egg-shaped forms. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Charles Baskerville—Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Eric, 61 E. 57th St.)

Ben Benn (1884-1983)—Paintings. Through Nov. 12. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James Brooks—Recent paintings by an Abstract Expressionist. Through Nov. 12. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

George Constant (1892-1978)—Landscapes and figurative works. Through Nov. 12. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Michael David—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Valentina DuBasky—Paintings and drawings from the "stag" series, in which landscape and still-life meld—along with the stag, of course. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Sam Francis / Beverly Pepper—Paintings on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. / A fresh assembly of her slender, towering sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ken Goodman—Stark grisaille paintings in which the artist portrays himself eavesdropping, whispering confidences, expressing alarm, and so forth. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ron Gorchov—Gaily colored abstractions painted on shield-shaped canvases. Through Tuesday, Nov. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Gordon—Paintings of lush back yards in middle-class neighborhoods in Iowa. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Philip Guston (1913-80)—Late paintings not seen in New York until now. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Christopher James—Watercolors of women swimmers and hand-colored-and-lacquered photographs of swimming pools in winter (closeup or deliberately skewed). Through Nov. 26. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Drawings, chiefly. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Terence LaNoue—Paintings and works on paper, all abstractions. Through Nov. 19. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Stephanie Brody Lederman—Mixed mediums on paper, filled with private symbolism and unaccountable inscriptions. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Markus Lüpertz—Oil paintings by a German Neo-Expressionist. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—Mountain ranges in New Mexico, New England, and the Tyrol, painted with the same verve and analytical skill that shone in his cityscapes and marines. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Rodrigo Moynihan / Heinrich Kühn (1866-1944)—Studio still-lifes that bring to mind Morandi's works, plus self-portraits. / Photographs, among them large-format exhibition prints (platinum and gum-bichromate) of his travels in Europe. Through Nov. 19. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Herman Rose—Representational paintings spanning a fifty-year period. Through Nov. 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

David Saunders—Portraits of actors superimposed on canvases crowded with secondary subjects. Through Thursday, Nov. 3. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bernarda Bryson Shahn—This artist, now in her eighties, is showing her engaging paintings for the first time. She is the widow of Ben Shahn but her works seem wholly free of his influence. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Dee Shapiro—Richly colored, patterned watercolors. Through Nov. 18. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Paintings from the thirties and forties that reflect some of the influences at work on the emerging sculptor. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St. and 113 Greene St.)

Steven Sorman—Large abstract works done in various mediums on polyester drapery material. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Tuttle—Abstract wall sculptures in a dazzling variety of mediums; this is the artist's first major show since his retrospective at the Whitney in 1975. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Blum-Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ruth Vollmer (1903-82)—Sculptures in bronze, wood, plastic, and aluminum, reflecting her mathematical turn of mind. Through Nov. 12. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

James McNeill Whistler (1834-1903)—Forty etchings and drypoints of Venice in the eighteen-eighties, marking the centennial of his first show here with the same dealers. Through Nov. 30. (Wunderlich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Luis Cruz Azaceta, JoAnne Carson, and Roy De Forest are among the artists whose paintings, constructed in three dimensions, are on view. Through Nov. 10. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **heidenberg,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Bonnard, Vuillard, Roussel, Pissarro, and Toulouse-Lautrec. Through Nov. 30. . . . **holly solomon,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Part II of the inaugural show in the new quarters, consisting of recent works by artists who grew up with the gallery—Joe Zucker, Robert Kushner, Donna Dennis, to name a few. Through Saturday, Oct. 29.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Rita Baragona—Flower still-lifes in oil. Through Nov. 9. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Jennifer Bartlett / Jackie Winsor—A fresh series of large oils centered on a swimming pool in the South of France. / A single cruciform sculptural work made up of six panels painted a vibrant red. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Linda Bastian—Flower still-lifes painted on silk. Through Wednesday, Nov. 2. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Mel Bochner—Abstractions in oil on shaped

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canvas. Through Nov. 12. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Chris Burden—"Cost Effective Micro-Weaponry and Related Machines" comprises six very active installations, some of them ("The Flying Kayak," for instance) intended for audience participation. Through Nov. 12. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

William N. Copley—New paintings and three-panel screens, mostly high-gloss narrative works involving erotica. Through Nov. 9. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Don Eddy—Photo-Realist airbrush paintings of glassware, toys, and assorted doodads arranged on glass shelves. Through Nov. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Mary Beth Edelson—Large-scale paintings and drawings in which the artist focussed on portrait busts from antiquity—in particular, ones with missing noses. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Gaylen Hansen—Dogs, bears, fish, and a recurring character called the Kernal populate these folk-art paintings, done on unstretched canvas. Through Thursday, Nov. 3. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Alain Kirili—Freestanding upright iron sculptures. Through Nov. 26. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Marion Lerner Levine—Still-life paintings. Through Nov. 9. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Ju Ming—Sculptures of mammoth tree trunks, cast in bronze; wooden logs shaped with an axe; and, on a smaller scale, ceramic fish and people. Through Nov. 12. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Nathan Oliveira—Paintings, monotypes, and bronzes. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

James Rosenquist—Four new paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Lee Sherry—Eastern symbolism pervades these tapestry-like works, adorned with elephants, tigers, camels, and cryptic writings. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Hollis Sigler—Brightly colored narrative oils shown against tabernacle façades painted on the gallery walls. Through Thursday, Nov. 3. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Arlene Slavin—A three-part, eight-foot folding screen commissioned by the Hudson River Museum, and other works. Through Nov. 9. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Andy Spence—Stylish-looking Minimalist paintings of architectural forms reduced to their simplest pictographs. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Carol Unger / Eve Licea—Outsize pencil drawings of comfortably seated young people, done with exceptional exactitude. / Sculptures, both on the wall and freestanding, made of handmade paper and pieces of wood, string, glass, metal, etc. Through Nov. 6. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

John T. Young / Leonard Dufresne—Rock cores a couple of inches in diameter and several feet long, taken by geologists testing for oil in Washington State, are linked together here in decorative sculptural works. / Small, stylized paintings of everyday life in kitchen, bedroom, and bath. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

The New Museum, now in galleries at 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.: Sixty-eight artists, all of whom have had a work or two at the museum in the past, are represented by paintings, sculptures, installations, photographs, and video. William Wiley, Lynda Benglis, William Wegman, Nancy Arlen, and Brice Marden, among others. Through Nov. 27. (Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5; except on Wednesdays after 5, admission is $2.50.)

Group Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works by ten emerging artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ESMAN,** in a new location, at 121 Spring St.: Members of the gallery stable (Ed Kerns and Thomas Nozkowski, for instance) and artists the gallery admires (Christo and Artschwager, for instance) are represented. Through Saturday, Oct. 29.

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OTHER GALLERIES

Alice Adams—A copper sculpture sixteen feet long and shaped like a section of roof. Through Jan. 3. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Alfredo Castañeda—Paintings by a Mexican artist with his own brand of surrealism and his own earthy wit. First one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 18. (Martin, 213 E. 49th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Rosemarie Castoro—More than a hundred black-and-white drawings that the artist calls "voyeuristic portraits," plus sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Edgar Franceschi—Paintings and drawings, most of them in a surrealist vein and related to composers—Mahler, Mozart, Wagner. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Alfred Leslie—Watercolors after a series of landscape sketches executed on a cross-country drive. Through Dec. 3. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Jane Sargeant—Recent oils and drawings. Through Nov. 12. (Ashby, 18 Cornelia St., near Sixth Ave. and West Fourth St.)

Italo Scanga—Elongated stick-man sculptures assembled from scraps of wood, notched decoratively here and there and painted. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Allan Chasanoff—Photographs of still-life compositions, which are altered by painted-in trompe-l'oeil effects. Through Nov. 25. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Roland Freeman—More than a hundred prints of contemporary blacks by a photojournalist. Through Jan. 8. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Lee Friedlander / Paul Strand (1890-1976)—Portraits from the past three decades. / Platinum prints of Mexico and New Mexico in the thirties. Through Nov. 12. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Hamish Fulton—Panoramic photographs taken in remote areas of Australia, Bolivia, Japan, Ireland, Nepal, and Florida, documenting this British artist's back-to-nature campaign. Through Saturday, Nov. 5. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Frank Gohlke—Fifteen photographs have been mounted in the lobby of the Museum of Modern Art, showing the region affected by the eruption of Mt. St. Helens one, two, and three years after the disaster. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Annie Leibovitz—Photographs, primarily the studies of rock stars for which she is well known. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Lisette Model (1906-83)—*Photographs of New* York in the forties and fifties. Through Satur day, Oct. 29. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

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Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904)—Animal-lo comotion collotypes, plus prints from the se ries on Central America and on the Yosemit Valley. Through Saturday, Oct. 29. (Wolf, 3 W. 57th St.)

Richard Prince—A dozen photographs of maga zine and newspaper ads for a cigarette bran Through Nov. 19. (Baskerville & Watson, 2 W. 57th St.)

Don Rodan—One photograph and one drawin apiece for each of the four seasons. Throug Saturday, Nov. 5. (Castelli Graphics, 4 77th St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fift Ave., at 94th St.: A show called "Metropol tan Opera Centennial: A Photographic A bum." . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works Canadian portraitist Yousuf Karsh. Bot shows through Nov. 13. (Tuesdays throug Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Su days, noon to 6.)

Group Show—Color photographs taken durin the forties for the Farm Security Administra tion by Marion Post Wolcott, Russell Le Jack Delano, and John Vachon; lost for mo than thirty years, the original transparenci were used to produce these dye-transfe prints. Through Nov. 26. (Light, 724 Fift Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.— The Édouard Manet retrospective. Throug Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the pain ings and works on paper of J. Alden Weir, late-nineteenth-century painter and exp nent of Impressionism. Through Jan. 8. . . ¶ Twentieth-century paintings from the co lection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza; amon the seventy-five works are ten newly a quired ones, including an O'Keeffe and Mondrian. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A sho devoted to Erastus Dow Palmer (1817-1904 the American neoclassical sculptor who ma his reputation with the marble "White Ca tive," one of twenty-five pieces on vie Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Monday Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesda through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.— hundred drawings that are eminent exampl of all the major artistic movements fro Post-Impressionism to the abstract figurati styles of the fifties and of the museum's co lection as well. Seurat, Ernst, Dali, Polloc Diebenkorn, others. Starts Saturday, Oct. 2 . . . ¶ A show of large-scale prints by Geor Baselitz (sixteen linoleum cuts) and Rolf Ise (sixteen drypoints). Through Jan. 3. . . ¶ The short history of video—*its artists an* exhibitions—is summarized in a show of ph tographs and catalogues. Through Jan. 3. . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Frank Gohlke's prints of Mt. S Helens. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, e cept Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursda evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A exhibit of sixteen of Charles Simonds' cla brick sculptures. Through Sunday, Oct. 3 . . . ¶ Eleven artists from around the countr have been chosen to represent "New Perspe tives in American Art." Paintings, scul tures, drawings, and photographs. Throug Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hour Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charg from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sunday 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Av at 75th St.—The Morris Graves retrospe tive contains more than a hundred painting sculptures, and drawings done from 1935 t the present. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ "Th Sculptor as Draftsman," a show of about fort twentieth-century drawings by nearly a many artists, including Elie Nadelman, Isam Noguchi, and H. C. Westermann. Throug Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hour Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charg after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show prints from the past two years by America artists Robert Longo, Laurie Anderso

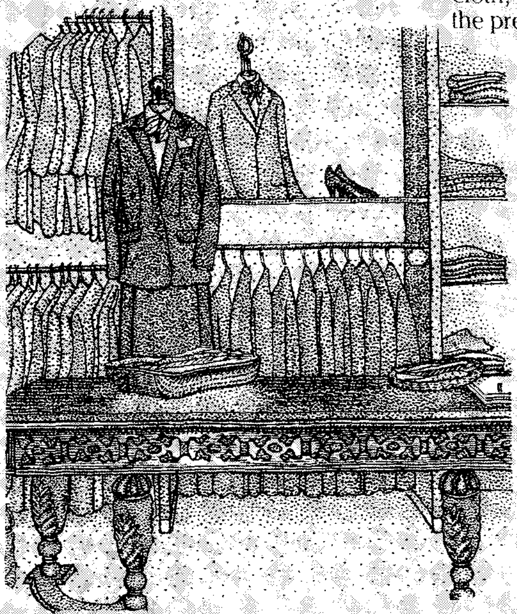
SHOP TALK: THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

(Some of the advantages of a Woman's Shop in a man's store are obvious . . . others might surprise you.)

Women on our premises never caused us to wonder, women having shopped for men since time immemorial. But years ago, before we ever thought of a Woman's Shop, we began to notice something interesting. A woman would come in and wander over to the sports jackets, where she'd linger among the blazers, thoughtfully run her hand over the tweeds, and finally pull one from the rack and hold it up at the mirror.

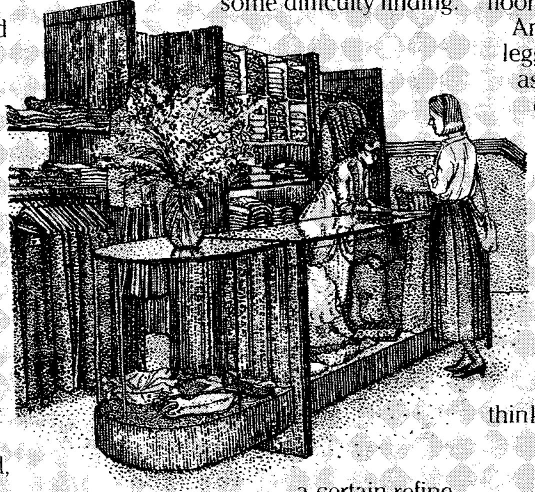
Just One Revelation

Assuming that she was trying to gauge her husband's size, we would offer our assistance and learn, to our astonishment, that she was shopping for herself, hoping to find a jacket that could be (more or less) made to fit. It couldn't, of course; a man's jacket, no matter what the size, is cut to fit a man's body. Still, it started us thinking. And once alerted, we could see that this sort of thing was happening elsewhere. In shirts. In sweaters. All over the store, in fact (our crushable English tweed driving caps, to name just one revelation, were walking out on nearly as many silky-haired feminine heads as on regulation masculine ones).



A Certain Refinement of Tailoring

Clearly, there were details about our men's clothes that women wanted in their own and were having some difficulty finding: a certain refinement of tailoring; a certain quality of cloth; a certain uniqueness. Such was the premise on which we opened our Woman's Shop – and on which we continue to run it. Using the same materials that distinguish our men's wear, we have our women's things made by the same fine tailors.



Also shirtmakers. And shoemakers. And knitters and weavers and printers. For, while the classic tailored suit has always been our pride, you might be surprised at how much else is going on in our Woman's Shop:

A hand-knitted English sweater, for instance, made for us by knitters whose ancestors provided laces to the court of Henry VIII (and whose "hand" is so characteristic, you can actually tell their work from that of the neighboring shire) . . .

A pristine shirt of clean white Irish linen with a narrow, perfect band at the neck and an ascot to wrap around it (and, if you're so minded, a brooch from our cache of antique English jewelry to hold it in place) . . .

A collection of madder-print pocket handkerchiefs, made on antique printing blocks, in a silk crepe so fine that were you to sigh too hard over one, it might waft up to Men's Suits on the floor above . . .

An alluringly slim-hipped, easy-legged trouser, for which we took as inspiration the Oxford Bags of the 20s that intrepid Oxonians wore to conceal their (then-) scandalous knickers . . .

A black velvet smoking jacket, with a brown herringbone print. To wear, perhaps, with the black wool-crepe evening version of our Oxford Bags . . . and a creamy silk crepe de Chine dress shirt.

Keeping in Touch

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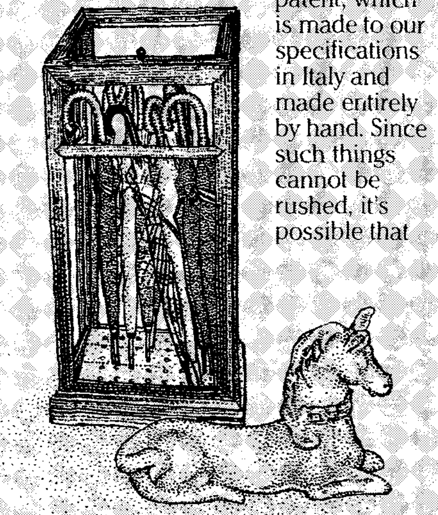

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Helen Frankenthaler, and many others. Starts Friday, Oct. 28. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of more than fifty pieces of mid-seventeenth-century utilitarian Chinese ceramics—bowls, square vases, brush holders, and so on. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. Drawings, photographs, sculpture, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A Japanese National Treasure, "Toiletry Case with Medallion Design," made in the mid-thirteen-hundreds, is included in a show that focusses on the autumn-grass and water motifs in the classical art of that country. Lacquerware, porcelain, screens, and textiles. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit called "The History of the Jews in Denmark 1622-1983" coincides with the fortieth anniversary of the rescue of Danish Jews from the Nazis, and takes in documents from that time as well as paintings and ceremonial objects from the Hebraica Collection of the Royal Library, in Copenhagen. . . . ¶ Large-scale charcoal and pastel drawings of Jerusalem by Anna Ticho. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Four Centuries of Opera," a show that offers original music manuscripts, printed scores and librettos, and drawings for stage designs representing a hundred or so works by Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, Massenet, and Gilbert and Sullivan, to name just a few. Through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings (dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth) by Italian masters, among them Canaletto, Piranesi, and Titian. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of paintings of New York City by two dozen contemporary artists, among them Rackstraw Downes, Yan Hsia, Philip Sherrod, and Anna Goth Werner. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A Berg Collection exhibit, arranged chronologically, of more than forty poems in their original manuscript forms, including T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" (with corrections by Ezra Pound) and other classics, by Byron, Whitman, and Samuel Francis Smith (you should know this one by heart). (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit fêting the Metropolitan Opera in its hundredth year. Among the close to a thousand items (primarily from the Met's own collections) are thirty-five costumes (such as Caruso's from "Pagliacci"), pieces of scenery, props, letters, contracts, and sketches. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Tony Mascatello (performance), Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8:30; Rachel Rosenthal (performance), Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A show of videotapes, photographs, and books by Peter D'Agostino. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ A two-part exhibit of books illustrated by Cubists and of Cubist prints, plus related materials. Through Dec. 3. (The books are here; the prints are on view at Aldis Browne, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

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The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Joseph Jarman (performance), Friday and Saturday, Oct. 28-29, at 8:30; Melolalia (performance), Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8:30; Laura Mulvey and Peter Wollen (a video feature called "The Bad Sister"), Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 5-6, at 8:30.

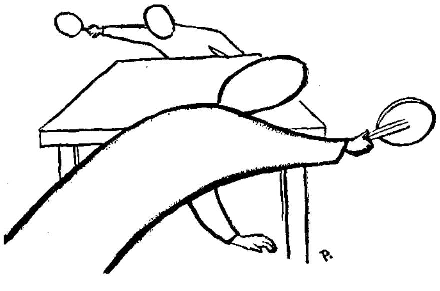
P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The paintings and sculptures of five of Germany's Neo-Expressionists—Georg Baselitz, Jörg Immendorff, Anselm Kiefer, Markus Lüpertz, and A. R. Penck—occupy the main galleries. Through Nov. 20.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St., 864-5400. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 26: "Peter Grimes," with Elisabeth Söderström, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Thomas Stewart; conducted by John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 27: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Nicolai Gedda, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 28: "La Forza del Destino," with Lucine Amara, Barbara Conrad, José Carreras, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 29: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Myra Merritt, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 29: "Peter Grimes," with Elisabeth Söderström, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Thomas Stewart; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 31: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Nicolai Gedda, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 1: "La Forza del Destino," with Lucine Amara, Barbara Conrad, José Carreras, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 2: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Myra Merritt, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Carol Neblett, James Morris, and Paul Plishka; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "Peter Grimes," with Elisabeth Söderström, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Thomas Stewart; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 5: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Nicolai Gedda, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Myra Merritt, Neil Shicoff, and Pablo Elvira; Eugene Kohn. A nonsubscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)



New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 26: "The Cunning Little Vixen," with Claudette Peterson, Nadia Pelle, Marc Embree, and John Lankston; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 27 "Of Mice and Men," with Carol Gutknecht Robert Moulson, Lawrence Cooper, and William Livingston; Christopher Keene. . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 28: "Tosca," with Marisa Galvany, Harry Theyard, Adib Fazah, and Stanley Wexler; Klaus Weise . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 29: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Pamela Myers, Jon Fredric West, and Richard T. Gill; Christopher Keene . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 29: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Haddon, Judith Christin, Jon Garrison and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 30 "Candide," with Leigh Munro, Maris Clement, Cris Groenendaal, and John Lankston; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday evening Oct. 30: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Stephanie Sundine, Gianna Rolandi, John Alexander, and Dominic Cossa Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 1 "Carmen," with Janice Meyerson, Karen Huffstodt, Jon Fredric West, and Alfred Anderson; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 2: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Pamela Myers, Jon Garrison, Marcel Vanaud, and Gregory Stapp; Scott Bergeson . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 3: "Tosca," with Marisa Galvany, Jon Fredric West, and Adib Fazah; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 4: "Ariadne auf Naxos" (in English and German), with Stephanie Sundine Gianna Rolandi, Patricia McCaffrey, and John Alexander; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 5: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Haddon, Judith Christin, Jon Garrison, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 5: "The Merry Widow," with Karen Huffstodt, Susanne Marsee, Alan Kays, and John Reardon; Eric Knight. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570 Weeknights at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Amato Opera Company—Starting Saturday, Oct 29: Verdi's "Aida." (Amato Opera Theatre 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 2:30.)

French Opéra-Comique Festival—Mario Bernard directing a semi-staged performance of Offenbach's "La Périchole," with Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Neil Rosenshein and John Fryatt, tenors; Renato Cappechi, bass Henry Herford, baritone; Madeline Kahn narrator; and the Orpheon Chorale. The first in a series of three operas. (Carnegie Hall Sunday, Oct. 30, at 7:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

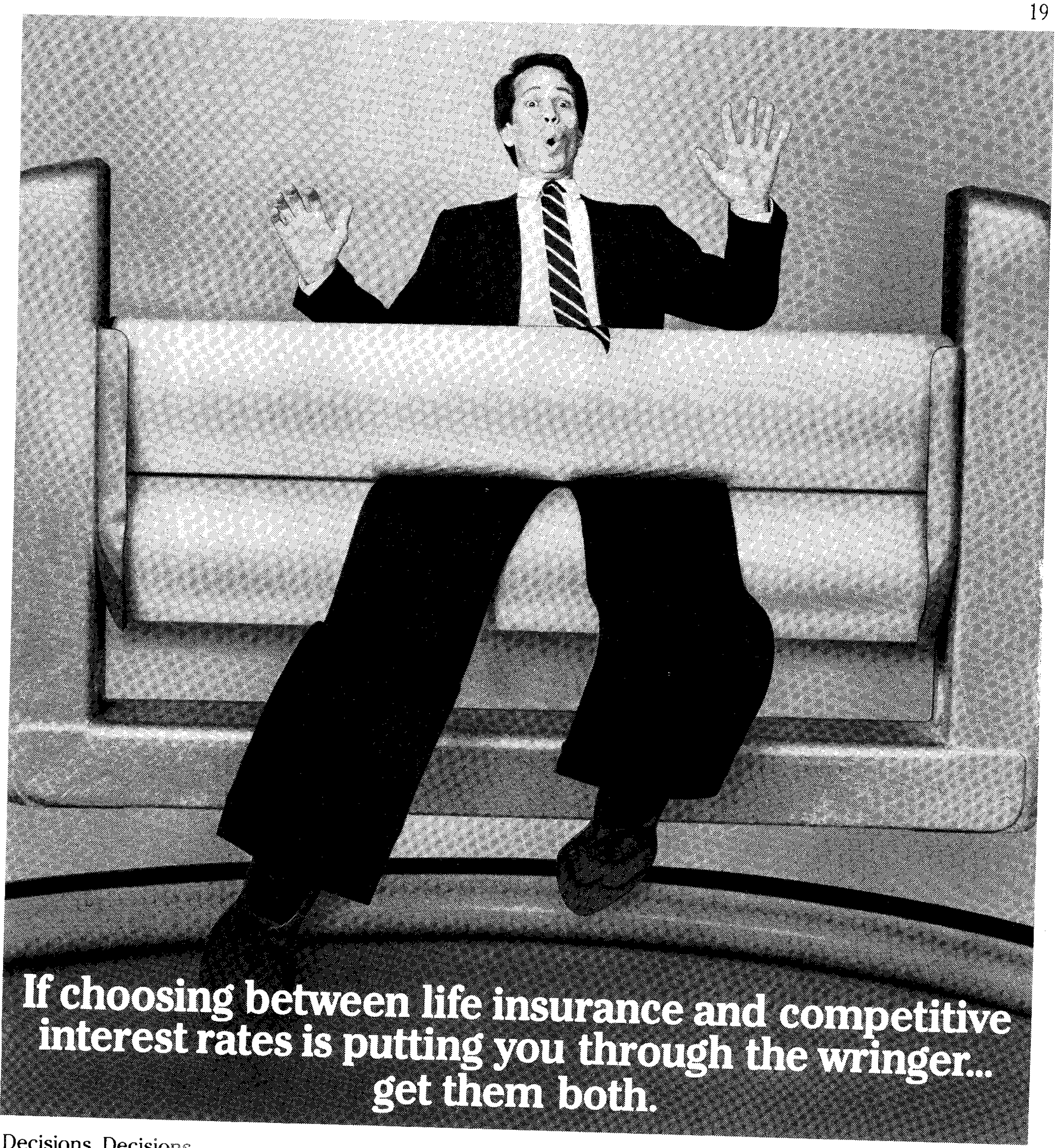
New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday and Friday, Oct. 27-28, at 8: A program that includes the American première of Albert Ginastera's Cello Concerto No. 2, with Aurora Natola-Ginastera, cello, and Kathleen Battle soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8 Friday, Nov. 4, at 2; and Saturday, Nov. 5 at 8: A Webern–Beethoven–Richard Strauss program, with Rudolf Buchbinder, piano.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting a performance of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday Nov. 1, at 8.)

Baltimore Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona directing a program that includes the New York première of Robert Hall Lewis's "Atto for String Orchestra." With Salvatore Accardo, violin, and the Baltimore Symphony Women's Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Paula Robison, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 6.)

San Francisco Symphony—At Carnegie Hall



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Edo de Waart conducting—Friday, Nov. 4, at 8: An Anatol Liadov–Saint-Saëns–Elgar program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8: A Mozart-Sessions-Rachmaninoff program, with Heinz Holliger, oboe.

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a Weber-Brahms-Shostakovich program, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 4-5, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting an all-Vivaldi program, with Jaap Schröder and Benjamin Hudson, violin; Fortunato Arico, baroque cello; and Frederick Hammond, harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Pomerium Musices—Alexander Blachly directing an all-Frescobaldi program, with Colin Tilney, harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing Handel's musical drama "Hercules," with Julianne Baird, soprano; Marianna Busching, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass-baritone; and the Philip Levin Baroque Orchestra. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 7:30, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Susan Dunn, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Gene Tucker, tenor; and David Cumberland, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music at the Y—A Schubert-Weber program, performed by, among others, Jaime Laredo and Daniel Philips, violin, and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Antonio Meneses and Franz Massinger—Cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Musical Elements—Daniel Asia conducting a program that includes the première of his "Ossabow Island Dream," with Paul Sperry, tenor, and Mary Feinsinger, mezzo-soprano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

André Watts—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—With Kenneth Cooper, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—With Richard Goode, piano. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, Oct. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Liora Hendel—Piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2:30.)

Peter Frankl, György Pauk, and Ralph Kirshbaum—Piano, violin, and cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A staged performance of "Roman de Fauvel," a fourteenth-century French secular play, with the Ensemble singing and playing medieval instruments. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Chamber Music—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music—Saturday, Oct. 29, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2: Jean-Yves Thibaudet and Stephanie Brown, piano; Dong-Suk Kang, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and Laurence Lesser, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 2: Daniel Stepner, baroque violin; Anner Bylsma, baroque cello; and Kenneth Cooper, fortepiano. (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Emanuel Ax, Young-Uck Kim, and Yo-Yo Ma—Piano, violin, and cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3.)

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Earl Wild—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3.)

Michael Collier—Piano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

Alison Deane, Arturo Delmoni, and Richard Locker—Piano, violin, and cello, in an all-Beethoven program. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Anthony Newman—Harpsichord, performing Book I of Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Montserrat Caballé—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Ernesto Bitetti—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Alard Quartet—A program that includes the première of a work by Ralph Shapey. With James Ostryniec, oboe. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Stephanie Chase—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 2.)

Benny Kim—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Robert Taub—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Robert de Gaetano—Piano. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Pauline Domanski—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Continuum—A program of contemporary Russian music, performed by Cynthia Rose, mezzo-soprano; David Krakauer, clarinet; Elisabeth Perry, violin and viola; and Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano. (Symphony Space. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Bowery Ensemble—The first in a series of three concerts, this one a program of music by Lukas Foss. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

For the Love of Music—A Haydn–Saint-Saëns–Brahms program, with Richard Sortomme and Carol Webb, violin; Toby Hoffman, viola; Jeffrey Solow, cello; David Shifrin, clarinet; and Pamela Mia Paul, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Eliot Fisk—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

Andrew Appel—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Joseph Suk, violin; Paula Robison, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; David Jolley, horn; Charles Wadsworth, piano; and the Emerson String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 6, at 5.)

THE ED SULLIVAN THEATER
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M.JAN

The Bach Winterfest—The second in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Julius Baker, flute; Melanie Punter, bass; and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Nov. 4, at 8:30, and a repeat performance at St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St., on Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Walter Hilse—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 2:30.)

Composers' Forum—Three concerts at Symphony Space—Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3: A program of music by Elizabeth Larsen, Tona Scherchen, Otto Laske, Edward Diemente, Joan La Barbara, and Jerry Hunt, performed by Anthony de Mare, piano; Joan Heller, soprano; Mr. Hunt; and the Bowery Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8: A program of music by Hans-Karsten Raecke and Leroy Jenkins, performed by Mr. Raecke and the Mixed Quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 6, at 3: A program of music by Judith Weir, Jean-Charles François, Tristram Cary, Roger Reynolds, and Milton Babbitt, performed by Jane Manning, soprano; Mr. François; and others.

Aspen Wind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 5:30.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Muir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Yuzuko Horigame and Todd Phillips, violin; Steven Tenenbom, viola; and Judith Serkin and Peter Wiley, cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The second in a series of five concerts, this one featuring Thomas Nyfenger, flute; Craig Nies, piano; Arthur Weisberg, bassoon; and Britt Wheeler, harpsichord. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

New York Chamber Soloists—An all-Mozart program, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson—Violin, with Frances Bing, piano, in an all-Brahms program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Memorial Tribute to William Kapell—A program commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of the pianist's death, performed by seven pianists, including Richard Goode, Gary Graffman, and Michael Sellers. For the benefit of the William Kapell Piano Foundation for Contemporary Music and Musicians. (Symphony Space. Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Oct. 29, at 7:35. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, Oct. 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Thursday, Nov. 3, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Nov. 5, at 7:35.

College Football—**saturday, oct. 29** (all games at 1:30): Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Wagner, at Fordham. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Columbia, at Worcester. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Tennessee, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven. . . . **saturday, nov. 5:** Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Boston College, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Colgate, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Lafayette, at Princeton, at 1. . . .

¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 30: Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners, at San Francisco.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Friday, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Edmonton Oilers, Sunday, Oct. 30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, Oct. 29, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Nov. 5, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Islanders, Friday, Nov. 4. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday through Sunday, Nov. 1-6. Competitions daily at 1:30 and 7:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. The Grey Flight, Wednesday, Oct. 26; the Discovery Handicap, Friday, Oct. 28; the Turf Classic, Saturday, Oct. 29; the Long Island Handicap, Sunday, Oct. 30; the East View, Wednesday, Nov. 2; and the Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Paterson, Thursday, Oct. 27; the Gardenia, Saturday, Oct. 29; and the Young America, Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 9.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Daniel Mark Epstein and Donald Hall reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May Swenson and Alicia Ostriker reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 31, at 8.) . . . ¶ William Maxwell reading from his own prose. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, Nov. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Flower Show—The annual Chrysanthemum Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. (1000 Washington Ave. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4. Through Nov. 27.)

Walking Tours—Conducted tours of Fifth Avenue, from 78th to 94th Sts., sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 29-30, starting at the New York University Institute of Fine Arts, Fifth Ave. and 78th St., at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ "Upper Fifth Avenue: The Townhouse and the Private Palace," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 30, starting at the corner of 89th St. and the east side of Fifth Ave., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, Oct. 30, from 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 2: Printed and manuscript Americana. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 28, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 2: English furniture. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 3, at 10:15: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 29. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Oct. 27, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 29, at 10: English and Continental furniture, together with clocks and objects of art. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 1, at 10 and 2, and Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 10: Old Master and modern prints, together with contemporary prints and multiples. . . . PHILLIPS, 406 E. 79th St. Thursday, Oct. 27, at 6: European paintings. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Oct. 26, from 10 to 5.)

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 30, at 2 A.M. Turn the clock back an hour.

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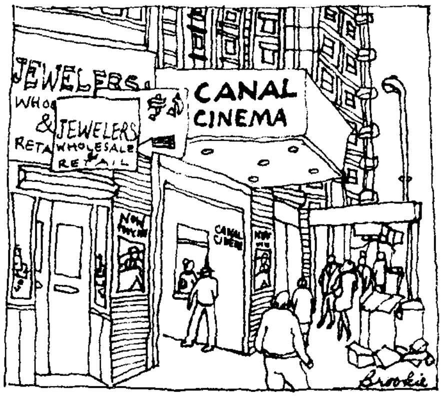
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 24.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (*598-7171; theatre opens in the late after*noon and is closed Mondays.)
A program of films from Columbia Pictures. Some days are devoted to a special genre or a particular person; for example, Oct. 29, five Carole Lombard films, Oct. 30, five comedies, Nov. 1, four war films, Nov. 2, three biographical films, and Nov. 4, four comedies.

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Oct. 27: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (†).
From Oct. 28: "Going Berserk" (directed by David Steinberg), with John Candy.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 27: "Cross Creek" (†).
From Oct. 28: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Oct. 27: "Flashdance" (†).
From Oct. 28: "Educating Rita" (Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.
Theatre 2: "Under Fire" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 27: "The Big Chill" (†). From Oct. 28: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Romantic Comedy" (Arthur Hiller), with Dudley Moore and Mary Steenburgen.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 27: "Americana" (David Car*radine), with Carradine and Barbara Her*shey.
From Oct. 28: "Going Berserk" (David Steinberg), with John Candy.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Oct. 27: "Streamers" (Robert Altman), with Matthew Modine.
From Oct. 28: "The Wicked Lady" (Michael Winner), with Faye Dunaway and Alan Bates.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "Never Say Never Again."

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 3: "Romantic Comedy" (Arthur Hiller), with Dudley Moore and Mary Steenburgen. From Nov. 4: "Testament" (Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane.
Theatre 2: "Heart Like a Wheel" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Bonnie Bedelia and Beau Bridges.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez" (Robert M. Young), with Edward James Olmos.
Theatre 2: "Educating Rita" (Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.
Theatre 2: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Right Stuff" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Under Fire" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in *French), with Gérard Depardieu* and Nathalie Baye.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Rumble Fish" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon and Mickey Rourke.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Risky Business" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 27: "Frightmare."
From Oct. 28: "Going Berserk" (David Steinberg), with John Candy.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 27: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine. From Oct. 28: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor).
Theatre 2: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 27: "Cross Creek" (†).
Oct. 28-Nov. 3: "Possession" (Andrzej Zulawski), with Isabelle Adjani and Sam Neill.
From Nov. 4: "The Osterman Weekend" (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Sans Soleil" (1982; directed by Chris Marker).
Theatre 2: Oct. 26: "Marianne and Juliane" (1982; Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe; and "David" (1982; Peter Lilienthal; in German). Oct. 27-29: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.; and "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1974; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brigitte Mira. Oct. 30-31: "In a Year of 13 Moons" (1978; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Volker Spengler; and "The Third Generation" (1979; Raine Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Eddie Constantine and Hanna Schygulla Nov. 1-2: "Young Törless" (†); and "Jai Bait" (1972; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; i German). Nov. 3: "From the Cloud of th Resistance" (1979; Jean-Marie Straub an Danièle Huillet); and "Fortini/Cani" (1977; Jean-Marie Straub and Danièl Huillet). Nov. 4-5: "Mother Küsters Goe to Heaven" (†); and "The Stationmaster' Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; i German), with Kurt Raab.

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, *Greenwich Ave. a* 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Leopard" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 27: "Fanny an Alexander" (†). From Oct. 28: "Th Wicked Lady" (Michael Winner), wit Faye Dunaway and Alan Bates.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Zelig" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfre Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grac Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 3: "Rear Window."
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 27: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†). From Oct. 28: To b announced.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Hanna K." (Costa-Gavras), with Jil Clayburgh.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Brainstorm" (Douglas Trumbull), wit Christopher Walken and Natalie Wood.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Oct. 27: "Daniel" (†).
From Oct. 28: "Lonely Hearts" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Juli Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Zelig" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Big Chill" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757 2280)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 27: "Lonely Hearts" (†). From Oct. 28: "Streamers" (Rober Altman), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 2: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877 4040)
Theatre 1: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfre Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grac Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 2: "Passion" (Jean-Luc Godard; i French), with Isabelle Huppert and Hann Schygulla.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724 6745)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 27: "Ernesto" (Salvatore Samperi; in Italian), with Marti Halm. Oct. 28: "The Cars That Ate Paris" (1974; Peter Weir; an Australian film) Oct. 29: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; an "Newsfront" (1979; Phillip Noyce; a Australian film). Oct. 30: "My Brillian Career" (†) and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (†). Oct. 31: "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith" (†) and "Barbarosa" (†). Nov. 1 "Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; a Australian film), with John Hargreaves and "Puberty Blues" (1981; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Nell Schofield and Jad Capelja. Nov. 2: "Summerfield" (1977; Ken Hannam; an Australia film). Nov. 3: "The Last Wave" (†); an "Sunday, Too Far Away" (1975; Ken Hannam; an Australian film). Nov. 4: "Th Night, the Prowler" (1978; Jim Sharman an Australian film). Nov. 5: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; an "Gallipoli" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: "Flashdance" (†). From Nov. 4: "Experience Preferre

. . . But Not Essential" (Peter Duffell).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 27: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Oct. 28: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 27: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton. From Oct. 28: "The Wicked Lady" (Michael Winner), with Faye Dunaway and Alan Bates.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 27: "The Big Chill" (†). From Oct. 28: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 27: "Fanny and Alexander" (†). From Oct. 28: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Hanna K." (Costa-Gavras), with Jill Clayburgh.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 27: "Zelig" (†). From Oct. 28: "Educating Rita" (Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 3: "Risky Business" (†) and "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†). From Nov. 4: "Zelig" (†) and "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 27: "Cross Creek" (†). From Oct. 28: "Possession" (Andrzej Zulawski), with Isabelle Adjani and Sam Neill.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 27: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton; and "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards. From Oct. 28: "Going Berserk" (David Steinberg), with John Candy.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 3: "Trading Places" (†) and "48 Hrs." (†). From Nov. 4: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (directed by Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.
Theatre 3: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.
Theatre 4: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 27: "Zelig" (†). From Oct. 28: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
Theatre 6: "Hells Angels Forever" (Richard Chase, Kevin Keating, and Leon Gast).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Trading Places" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 3: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 4: "Staying Alive" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Under Fire" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Dead Zone" (David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams.
Theatre 2: Oct. 26: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine. Oct. 27: Theatre closed. From Oct. 28: "Richard Pryor Here and Now" (Pryor).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Risky Business" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Oct. 26: "Flashdance" (†).
From Oct. 27: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 27: "Pieces" (J. Simon), with Christopher George. From Oct. 28: "The Wicked Lady" (Michael Winner), with Faye Dunaway and Alan Bates.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 27: "Frightmare." From Oct. 28: "Possession" (Andrzej Zulawski), with Isabelle Adjani and Sam Neill.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 27: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi. Oct. 28-Nov. 3: "Sex and Violence." From Nov. 4: "Going Berserk" (David Steinberg), with John Candy.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 27: "Get Crazy" (Allan Arkush), with Malcolm McDowell. Oct. 28-Nov. 3: "Going Berserk." From Nov. 4: "The Osterman Weekend" (Sam Peckinpah), with Rutger Hauer and John Hurt.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 3: "Night of the Zombies" (Vincent Dawn), with Frank Garfeeld. From Nov. 4: "Deal of the Century" (William Friedkin), with Chevy Chase and Sigourney Weaver.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 27: "Zorba the Greek" (1964; directed by Michael Cacoyannis), with Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates.
From Oct. 28: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Nov. 3: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji.
From Nov. 4: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Oct. 27: A week-long program of Czech films.
From Oct. 28: "The Two Worlds of Angelita" (1983; Jane Morrison; in Spanish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 27: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.
Oct. 28-29: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, Pat Heywood, and Milo O'Shea; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.
Nov. 2-3: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.
Nov. 4-5: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 27: "Heartland Reggae" (1983; Jim Lewis), a concert film.
From Oct. 28: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).

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Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Oct. 26: "Health" (1980; Robert Altman), with Carol Burnett, Glenda Jackson, Lauren Bacall, and James Garner; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.
Oct. 27-29: "The Thing" (1982; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell; and "Dawn of the Dead" (1979; George A. Romero), with David Emge and Ken Foree.
Oct. 30-31: "Modern Times" (†); and "City Lights" (1931; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers.
Nov. 1-2: "M*A*S*H" (†); and "Private Benjamin" (1980; Howard Zeiff), with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Brennan, Armand Assante, and Robert Webber.
Nov. 3-5: "La Cage aux Folles" (1979) and "La Cage aux Folles II" (1981), both films in French, directed by Edouard Molinaro, with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 27: "The Song Remains the Same" (1976; Peter Clifton and Joe Massot), with Led Zeppelin; and "Let There Be Rock" (1982; Eric Dionysius and Eric Mistler), with AC/DC.
Oct. 28-29: "Love and Death" (1975) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
Oct. 30: "Judgment at Nuremberg" (†).
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "Making Love" (1982; Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin; and "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Brad Davis and Franco Nero.
Nov. 2-3: "Angelo My Love" (1983; Robert Duvall); and "Gloria" (1980; John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry.
Nov. 4-5: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter; and "Wolfen" (1981; Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Oct. 26: "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles" (1975; Chantal Akerman; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.
Oct. 27: "Mister Roberts" (1955; Mervyn LeRoy and John Ford), with Henry Fonda, James Cagney, William Powell, and Jack Lemmon; and "Shake Hands with the Devil" (1959; Michael Anderson), with James Cagney, Don Murray, Dana Wynter, and Glynis Johns.
Oct. 28: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (1983; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Omero Antonutti; and "Three Brothers" (1982; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret, Michele Placido, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, and Charles Vanel.
Oct. 29: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.
Oct. 30: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Woman of the Year" (†).
Oct. 31: "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese); and "I Was Born, But . . ." (1932; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese).
Nov. 1: "The China Syndrome" (1979; James Bridges), with Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon, and Michael Douglas; and "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).
Nov. 2: "Parsifal" (†).
Nov. 3: "One, Two, Three" (†); and "Strawberry Blonde" (1941; Raoul Walsh), with Olivia de Havilland, James Cagney, and Rita Hayworth.
Nov. 4: "Closely Watched Trains" (1966; Jiří Menzel; in Czech); and "The Shop on Main Street" (1965; Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos; in Czech), with Josef Kroner and Isa Kaminska.
Nov. 5: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Days

of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Oct. 26: "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural; and "The Rocking Horse Winner" (1950; Anthony Pelissier), with Valerie Hobson, John Howard Davies, John Mills, and Roland Squire.

Oct. 27-29: "The Swan" (1956; Charles Vidor), with Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness, Louis Jourdan, and Agnes Moorehead; and "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957; Laurence Olivier), with Marilyn Monroe, Sybil Thorndike, and Olivier.

Oct. 30-31: "Our Man in Havana" (†) and "Sebastian" (†).

Nov. 1-2: "Long Day's Journey Into Night" (†).

Nov. 3-5: "The Divorce of Lady X" (†); and "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 26: "Gate of Hell" (1954; Teinosuke Kinugasa; in Japanese), with Machiko Kyo; and "The Devil's Temple" (1969; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.

Oct. 27: "Sisters" (1973; Brian De Palma), with Margot Kidder and Jennifer Salt; and "Chained for Life" (1951), with Daisy and Violet Hilton.

Oct. 28-29: "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab; and "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol.

Oct. 30: "The Bicycle Thief" (†) and "A Brief Vacation" (†).

Oct. 31: "Rawhide" (1951; Henry Hathaway), with Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward, and Hugh Marlowe; "Fury at Showdown" (1957; Gerd Oswald), with John Derek, Carolyn Craig, and John Smith; and "Tulsa" (1949; Stuart Heisler), with Susan Hayward, Robert Preston, and Pedro Armendariz.

Nov. 1: "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; and "The Magic Christian" (†).

Nov. 2: "The Life and Opinion of Zatoichi" (1962; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu; and "The Blind Swordsman" (1978; John Nathan), with Shintaro Katsu.

Nov. 3: "Between the Lines" (†); and "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, and Mickey Rourke.

Nov. 4-5: "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman; and "Rude Boy" (1980), with the Clash.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 26: "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Oct. 27: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "The Shout" (1979; Jerry Skolimowski), with Alan Bates, Susannah York, and John Hurt.

Oct. 28-29: "The Blue Dahlia" (1946; George Marshall), with Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, Howard Da Silva, and William Bendix; and "The Great Gatsby" (1949; Elliott Nugent) with Alan Ladd, Betty Field, Macdonald Carey, and Barry Sullivan.

Oct. 30: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939; Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, John Beal, and Douglass Montgomery; and "The Old Dark House" (1932; James Whale), with Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart.

Oct. 31: "The Black Room" (1935; Roy William Neill), with Boris Karloff, Marian Marsh, and Katharine deMille; and "The Man They Could Not Hang" (1939; Nick Grinde), with Boris Karloff, Lorna Gray, and Robert Wilcox.

Nov. 1: "Easy Living" (1937; Mitchell Leisen), with Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold, and Ray Milland; and "History Is Made at Night" (†).

Nov. 2: "Broadway Melody" (†); and "Broadway Melody of 1938" (1937; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, and Buddy Ebsen.

Nov. 3: "Vampyr" (1932; Carl Dreyer; in German), with Julian West, Henriette Gerard, Rena Mandel, and Sybille Schmitz; and "Day of Wrath" (1943; Carl Dreyer; in Danish), with Lisbeth Movin and Anna Svierkier.

Nov. 4-5: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Oct. 27 at 1 and 2:30: The third of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 6: The fourth and second of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 1 and 2:30: The fourth of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 6: The third and first of four different programs of British television and cinema commercials. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at noon: "Captain Blood" (1935; directed by Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 2:30: "The Loves of Carmen" (1927; Raoul Walsh), with Dolores del Rio. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 5: "Male and Female" (1919; Cecil B. De Mille; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at noon: "Captain Blood." . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 2:30: "Zaza" (1939; George Cukor), with Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 5: "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Lya Lys. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 2:30: "La Belle et la Bête" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French, with no English subtitles), with Jean Marais. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 2:30: "Las Hurdes" (1932; Luis Buñuel), a documentary; and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928; Luis Buñuel; a silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 6: "Silver Valley" (1983; Michel Negroponte, Peggy Stern, and Mark Erder) and "The Probable Passing of Elk Creek" (1983; Rob Wilson), both documentaries. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 1 and 6:30: "Ludwig" (1973; Luchino Visconti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Helmut Berger, Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, Silvana Mangano, Gert Frobe, and Helmut Griem. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2:30: "Dear Mr. Wonderful" (1982; Peter Lilienthal), with Joe Pesci and Karen Ludwig. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 6: "Krieg und Frieden" (1982; Heinrich Böll, Alexander Kluge, Volker Schlöndorff, Stefan Aust, and Axel Engstfeld; in English and German), with Jürgen Prochnow, Heinz Bennent, and Angela Winkler. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at noon: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1936; John Cromwell), with Freddie Bartholomew, Dolores Costello, C. Aubrey Smith, and Mickey Rooney. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2:30: "Krieg und Frieden." . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 5: "Dear Mr. Wonderful." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Oct. 30: "My Word" (1973-74), a Super-8 silent film by Vito Acconci, showing daily at noon and 3. Mr. Acconci will be present on Thursday, Oct. 27, at noon. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Barbarosa (1982)—The most spirited and satisfying new Western epic in several years—it may seem a little loose at first, but it gets better and better as it goes along and you get the fresh, crazy hang of it. Directed by the Australian Fred Schepisi, from a script by the Texas-born William D. Wittliff, it has some of the psychedelic ambience of Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns—the West seen in a fever. Willie Nelson has a great screen presence; he has an aura—his scruffiness is part of his grace. As the legendary outlaw Barbarosa, a desert rat mythologized by those who grow up fearing him, he's like the dragon in the fairy tale who threatens the community (and keeps it strong). The period is the eighteen-eighties and the film was shot along the Rio Grande, in an area of extremes that's either Texas mountains or mustard-colored mesa and desert. Gary Busey plays a lumpy, raw farm boy who gets in trouble with his in-laws and has to run off to hide; he joins up with Barbarosa, and without intending to becomes an apprentice desperado. Busey is a magical shambles; as the farm boy he's an outlaw-galoot—Mark Twain might have dreamt him up. Working with the cinematographer Ian Baker and the composer Bruce Smeaton, Schepisi shows the fullness of his approach to moviemaking; Willie Nelson doesn't need to sing here—the whole picture is a ballad. With Gilbert Roland, Howland Chamberlin, Isela Vega, Danny De La Paz, and George Voskovec. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/9/82.) (Embassy 72nd St.; Oct. 31.)

Between the Lines (1977)—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline*. Mrs. Silver's film is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a climax in which the newspaper is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the whole raffish staff. (Thalia; Nov. 3.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—This story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, encompassing much more than the realistic method leads you to expect. And the richness and the enigmas sneak up on you. What is the meaning of the seeress's words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This neo-realist classic, directed by Vittorio De Sica and written by Cesare Zavattini, is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. It isn't a movie that warms you, though; it doesn't have the flawed poetry that De Sica's "Shoe-Shine" and "Miracle in Milan" have. It's a more impersonal great film. In Italian. (Thalia; Oct. 30.)

The Big Chill—An amiable, slick comedy with some very well-directed repartee and skillful performances. It's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult, but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together, and who has now, after years of flailing about disconsolately, slit his wrists. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence; it's easy to see why Alex turned to this restful girl—she's a refuge from ideas. The picture offers the pleasures of the synthetic. It's overcontrolled, it's shallow, it's a series of contrivances. And whenever Kasdan tries for depth the result is phony, but a lot of the time he manages to turn phoniness into wisecracking fun. (10/17/83) (Loews New York Twin, Waverly, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 27.)

A Brief Vacation (1973)—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in Northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. Sedately sentimental, with Adriana Asti playing a feverishly frisky, dying music-hall entertainer in the gallant-waif Piaf style. Cinematography by Ennio Guarnieri. In Italian. (Thalia; Oct. 30.)

Broadway Melody (1929)—When talkies were new, this was the musical that everyone went to see. It's the one with "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melody," of course, and "You Were Meant for Me," by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. It's the one with Anita Page and Bessie Love as the sisters from tank-town vaudeville whose hearts are broken in the big city. With Charles King, Jed Prouty, Kenneth Thomson, and Mary Doran. Directed by Harry Beaumont, with ensemble numbers staged by George Cunningham; produced by Harry Rapf. (Some sequences were in an early Technicolor process.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 2.)

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith (1978)—This great Australian film was taken from Thomas Keneally's novel, which is like Nat Turner's story as a lusty ironist—an Irish Nabokov, perhaps—might have written it. The director, Fred Schepisi, dramatizes the inability of the displaced Europeans at the turn of the century (scrabbling tightwads who got where they are by self-denial) to understand the aborigines who live in the remnants of a tribal society with an elaborate structure of claims: men are obliged to give a share of their earnings to their kin, even if their kin are drunken and diseased and want the money only to go on a binge. And men offer their wives to visiting kin as a form of hospitality. To the whites, giving money away is unfathomable laxity, and since the black women are so easily available, the white men treat the aboriginal settlements as brothels. Jimmie Blacksmith is a product of one of these visits to a tin shanty: a half-caste who is taught by a Methodist minister, he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and, as the minister's wife has advised him, marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all. The film is the grotesque, explosive comedy of what happens to this young man; trying to improve himself, he's like a hair-raisingly foolish cross between Jude the Obscure and Gunga Din. When he rebels, it isn't out of conscious militancy or a demand for political justice, it's out of helplessness and frustration. It's as if he had let his unconscious take over. He says he has declared war, but he doesn't wage war directly against the men; he attacks the men's most prized possessions—their robust, well-fed women, their pink-and-white children. With Tommy Lewis as Jimmie, and Freddy Reynolds as laughing Mort, his aborigine half brother, a loyal easygoing bum in ragged tweeds who makes us understand what the Europeans have destroyed. This is a large-scale film—a visually impassioned epic. (Embassy 72nd St.; Oct. 31.)

Cross Creek—Very loosely based on Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' semi-autobiographical tales of her years in an orange grove in the Florida swamps, this movie, directed by Martin Ritt, suggests a child's storybook version of women's liberation. As Mrs. Rawlings, Mary Steenburgen is withdrawn; she has a tight, little-girl voice, and she comes across as a lyrical stiff. The movie is lulling, in a semi-stupefying way. But Rip Torn plays a Cracker on a grand scale; he's too powerful for sweetening. And Ritt shows his flair for melodrama in his handling of the hyperemotional entanglement between Torn and Dana Hill, who plays his daughter; the two work together with what looks like spontaneous frenzy. With Alfre Woodard as Geechee, Peter Coyote, and Malcolm McDowell as Maxwell Perkins. The script is by Dalene Young; the cinematography is by John A. Alonzo. (10/3/83) (St. Marks Cinema, 86th St. East, and Olympia Quad; through Oct. 27.)

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Daniel—Sidney Lumet directed, from E. L. Doctorow's script, based on his 1971 novel "The Book of Daniel." The quasi-modernist novel is a personal fantasy that plugs into the persecution fears that the Rosenberg case stirred up. It's a mussy, mixed-up, passionate book—demagogic and harrowing. The movie is all those things, too, except it's not passionate, and so it doesn't carry you along. Timothy Hutton is Daniel, the son of the "Isaacsons," who is searching for the meaning of his dead parents' lives, and Amanda Plummer is the driven-mad younger sister; Lindsay Crouse and Mandy Patinkin are the parents. The cast includes Ellen Barkin, Ed Asner, Carmen Matthews, John Rubinstein, Maria Tucci, Julie Bovasso, Tovah Feldshuh, and many other well-known players; some of them must have flinched when they saw their performances here. (9/5/83) (Festival; through Oct. 27.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, make Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Divorce of Lady X (1937)—Expensively produced attempt at a sophisticated romantic comedy; it's rather foolish and a little draggy, and is mainly of interest because of the cast—Laurence Olivier, Merle Oberon, Ralph Richardson, Binnie Barnes. They don't do much in the way of acting, but their arch romping is, at least, a curiosity. Tim Whelan directed. (Regency; Nov. 3-5.)

The Draughtsman's Contract—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694, this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic; the speeches are so arch and twitty they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle. For Greenaway, a movie is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active but his camera is dead. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (8/22/83) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 27.)

ANTIQUES
Eve Olitsky

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Gemini. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 27.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street; Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 3.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Olympia Quad; through Nov. 3.)

Gallipoli (1981)—A well-executed academic exercise about the waste of war—two young Australian runners, played by (dark-haired) Mel Gibson and (blond) Mark Lee, are slaughtered. (They and other Australians are sacrificed in an ill-conceived First World War maneuver designed to protect the British.) It's an "artistic" film, full of familiar pathos and irony—a tragic buddy-buddy movie directed by Peter Weir. His wide-screen staging is very elegant; his weakness is in his habit of stereotyping villains (in this case they're mostly the British). There's also a larger weakness: there's no discernible reason for him to have made the picture except to bring off a "classic." Gibson gives a fresh and impressive performance, but Lee does a very conventional acting job and his character is much too gallant and good and brave. With Bill Kerr, a fine, bald-headed actor with a great voice, as Uncle Jack, who reads aloud to the children. The script is by David Williamson; the cinematography is by Russell Boyd. (Embassy 72nd St.; Nov. 5.)

History Is Made at Night (1937)—The plot is so preposterously arbitrary that it's as if several scripts had been chopped up and stuck together, yet the director, Frank Borzage, plunges ahead until an ocean liner (with most of the cast aboard) crashes into an iceberg and brings the madness to a halt. Jean Arthur plays a woman in distress. Trying to escape from her rich, powerful, mad husband (Colin Clive), she meets a gallant gentleman

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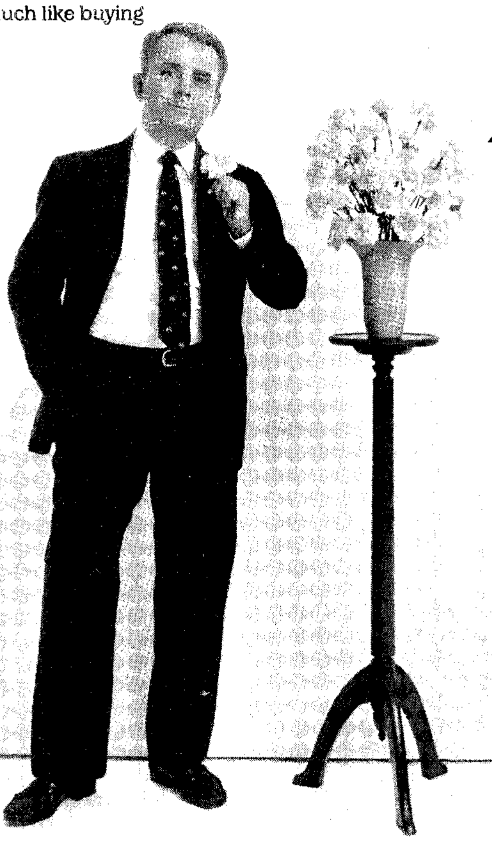

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(Charles Boyer) who turns out to be a headwaiter. The husband tries to frame the headwaiter for a crime he himself committed. Leo Carrillo and Ivan Lebedeff are also mixed up in this silly melodrama, which is so souped up with demonic passions and tender glances and elegant photography (by Gregg Toland) that it's really quite entertaining. The scenario is credited to Gene Towne and Graham Baker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 1.)

Judgment at Nuremberg (1961)—Stanley Kramer's version of the meaning of the Nuremberg trials, from a script by Abby Mann. Gavin Lambert summed it up: "An all-star concentration-camp drama, with special guest-victim appearances." Spencer Tracy is the simple, humane superjudge, a Yankee version of Tolstoy's clean old peasant, and the cast includes Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Marlene Dietrich, William Shatner, Werner Klemperer, and Alan Baxter. With Judy Garland and Montgomery Clift as the guests. When Mann's screenplay won the Academy Award, he accepted it, with excruciating humility, not only for himself "but for all intellectuals." (190 minutes.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 30.)

The Last Wave (1977)—The plot of this Australian film is a throwback to the B movies of the thirties and early forties; and the dialogue—by the young director Peter Weir and his two co-scriptwriters, Tony Morphett and Peter Popescu—is vintage R.K.O. and Universal. Weir provides apparitions holding sacred stones, frog noises in the night, shadows in slow motion, and the kind of haunted-house acting that many of us have a certain affection for. But it's hokum without the fun of hokum; despite all the scare-movie apparatus, this film fairly aches to be called profound. The occult manifestations are linked to the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The aborigine actors, with their deep-set eyes, are by far the most vital element, yet they're kept on the margins and used as supernatural forces. Weir, who has apparently studied Nicolas Roeg's films, knows how to create an allusive, ominous atmosphere. But the film is overdeliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain can't stop quivering his lips to connote sensitivity and contracting his nostrils for apprehensiveness and pulling in his check muscles for ineffable sorrow. He keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. His toes act in his shoes. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (Embassy 72nd St.; Nov. 3)

The Leopard (1963)—It's magnificent—a sweeping popular epic, with obvious similarities to "Gone with the Wind," and with an almost Chekhovian sensibility. It has a hero on a grand scale—Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, played superlatively by Burt Lancaster, who modelled his performance on the nobleman director Luchino Visconti. The film is set in the eighteen-sixties, when Italy was in the middle of a revolution, but it's essentially about the Prince himself—the aging Leopard—and how he reacts to the social changes. We couldn't be any closer to Lancaster's Prince if we were inside his skin—which in a way we are. We're inside his mind as he relives his life, experiences regret, and accepts the dying of his class and his own death. It's one of the greatest of all passages in movies. With Alain Delon as the Prince's sly nephew; Claudia Cardinale as a shrewd, sensual heiress; Paolo Stoppa as her beady-eyed, land-grabbing father; Rina Morelli as the Prince's repressed, whimpering wife; and Romolo Valli, Serge Reggiani, Leslie French, and Pierre Clementi. The score is by Nino Rota; the cinematography is by the justly celebrated Giuseppe Rotunno. In Italian; three hours and five minutes. (9/19/83) (Greenwich Playhouse.)

Lonely Hearts—This movie is an Australian variant of the comfy-cozy Ealing comedies of the fifties, but it doesn't have their precise construction. Wendy Hughes is lovely in the standard fine-actress-playing-dowdy-aging-virgin performance. As the piano tuner who courts her, Norman Kaye has a furtive, childlike prankishness, and that's what keeps the movie alive. Directed by Paul Cox, who wrote the script with John Clarke, the film has a cheerless look and dreary, crabbed cinematography. With Jonathan Hardy and Jon Finlayson. (10/3/83) (Lincoln Plaza; through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Oct. 28.)

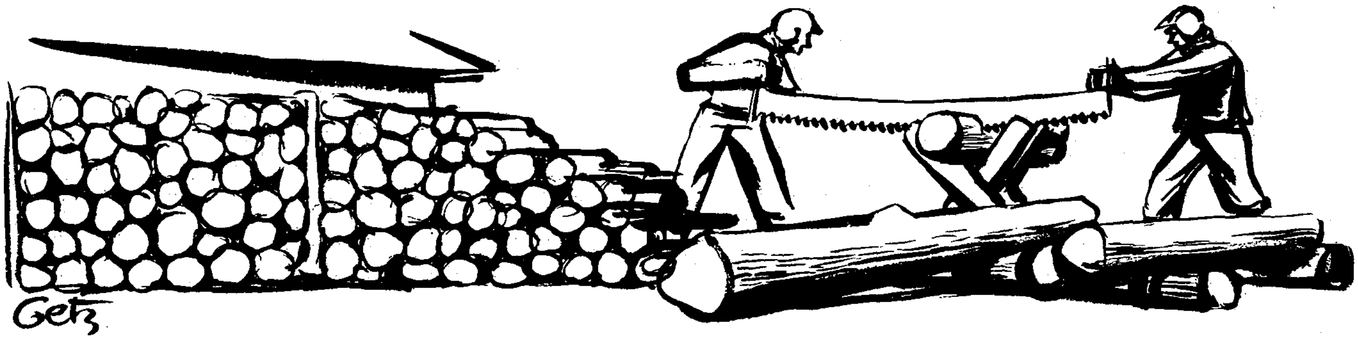
Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—This portrait of the artist as an Irish-American has the worst American failings: it's obvious, sprawling, yet crabbed. But if you respond at all, you may go all the way to exaltation. Perhaps just because of its hideous familiarity, its grinding, ludicrous wrestling with expressiveness, "Journey" is, at last, an American family classic; the usual embarrassments are transcended, and the family theme is raised to mythic heights. This is the best film ever made from an O'Neill play (and it's O'Neill's greatest play). Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell are the quartet. Hepburn's transitions here—the way she can look eighteen or eighty at will—seem iridescent. She surpasses herself: the most beautiful screen comedienne of the thirties and forties becomes our greatest screen tragedienne. Sidney Lumet directed; Boris Kaufman did the cinematography. The complete film runs a hundred and seventy minutes; theatres frequently screen a version thirty-four minutes shorter, which seriously damages the structure and omits several of Robards' finest scenes. On this occasion, however, the complete film is being shown. (Regency; Nov. 1-2.)

The Magic Christian (1970)—Terry Southern's satirical novel, in a sloppy British version, directed by Joseph McGrath, that never quite seems on target. There are funny moments, but they don't add up to enough. With Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr, Laurence Harvey, Spike Milligan, Raquel Welch, Leonard Frey, Christopher Lee, John Cleese, Graham Chapman, Dennis Price, Patrick Cargill, Roman Polanski, and Wilfrid Hyde-White. (Thalia; Nov. 1.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg has a talent for eerily soft, ambiguous sex—for the sexiness of passivity. In this movie, the forlorn, limp hero (David Bowie), a stranger on Earth, doesn't have a human sex drive. He isn't even equipped for it: naked, he's as devoid of sex differentiation as a child in sleepers. When he splashes down in a lake in the Southwest and drinks water like a vampire gulping down lifeblood, one is drawn in, fascinated by the obliqueness and by the promise of an erotic sci-fi story. It is and it isn't. The stranger has come to Earth to obtain the water that will save his people, who are dying from drought, but he is corrupted, and then is so damaged that he can't return. Although Roeg and his screenwriter, Paul Mayersberg, pack in layers of tragic political allegory, none of the layers is very strong, or even very clear. The plot, about big-business machinations, is so uninvolving that one watches Bowie traipsing around—looking like Katharine Hepburn in her transvestite role in "Sylvia Scarlett"—and either tunes out or allows the film, with its perverse pathos, to become a sci-fi framework for a sex-role-confusion fantasy. The wilted stranger can be said to represent everyone who feels misunderstood, everyone who feels sexually immature or "different," everyone who has lost his way, and so the film is a gigantic launching pad for anything that viewers want to drift to. Roeg can charge a desolate landscape so that it seems ominously alive, and he photographs skyscrapers with such lyric glitter that the U.S. (where the movie was shot) seems to be showing off for him. And his cutting can create a magical feeling of waste and evil. But the unease and the sense of disconnectedness between characters also disconnect *us*. Roeg's effects become off-puttingly abstract, and his lyricism goes sentimental—as most other Christ movies do. With Buck Henry, Candy Clark, Bernie Casey, and Rip Torn as a scientist—perhaps his least convincing role. Based on the novel by Walter Tevis. (R.K.O. Century Art; through Oct. 27.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's marvellously unstable comedy—a tough, funny, and sophisticated burlesque of military attitudes that is at the same time a tale of chivalry. It's an episodic film, full of the pleasures of the unexpected, and it keeps you busy listening to some of the best overlapping comic dialogue ever recorded. The title letters stand for Mobile Army Surgical Hospital; the heroes, played by Donald Sutherland and Elliott Gould, are combat surgeons patching up casualties a few miles from the front during the Korean War. They do their surgery in style, with humor; they're hip Galahads, saving lives while ragging the military bureaucracy. They are so quick to react to bull—and in startling, unpredictable ways—that the comedy is at times almost a poetic fantasy. What holds the film's disparate elements together in the precarious balance that is the movie's chief charm is a free-for-all, throwaway attitude. It combines traditional roustabout comedy with modern views. It's hip but it isn't hopeless. A surgical hospital where the doctors' hands are lost in chests and guts is certainly an unlikely subject for a comedy, but "M*A*S*H" is probably the best American war comedy since sound came in, and the sanest American movie of its era. With Tom Skerritt, Sally Kellerman, Robert Duvall, René Auberjonois, Jo Ann Pflug, Gary Burghof, Fred Williamson, Roger Bowen, David Arkin, Michael Murphy, John Schuck, Kim Atwood, Bud Cort, Carl Gottlieb, and Corey Fischer. The semi-improvised material takes off from a script by Ring Lardner, Jr., based on the novel by Richard Hooker (a doctor's pseudonym). Cinematography by Harold E. Stine. (The movie was, of course, the basis for the long-running TV series starring Alan Alda.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 1-2.)

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy (1982)—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night;" it has a



meticulous art atmosphere and Mendelssohn on track. This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions—small, winged contraptions for flying, and mystical devices such as a "spirit ball" for getting through to the other, unseen world. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor who is a free thinker in sexual matters but is contemptuous of psychic research; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. He is so much a man of our time that his comedy seems denatured in this classy, period setting. (7/26/82) (Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 4.)

Modern Times (1936)—After "City Lights," which was silent, with a musical accompaniment and sound effects, Charlie Chaplin was absent from the screen for five years; he returned in triumph with this rambunctious comedy, in which he still doesn't speak, although he uses background sounds and, as a singing waiter in a crowded cabaret, he does a wonderful jabberwocky patter song that you can't get out of your head. (It is, of course, a demonstration of how unnecessary words are.) Influenced by René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté," Chaplin opens the film with a satire on the dehumanizing effects of technology (the machines speak—they whir and pound and screech), but Chaplin is far more basic and sadistic than Clair. As a worker on an assembly line, Charlie the tramp is run through the gears of a huge machine and is force-fed by an experimental time-saving contraption that splashes soup in his face and shoves corn on the cob into this mouth. He can't take a second off work to scratch himself without turning the whole plant into chaos; after a long stretch of tightening screws, he becomes a robot who runs to tighten the buttons he sees on women. The picture is about the social disorders of the thirties, and there are clashes between the unemployed and the police, and a gag about a Communist demonstration, yet it's one of the happiest and most lighthearted of the Chaplin pictures—partly because his new leading lady, Paulette Goddard, who is listed as "a Gamin," has a beautiful grin and a bouncy, outgoing personality. And with the use of more sound Chaplin seems to drop some of his pathos; this picture doesn't pull at your heartstrings—it has the spirit of a good vaudeville show, and the tramp doesn't lose out at the end (he gets his gamin). Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, who also takes credit for the music. With Henry Bergman as the café proprietor, Chester Conklin as the mechanic, and Hank Mann as one of the burglars. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 30-31.)

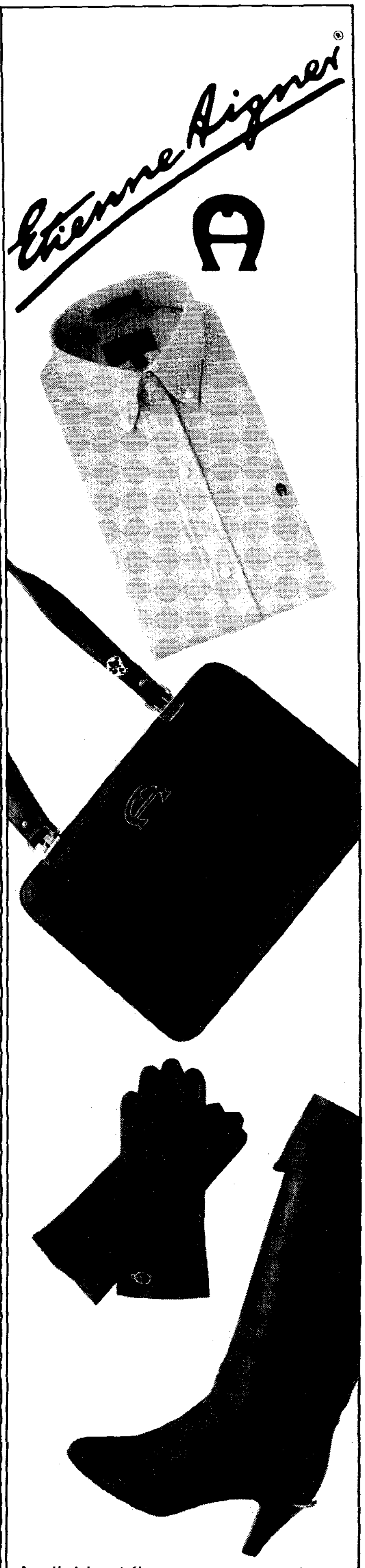
Mother Küsters Goes to Heaven (1975)—A work of the prodigiously productive Rainer Werner Fassbinder (1945-82), who had already made and written close to thirty films when this one appeared. Mother Küsters (Brigitte Mira, one of Fassbinder's regular acting troupe) is a plump woman who would normally be dedicated to *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche,* but the West German economic miracle has happened, and she is instead putting screws into electrical equipment at the kitchen table. This far from ordinary housewife, characterized by a suppressed merriment, has to deal with the practically unassimilable information that her factory-worker husband has run amok, killed the boss's son, and then killed himself. There is a lot of Brecht in Fassbinder, but Brecht was confirmed in his sardonic nonbelief, and one has the feeling that Fassbinder is frantically looking for what not to believe in. An immensely gifted and worried film. In German. (Film Forum; Nov. 4-5.)

My Brilliant Career (1980)—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn (beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis), experiences sudden and riveting changes of social and romantic fortune, but the slower, more affecting story is about her coming to terms with her own inexorable inner seriousness. The movie is sustained by a great number of splendidly drawn and well-acted secondary characters, and by the restraint of its director, Gillian Armstrong, who never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Britain. (Embassy 72nd St.; Oct. 30.)

One, Two, Three (1961)—Machine-gun-paced topical satire of East-West relations, in which the characters shout variations of stale jokes at each other—people are described as sitting around on their assets, and we're invited to laugh at the Russians for rejecting a shipment of Swiss cheese because it is full of holes. The director, Billy Wilder, shot his example of an assembly-line approach to gags in Berlin and Munich (where a full-scale replica of the Brandenburg Gate was constructed). James Cagney expertly mugs his way through the role of an American Coca-Cola executive in Europe; he complains that the East Germans are hijacking his shipments, "and they don't even return the empties." When his wife (Arlene Francis) says that their marriage has gone flat, like a stale glass of beer, Cagney replies, "Why do you have to bring in a competing beverage?" The gags are almost all on this level, and the little sops to sentiment are even worse; the film was a huge success. With Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, Lilo Pulver, and Red Buttons. Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond wrote the script, based on a Ferenc Molnár one-act play. (Metro Cinema; Nov. 3.)

Our Man in Havana (1960)—Though Alec Guinness's name is Wormold and he is the Havana representative of a vacuum-cleaner company, he is the hero. This hero, recruited into the British secret service (by dry, hunched Noël Coward—the mandarin as secret agent), has no idea what is wanted of him. He must send in reports, however; so he fills them with inventions and fantasies. This satirical comedy turns into a nightmarish thriller when his phony reports precipitate actual reprisals and murders. Adapted by Graham Greene, from his novel, the picture is almost too clever and maybe that's why it was a box-office failure, but its naughtiness is terribly funny. It appears to be a travesty of the international spy story, like "Beat the Devil," except that it has a pinprick of purpose; the deep thought that innocence can lead to evil is not likely to keep you up nights. The director, Carol Reed, employs the Cuban locations (with cinematography by Oswald Morris) as wittily as he does the actors—Ralph Richardson, Burl Ives, Ernie Kovacs, Maureen O'Hara, Grégoire Aslan (he takes Wormold's washroom spying overtures for an indecent proposition), Jo Morrow, Paul Rogers, and Duncan Macrae. The farce is perhaps too straight-faced, low-keyed, and tenuous—it needs more exuberance. One reason it isn't as good as "Beat the Devil" is that everything is so beautifully held in check. It might be better if it were sloppier, but it does have some first-rate sequences and it's very entertaining. (Kovacs wasn't allowed to wear a beard, because of fear that it might offend Castro.) The music is by the Hermanos Deniz Cuban Rhythm Band. CinemaScope. (Regency; Oct. 30-31.)

Parsifal—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film is a rich and beautiful production—thoughtful, inventive, and very ambitious. The musical performance is of high distinction. The visual imagery is arresting, resonant, and colorful; it embraces and presents those abundant, varied elements from which Wagner's most profound opera was distilled—his life, his reading, his thinking, his passions, his response to art and nature, his earlier compositions. With two young Swiss, Michael Kutter and Karin Krick, in the dual role of Parsifal (the singing is by the Dresden tenor Reiner Goldberg); Edith Clever as Kundry (sung by Yvonne Minton); Robert Lloyd singing and enacting Gurnemanz; and Aage Haugland as Klingsor. The Swiss conductor Armin Jordan, an outstanding Wagnerian, also plays Amfortas (the role is sung by Wolfgang Schone). The Monte Carlo Philharmonic plays with great breadth and beauty to tone and subtlety of solo inflection, and the Prague Philhar-



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monic Choir's singing is firm and full. In German. (2/21/83; under Musical Events.) (Metro Cinema; Nov. 2.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), *with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-*old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious *message ("A wagging tongue bites itself")*, and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock *(1975)—An Australian* film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day in 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (Embassy 72nd St.; Oct. 30.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it *excites him*—it tickles him. The movie has the happy, enthusiastic spirit of a fanfare, and it's astonishingly entertaining considering how divided it is in spirit. It contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) *and the other early test pilots who* risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publically acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. *Then, it turns out, the astronauts are* not quite the square-jawed *mannikins they* pretend to be; they're phony only on the outside. But whatever one's reservations, the film is great fun to watch. The action zigzags *from old-movie* romance to cockeyed buffoonery to the courage (and exaltation) of men alone in tiny capsules orbiting the earth at eighteen thousand miles an hour. And Kauf*man doesn't take the bloom off space by* knocking us silly with the grandeur of it all. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. (There are some pret*ty awful scenes featuring* Royal Dano as a black-clad minister.) Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

Risky Business—The high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make *out with a girl. When his parents go off on a* week's vacation and he's left alone, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (72nd Street East, and Movieland. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Nov. 3.)

Sebastian (1968)—Dirk Bogarde as a master decoder, in a London-set romantic thriller about espionage that's tolerably amusing whenever John *Gielgud is on the* screen demonstrating his flair for self-parody. The suspense never gets going, and the characters are literate according to a peculiarly illiterate *theatrical covention:* they make references to mythology and the classics. A few small jokes come off, or maybe we laugh just because they're so very small. When the picture tries to be mod and posh and sexy, it's extremely bad; "Modesty Blaise" already did what the director, David Greene, and the scriptwriter, Gerald Vaughan-Hughes, seem to be just barely considering. With Susannah York be*ing kinky and smirky, and Lilli Palmer,* Nigel Davenport, and Ronald Fraser. Cinematography by Gerry Fisher. (Regency; Oct. 30-31.)

Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero, *seems designed to pound the audience into* submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the wham-bams. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Embassy.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Nov. 3.)

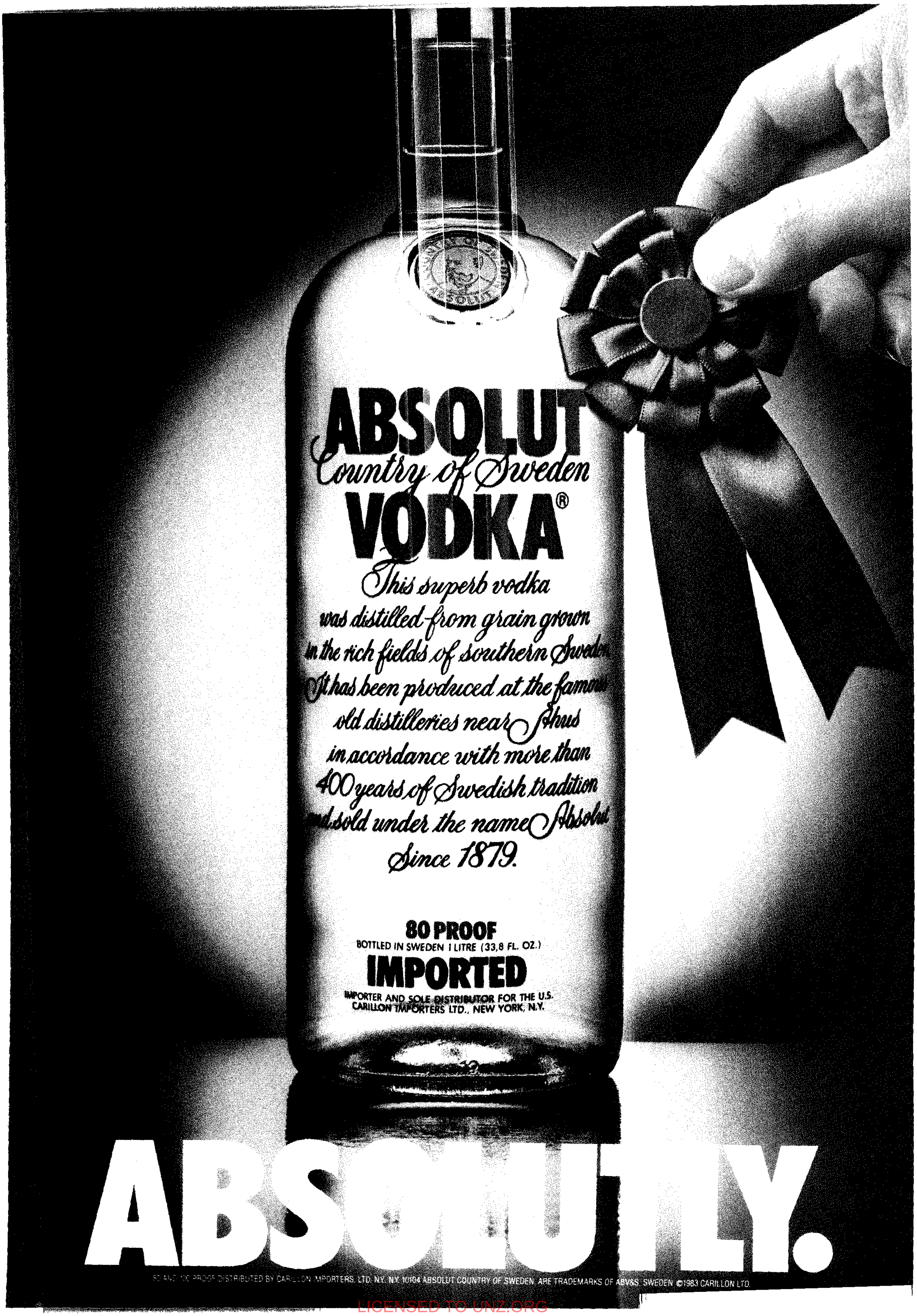
Twilight Zone—The Movie—Four young directors—John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and the Australian George Miller—pay homage to the Rod Serling TV series "The Twilight Zone." It's *disappointing that* they didn't attempt to engineer more modern and artful macabre games than the ones on the old shows; what they've given us is an overproduced remake, but with some redeeming elements. The prologue, written and directed by John Landis, and featuring Dan Aykroyd as a hitchhiker and Albert Brooks as a driver, is a beauty, but the happy rush of fright we get from it has to sustain us for a long stretch, because the first two episodes are embarrassments. The third, directed by Joe Dante, is a risky attempt at using a style derived from animated cartoons for an insidious, expressionist effect. The subject—how horrible life might be if a ten-year-old boy (Jeremy Licht) could run everything just as he liked, on the basis of what he has learned from TV—may be too fertile for the half-hour form. The fourth episode, directed by Miller, from a script by Richard Matheson, is the best reason to see the movie; it's a classic shocker of the short form. Almost all the action takes place in the confines of an airliner during a storm, where a passenger, played by John Lithgow, is seated squirming and thrashing about, sick with fear. Miller builds the kind of immediacy and intensity that the high points of "Jaws" had. The images rush at you; they're fast and energizing. And Lithgow does something that's tough for an actor to do: he shows fear without parodying *it* and yet makes it horrifyingly funny. (7/25/83) (Olympia Quad; through Nov. 3.)

Under Fire—With Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, *and Joanna Cassidy;* directed by Roger Spottiswoode. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Woman of the Year (1942)—The first of the films co-starring Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. The chemistry is great, but the plot and the tone are wobbly. He's a sportswriter, and she's a celebrated political *journalist (probably modelled on Dorothy* Thompson) who doesn't know how to be a woman. The comedy goes sour whenever the movie scores points against her, and the slapstick resolution has an air of desperation. George Stevens directed, from a script by Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin. With Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 30.)

Young Törless (1968)—The first feature film directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who had previously worked with Resnais, Malle, and Melville. The story is from Robert Musil's classic novel about a German military academy before the First World War. The film is better than the book—more lucid, and not overbearing in its tacit points about the guilt of the passive. In German. (Film Forum; Nov. 1-2.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Quad Cinema, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres; through Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 4.)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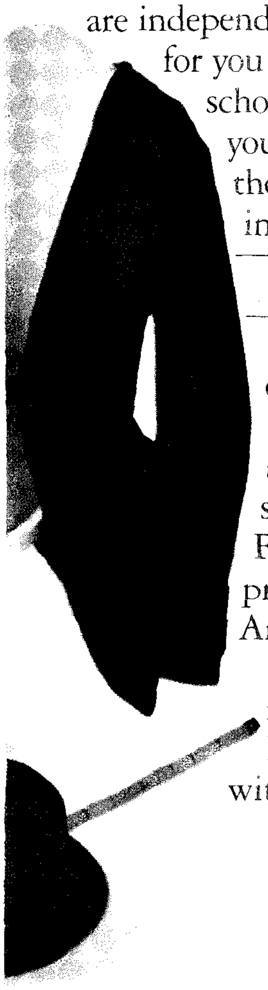

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE distinction between terrorism and more respectable forms of killing other human beings is a tormenting one. In an age when B-52s bomb villages from a mile up, when most of the war-fighting technology in "legitimate" hands slaughters with random and indiscriminate ferocity, the debate grows even more elusive. The terror in terrorism today must come less from method than from motive. Consider Sunday's bloody massacre of American and French troops—American and French young men—while they slept in their Beirut barracks. One's instant reaction to the news was, of course, a heavy and draining sorrow, for it was not hard to conjure up the scene. Undoubtedly, as the weeks crawled by, the soldiers had fallen into their own routine, spending the days at whatever small chores symbolic peacekeepers must perform: ducking bullets, mainly—listening for the whine or the whistle that meant incoming steel. And at night they would crawl into their cots and stretch out and go to sleep, because a man cannot be wary around the clock. And then on Sunday that sleep blew up, and they died in a cascade of rubble. After the sorrow, those of us watching on TV tried to muster a sense of outrage, mixed with a determination to take some action. But as the special bulletins flashed back to the States from Beirut the outrage felt empty. Whom were we to rage at, and to what end? The nation was incensed when the Soviets, earlier this year, shot down a South Korean airliner: how, we asked, could the Russians ever have considered their miserable airspace worthy of the sacrifice of a single life, much less two hundred and sixty-nine lives? And many of us are outraged at each new attack that is carried out against Nicaragua by American-armed counter-revolutionaries: which of our ideological worries is worth the death of peasant after peasant? But this outrage has some point and some outlet. What does anger amount to when it is directed against the Free Islamic Revolutionary Movement, an organization that nobody had ever heard of until its representative called the wire services to claim "credit" for the twin massacres? Those responsible are bestial, and immoral, and perhaps damned, but then what? Anger at them melts quickly into anger at our own inability to conceive a response, and that blends into fear. These people are not in search of territory or tribute; instead, they are gripped by some shadowy idea, some personal and perverted vision, that makes them impossible to deal with. The Free Islamic Revolutionary Movement and all its around-the-bend comrades, including a few governments, in the Middle East and elsewhere, are playing some game we don't recognize, for stakes we cannot measure, and it's useless to insist that they follow our rules. The existing geopolitical system—unjust, structurally evil, and none too steady—has some virtues: it allows for prediction, and for the calculation of costs and benefits in recognizable denominations, and it provides a forum where pressure can be brought to bear. At the very least, it protects us psychologically with the comforting illusion that the world makes a little sense. The Free Islamic Revolutionary Movement rips away that façade—it is hard to imagine that representatives of such an organization will ever sit down to palaver about ceasefire lines and governmental structures. People who load trucks with high explosives and take them on suicide drives mean what they say, no matter how crazy it may be. As we lose the ability to decipher events, we also lose the capacity for influencing them. Outrage bleeds into befuddlement: we want to shout something, but what?

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Robert Kiley

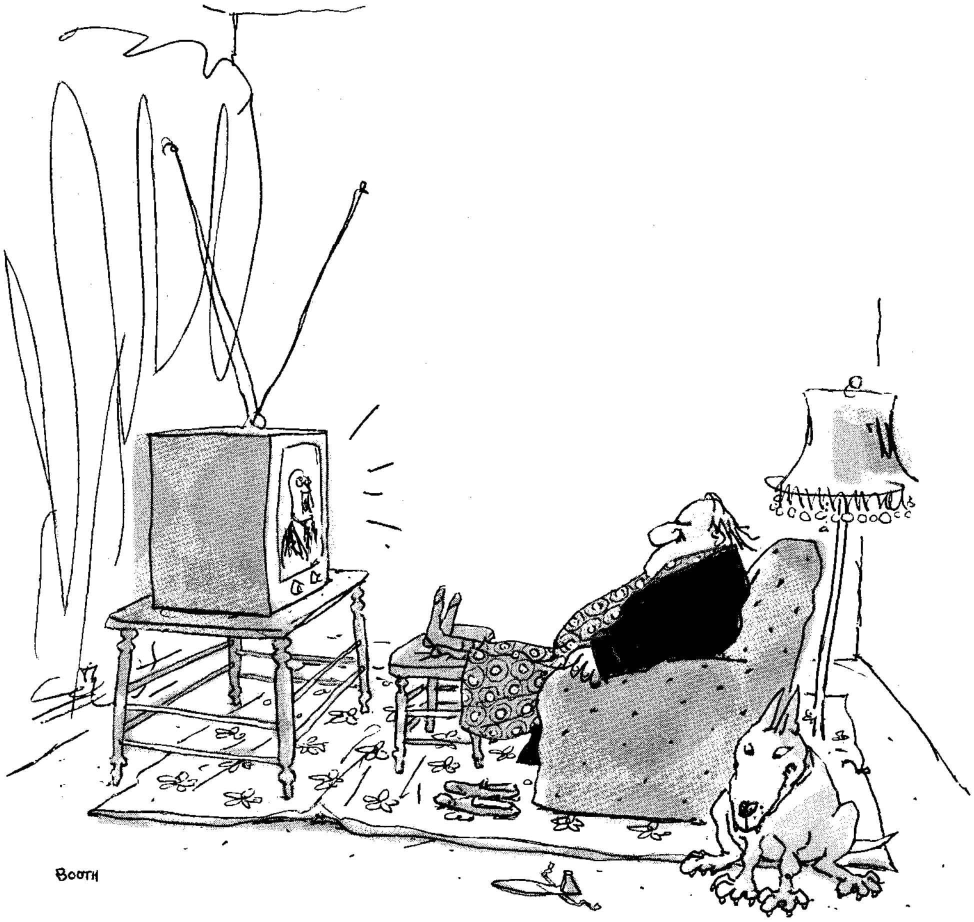
WE spent some time last week, on the ground and underground, with Robert Kiley, the designated new chairman of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, which runs the city's subways, most of its buses, the Long Island Rail Road, and the Harlem, Hudson, and New Haven lines of the Metro-North Commuter Railroad—lines that were once operated by Conrail. Kiley, who is forty-eight years old and of Irish ancestry, is a disarmingly affable but tough-minded administrative expert; from 1975 until 1979 he ran the much smaller and cozier transit system in Boston, where he has lived for the last eleven years, and which he is leaving after having just made an unsuccessful bid for mayor. A decade ago, he was the deputy mayor in charge of public safety for Mayor Kevin White, who this year, at the end of four terms totalling sixteen years, decided not to run again—a decision that prompted Kiley and eight others to enter the October 11th mayoral primary. Kiley dropped out of the race three weeks before it was held, however, because polls showed him running sixth, with only something like two or three per cent of the vote.

"Boston has been my main experience with cities," he told us over lunch at the St. Botolph Club, in Back Bay. "In fact, though I was born in Minneapolis and spent most of my time there before I went to Notre Dame, Boston has made me an urban animal, and I've become as deeply involved in its life as I could. The election was my last bit of education, and it was a great experience, even though I started out as a long shot and ended up as a no shot. The day after I quit, I got a phone call from my friend Peter Goldmark, who is the executive director of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey. I thought it was a condolence call, but he hardly mentioned the election, and suggested that I come down to New York to talk to Governor Cuomo's people about the transit job. I knew, of course, that Dick Ravitch had resigned as M.T.A. chairman a couple of weeks earlier, but I had been so preoccupied with the mayoralty campaign that it hadn't even occurred to me that I might be a candidate. I flew down to New York on September 28th, and after meeting a number of people there I saw the Governor on October 2nd. He was pretty neutral at first, but the conversation gradually warmed up. The next day, the offer was made, and I accepted on October 4th."

Over the next ten days, Kiley made two more trips to New York, and we caught up with him again one afternoon as he was about to take his first ride on this city's subway in his new role. "I feel I know New York—or, at least, Manhattan—and I have a lot of friends in the city," he said. "My wife, Rona, was a social worker who lived in Greenwich Village for five years, and my father, an executive for Woolworth's, used to work in the Woolworth Building. We'll probably live in Brooklyn Heights, which has some of the neighborhood intimacy of Boston. I'm really excited about this job. It's the biggest challenge in transportation. You can imagine Boston, or even Chicago, without a transit system, but not New York. It's the city's biggest physical asset, but the problems are awesome, formidable. I intend to spend a lot of time getting to know each of the major parts—I used to be an adviser to Conrail, but I've never even been on the Long Island Rail Road. The city subway system alone is almost ten times the size of Boston's. It will take me a year to find out where the men's rooms are and two years more to catch up with the eight-and-a-half-billion-dollar improvement program that Dick Ravitch has started. Much of that is state and local money and money raised through bonds, and Ravitch deserves a lot of credit for putting the package together, but it won't be nearly enough. We should be much more aggressive with the federal government. The Reagan Administration doesn't seem to recognize its responsibilities. In Boston, in the mid-seventies, we were working with a two-to-three-billion-dollar capital budget, about eighty per cent of which was federal. The system here needs at least ten billion dollars more than the present package provides, and probably closer to twenty, in order to deal with the whole problem of decline, deterioration, and decay. If we put things off for ten years, it'll naturally be more expensive. A lot of federal money is spent on interstate highways, but transit is more serious—especially for people in the more antiquated cities. It's an unsexy subject, and doesn't enthrall the politicians. There aren't many ribbons cut in dark subway tunnels, but plenty of dedicated people are engaged in running the system, though that doesn't mean that all the skills are in the right places. There are problems of morale and leadership that are related to neglect of the infrastructure—that's a word I hate, but it's what we're talking about."

We accompanied Kiley as he walked from the M.T.A. offices, at 347 Madison Avenue, through Grand Central to the Lexington Avenue downtown platform. About fifty reporters, photographers, and television cameramen followed him, and by the time he had reached the platform and pushed through an only half-opened door onto an express he had a small pre-rush-hour crowd of his own. He was heading for the Borough Hall stop, in Brooklyn, near the headquarters of the Transit Authority, which is responsible for the subways. During the twenty-minute ride, Kiley, who had taken off his raincoat and sat down, answered a barrage of questions as best he could above the noise of the train, with cameras flashing and the bright television lights shining in his face.

Back on the street at Borough Hall, he stopped for a few moments to sum



"If you are fifty-five or older, you are liable at any moment to come completely unglued. Please call us, at the Glue Mutual Insurance Company. That's Glue. G-L-U-E. The Glue Mutual Insurance Company, at 800-176-5388. Now!"

up. "It works, it moves, but I can see where there's a lot of frustration," he said.

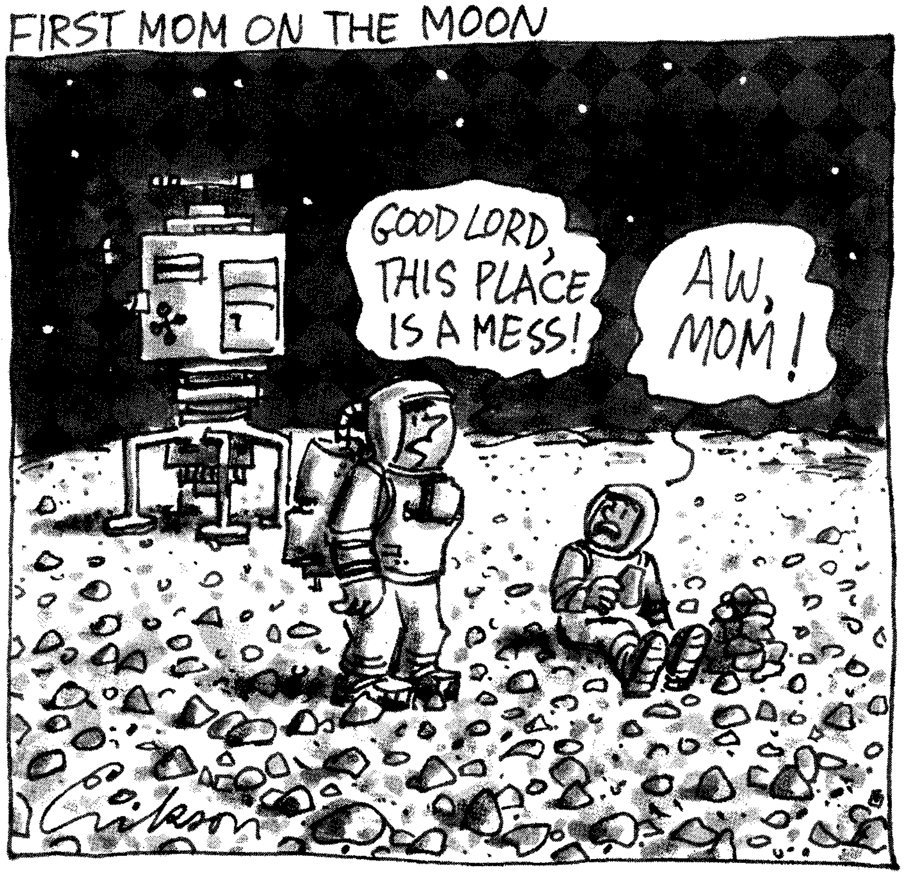
Someone asked him for a report card.

"D-minus on doors," Kiley replied. "F on appearance—graffiti, that is—and C on cleanliness in the station. A-minus on time and A on air-conditioning."

One of the cameramen remarked, "You lucked out on the cool car."

"All in all, I'd say a C," Kiley said. "I was an A-minus student in college, so I feel there's a lot of work to do. It's not going to be done overnight, and people are going to have to be patient."

Kiley went on to the Transit Authority building for the first of a series of meetings with subway and bus officials, and we headed back to the subway.


FIRST MOM ON THE MOON
GOOD LORD, THIS PLACE IS A MESS!
AW, MOM!

Salesman

FOR a two-year period ending on August 19, 1983, it was not possible (legally, at any rate) to buy a new Ford in the Bronx. Once, there had been five Ford dealers in the borough, and then there were none, and while each shutdown had its own story and its own logic those Bronxites who lumped them all together and took the result as just another sign of the cosmic disfavor into which their community seemed to have fallen in the nineteen-sixties and seventies were probably not too far wrong. The other day, we journeyed to the central Bronx to see the man who has brought an end to this unhappy state of affairs, and who is also (according to a press release prepared on his behalf) "the first black two-car dealer in America." Our trip took us along a street that depends, as much as any in Detroit, on the automobile industry. On East Fordham Road, you can buy automobile insurance, parts, glass, tires, mufflers, and, of course, entire automobiles. The proud names Chrysler/Plymouth, Chevrolet, Cadillac, and (now) Ford gleam down upon the passerby, and, to judge from the volume of traffic in and out of the various showrooms, those names seem, at least for the moment, to have weathered the recent economic downturn in which they figured so unhappily. Nor does the Ford name seem to have suffered from its long absence, for when we reached Dick Gidron Ford, at East Fordham Road and Bathgate Avenue, we found several would-be customers wandering among the 1984 Escorts, Tempos, Thunderbirds, LTDs, and Mustangs, and several customer-salesman duos hunched over their paperwork at the desks beyond.

"Hi, I'm Carol Pasco, Mr. Gidron's publicist," said a young woman, emerging from the background. More or less in the same breath, she handed us a thick sheaf of promotional matter, apologized for the fact that her client had mysteriously disappeared, and introduced us, in his absence, to a stocky, fortyish man with a rosy complexion and a receding hairline.

"Here's our star salesman," said Ms. Pasco.

The star salesman gave us a smile. "Bob Zuppe," he said.

"He used to be a policeman," said Ms. Pasco.

Mr. Zuppe nodded, and said that he had worked this very neighborhood as a radio-car patrolman in the late sixties and early seventies, and then as a community-relations specialist. Thus, he remembered the days when the White Castle parking lot across the street had been a serious trouble spot, with racial and ethnic tensions flaring up among the younger residents of this mixed Italian, Hispanic, black, Jewish, and Irish neighborhood, and remembered that a fledgling car dealer named Dick Gidron had given generous amounts of time and money to the effort to restore the peace. "It was very unusual for somebody to do what Mr. Gidron did," Mr. Zuppe said. "That was when he first arrived—in the early seventies."

"You'd think he would have had enough to do starting a business," Ms. Pasco said.

We asked where Mr. Gidron had arrived from.

"Chicago," Mr. Zuppe said. "He was a salesman for Cadillac out there."

"He was the top salesman in the nation," Ms. Pasco interjected.

"Three hundred and seventy-four Cadillacs in one year," said Mr. Zuppe. "Not bad, huh? I don't think anyone will ever top that."

"How are *you* doing with the car sales?" Ms. Pasco asked him.

Mr. Zuppe shook his head noncommittally, but, at our urging, disclosed that he had sold thirty-two cars in six weeks—his first six weeks in the business. "And this is on a part-time basis, because I'm still going to my physical therapist twice a week," he said. "You see, I was injured in the line of duty."

Hoping we weren't committing an

indiscretion, we asked Mr. Zuppe how he had come to be injured.

"About three years ago, my car was hit by a truck on Webster Avenue," he said. "I'm very lucky I was still able to talk and walk afterward. But this weather has affected me. I have pinched nerves in my neck, and the eighth root is damaged. That's the eighth nerve root, which starts right here"—he pointed to the back of his neck—"and it branches out and goes down and comes back and into the fingers for the touch." He held out his right hand. "I lost the feeling in my fingers. And this is my trigger finger here. You hope you'll never have to use it, but you don't know for sure, so it's probably for the best that I ended up having to retire. Fortunately, I'd had the opportunity to know Mr. Gidron for about ten years, and he offered me this position."

We remarked that selling cars must be quite a change from police work.

Mr. Zuppe laughed, and said, "It's very different. If you're at a busy precinct house, you walk in in the afternoon and there's six, eight, ten people hollering at the top of their lungs. Whereas here, once or twice a month somebody might raise his voice if he's got a problem with the carburetor. So you tell him, 'Come on in back, we'll take care of it for you.' Comparing the two, I refer to this as cake, really."

At this point, Ms. Pasco announced the reappearance of Dick Gidron, and we beheld a colossus of a man, built along the lines of a refrigerator, who was wearing a rust-colored suit and a wide tie with brown race horses galloping between yellow stripes, and had a purple handkerchief tucked in his breast pocket. Mr. Gidron said he was at our disposal, so we asked him how he had first got into the car business.

"I started to work for Cadillac when I was in high school in Chicago," he answered. "Part time. After I graduated, they were kind enough to help subsidize my college tuition, and I probably had every job in the dealership—parts manager, used-car manager, sales manager, general manager. When I was in sales, I was the top salesman in the country for Cadillac, and I was able to earn enough money to make a down payment on a Cadillac dealership in New York—that was in 1972—and General Motors financed the balance." Dick Gidron Cadillac is on East Fordham Road at Crotona Avenue—two and a half blocks from Dick Gidron Ford.

"We were successful from day one," he continued. "And it's been the same thing here. I opened up here eight weeks ago, and I'm pleased to say I made a profit in the first month. Which is a credit to the team, because I'm a team player—not someone who takes the credit for himself. Without people, you're nothing—that's my philosophy. We've sold about a hundred and sixty cars so far. In fact, right now there's a shortage of cars. If I had fifty more cars, I could probably deliver thirty of them within the next ten days."

What had it been like, we asked, selling Cadillacs in the thick of the energy crisis?

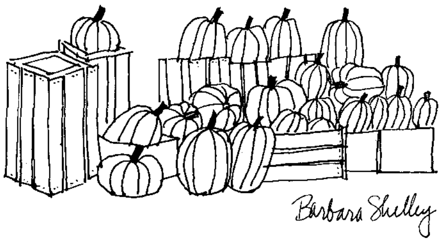
"We were off about twenty per cent," Mr. Gidron said matter-of-factly. "What we did was cut overhead, cut some personnel, because the media said Cadillacs were gas guzzlers, and some people went off and bought smaller cars, and you can't blame them. The American people are the most patriotic people in the world. It wasn't a situation where people could not afford the gas. It was a situation where if you had a car that got ten miles to the gallon as opposed to one that got thirty you wanted to share with your fellow-American. Actually, Cadillacs were never out of proportion as far as gas consumption goes, but they were perceived that way because of the name, the status, and the luxury. I used to employ at one time a hundred and thirty-five, a hundred and forty people at the Cadillac agency. But we're doing the same volume now with a hundred people."

"So business is back to normal?" we asked.

"Plus," said Mr. Gidron. "I think that over the next five or six years you're going to see the American people buying more American cars than at any other time in history."

We asked what Mr. Gidron looked for in a salesman.

"The salesman's job is not to sell a car," he said. "It's to assist the customer in buying a car. The statistics show that seventy-two per cent of the people who walk into a showroom buy their car within forty-eight hours, and the average customer will shop at least two dealers before making a decision. That means to me that the most professional individual will make the sale. The average automobile salesman has a tendency to talk to people in an unprofessional manner. If I can train a person the right way—my way—I'd rather do that than take a guy who has been around five or six different dealerships. The salesman you were talking to was a policeman, and he'll probably end up being one of the better Ford salesmen in the country."



And the mark of a bad salesman?

"Not knowing the product, not being able to explain the product," Mr. Gidron said. "And after the car is sold he doesn't want to involve himself with the customer—with whatever service problems might arise."

But wouldn't that be somebody else's responsibility?

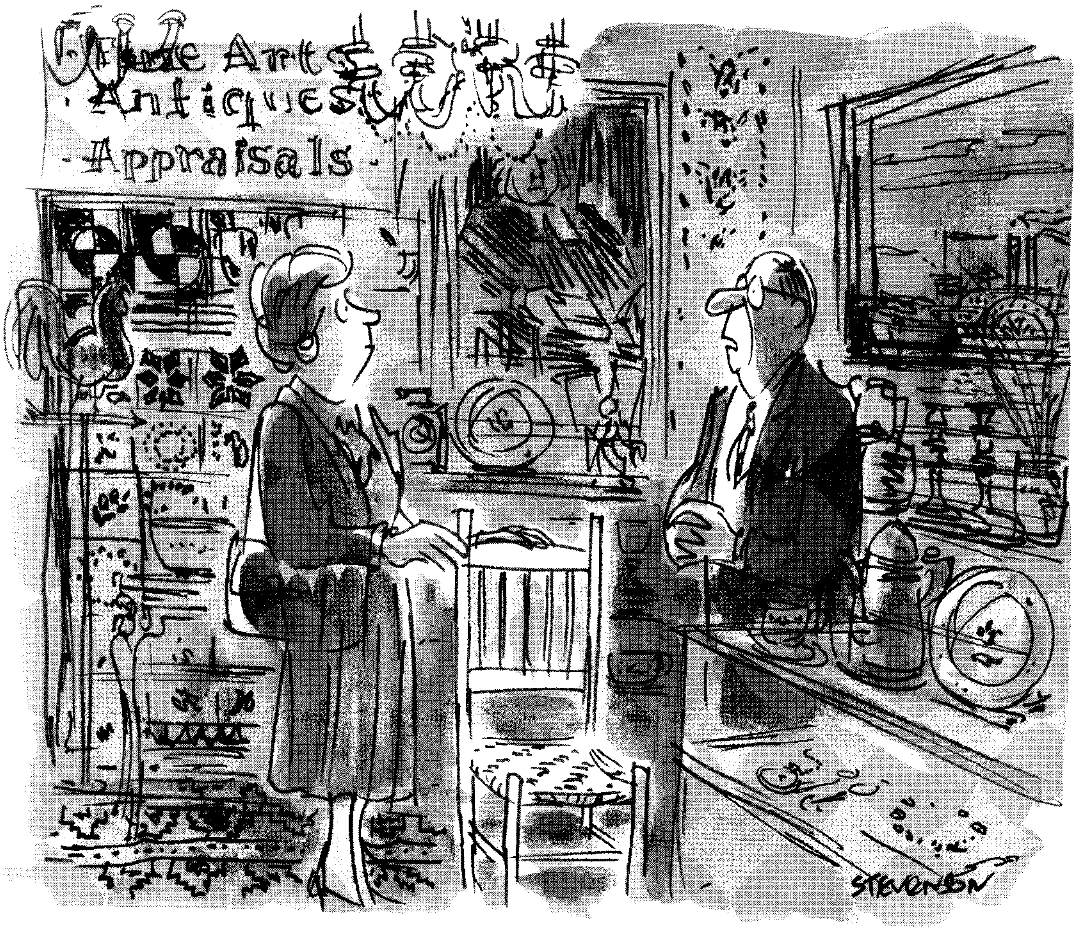
"When you give a guy ten or fifteen thousand dollars, he's the person you'll remember," Mr. Gidron said. "It's only natural. You don't want to go talk to somebody you've never met. So you'll call up the salesman, and he'll say, 'Come on over and I'll meet you in the service department.' That's what a good salesman would do. That's what I'd do."

We couldn't help noticing, we said, that American cars, Fords included, seemed to have grown a little bulkier of late. Was this, we inquired delicately, a wise development? What would happen if the current "voluntary" quotas on Japanese imports were lifted?

"I think Detroit is moving toward an international-sized car," Mr. Gidron said. "You see this Ford Escort—it was the No. 1 selling car in the world last year. But you cannot put a family of five in a Ford Escort. That's a car strictly for one or two people, for short travel." Sizing up the Escort and sizing up Mr. Gidron, we could hardly quarrel with his assessment. "The reason I decided to buy a Ford agency," he went on, "is that the Ford Motor Company has one of the finest lines of cars for 1984 of any carmaker in the country, and I thought it would be another profit center and another challenge for Dick Gidron."

We asked where, in particular, the new models had the edge on the old.

"The way the sheet metal fits," Mr. Gidron said, running a hand over the doorframe of a gray five-speed Escort LX four-door with velours upholstery (base price $7,848, suggested retail price $8,973). "The tightness of the body. The durability, which is the most important thing. The key to Japanese success is you go buy a car and you don't have to visit the service department more than once or twice a year except for regular maintenance, and this is what the domestic car is moving toward." He pulled the door open and slammed it shut. "See that?" he said. "Just like a Mercedes. That's quality."



"If it makes you feel any better, Madam, in our opinion you have purchased one of the first fake Jimmy Carters."

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On the Banks of the Wide Mississippi

DARE us to do something, and, by heaven, we will. The other day, a letter arrived in the mail from the 1984 World's Fair people. It was not a personal letter—it was aimed at potential visitors to the fair—and it invited us, or anyone else, to call (504) 525-FAIR, in order to "get an answer to any question that pertains in any way to the 1984 World's Fair." We took them at their word and reached for the phone. Soon we were speaking with Kathy Curtis, a native of the Gentilly section, which she assured us was in "New Orleans proper." We told her we'd start off with a few soft, Presidential-press-conference-type questions and work on up to some high inside fastballs. She giggled and said "Shoot!"

Us: Why should we go all the way to New Orleans for a world's fair?

KATHY: Well, New Orleans is already a tourist attraction. And we have a theme for our fair, a great theme—"The World of Rivers . . . Fresh Water as a Source of Life."

Us: What does it look like over at the site?

KATHY: Well, the Wonderwall is under construction. And so is the monorail, which will run all around the site, and a gondola that will connect the west bank of the river to the east bank. The monorail, by the way, will be air-conditioned. In fact, eighty per cent of the fair site will be air-conditioned. That's because we have a semitropical climate.

Us: Should we alight from the monorail, what will there be to see?

KATHY: Well, there will be two Mardi Gras parades a day, even though Mardi Gras will be over. These will be real Mardi Gras parades, with krewes, costumes, and doubloon-throwing. And there will be an amphitheatre with continuous entertainment. And there will be a street that is a replica of Bourbon Street. We call it Fulton Street.

Us: Why don't you call it Bourbon Street?

KATHY: Well, because there already is a Bourbon Street. And, since you brought that up, the French Quarter is within easy walking distance of the fair. See, Fulton Street will be open until 2 A.M., which is an hour later than the rest of the fair. And Bourbon Street, of course, is open twenty-four hours a day. So you can go to Fulton Street until it closes, and then go over to Bourbon Street until Fulton Street opens up again.

Us: Is there going to be a Unisphere?

KATHY: No, sir. They haven't told us anything about a Unisphere. The Wonderwall should be something, however. Basically, it will be a conglomeration of things. It will be a half mile long and up to three stories high, with concession areas. It will be like a kaleidoscope of design.

Us: Are there lots of telephone operators where you are?

KATHY: Yes! And by the time the fair opens there will be even more—a hundred and twenty, in fact. No one who calls will ever have to hold. Most people ask for brochures, and we mail them out right away. Within *hours*.

Us: Is it significant that the fair is taking place in 1984, a year fraught with ominous connotations?

KATHY: No, sir. You're the first one to bring up anything like that. Did I mention, though, that for years New Orleans has had steamboats running up and down the river? And that right nearby there is one of the country's best zoos? In fact, you can take the Audubon Park Zoo Cruise on the steamboat, which goes right up the river to an entrance to the zoo.

LENA

IN her prime, by which I mean in her beauty, my first wife, Magdalena, had no use for other women. She did not depend upon women for anything that mattered, such as charm and enjoyment and getting her bills paid; and as for exchanging Paris gossip and intimate chitchat, since she never confided anything personal and never complained, a man's ear was good enough. Magdalena saw women as accessories, to be treated kindly—maids, seamstresses, manicurists—or as comic minor figures, the wives and official fiancées of her admirers. It was not in her nature to care what anyone said, and she never could see the shape of a threat even when it rolled over her, but I suspect that she was called some of the senseless things she was called, such as "Central European whore" and "Jewish adventuress," by women.

Now that she is nearly eighty and bedridden, she receives visits from women—the residue of an early wave of Hungarian emigration. They have small pink noses, wear knitted caps pulled down to their eyebrows, and can see on dark street corners the terrible ghost of Béla Kun. They have forgotten that Magdalena once seemed, perhaps, disreputable. She is a devout Catholic, and she says cultivated, moral-sounding things, sweet to the ears of half a dozen widows of generals and bereft sisters of bachelor diplomats. They crowd her bedside table with bottles of cough mixture, lemons, embroidered table napkins, jars of honey, and covered bowls of stewed plums, the juice from which always spills. They call Magdalena "Lena."

She occupies a bed in the only place that would have her—a hospital on the northern rim of Paris, the color of jails, daubed with graffiti. The glass-and-marble lobby commemorates the flashy prosperity of the nineteen-sixties. It contains, as well as a vandalized coffee machine and a plaque bearing the name of a forgotten Minister of Health, a monumental example of the art of twenty years ago: a white foot with each toenail painted a different color. In order to admire this marvel, and to bring Magdalena the small comforts I think she requires, I need to travel a tiring distance by the underground suburban train. On these expeditions I carry a furled umbrella: the flat, shadeless light of this line is said to attract violent crime. In my wallet I have a card attesting to my right to sit down, because of an accident suffered in wartime. I never dare show the card. I prefer to stand. Anything to do with the Second World War, particularly its elderly survivors, arouses derision and ribaldry and even hostility in the young.

Magdalena is on the fourth floor (no elevator) of a wing reserved for elderly patients too frail to be diverted to nursing homes—assuming that a room for her in any such place could be found. The old people have had it drummed into them that they are lucky to have a bed, that the waiting list for their mattress and pillow lengthens by the hour. They must not seem too capricious, or dissatisfied, or quarrelsome, or give the nurses extra trouble. If they persist in doing so, their belongings are packed and their relatives sent for. A law obliges close relatives to take them in. Law isn't love, and Magdalena has seen enough distress and confusion to make her feel thoughtful.

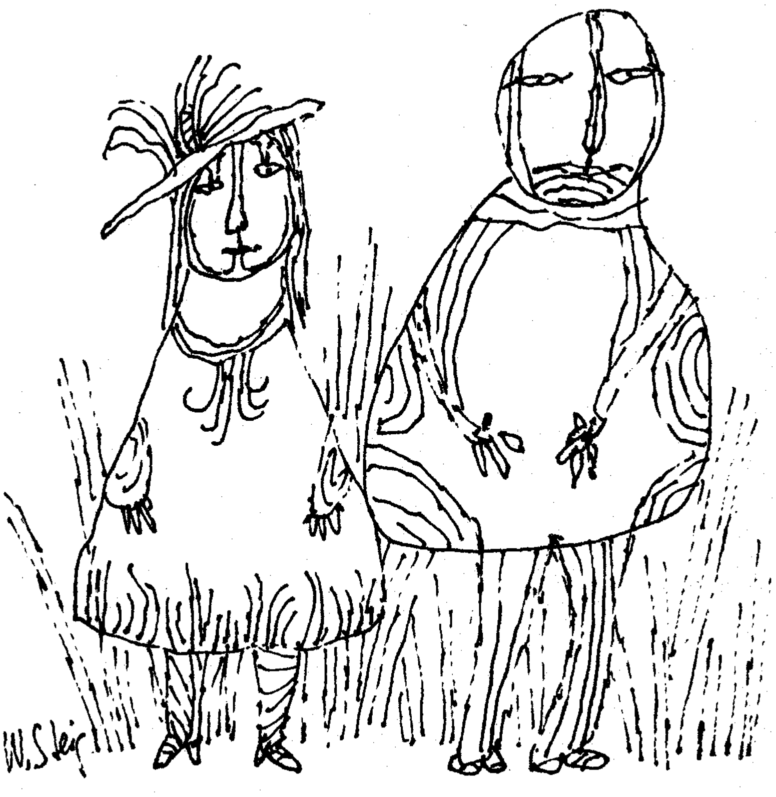
"Families are worse than total war," she says. I am not sure what her own war amounted to. As far as I can tell, she endured all its rigors in Cannes, taking a daily walk to a black-market restaurant, her legs greatly admired by famous collaborators and German officers along the way. Her memory, when she wants to be bothered with it, is like a brief, blurry, self-centered dream.

"But what were you *doing* during those years?" I have asked her. (My mother chalked Gaullist slogans on walls in Paris. The father of my second wife died deported. I joined the Free French in London.)

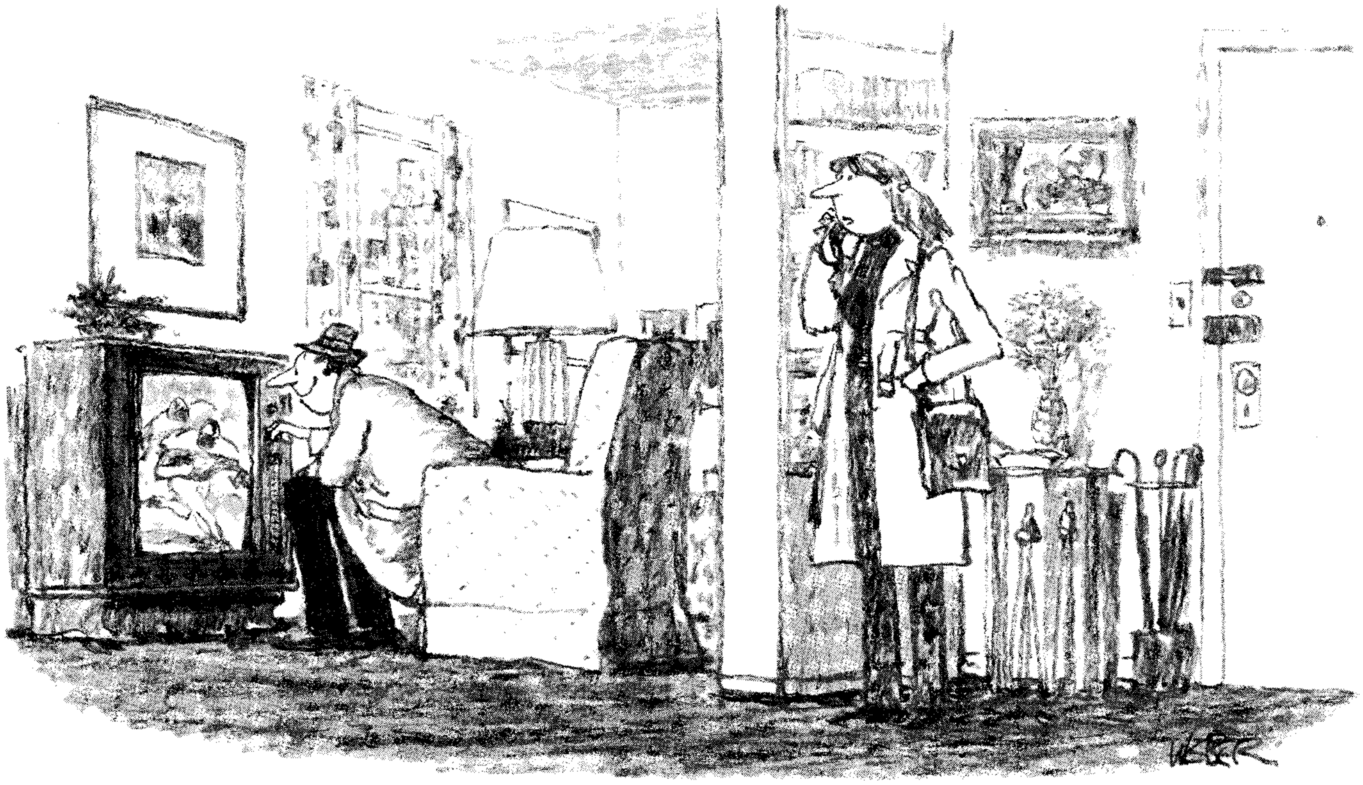
"I was holding my breath," she answers, smiling.

She shares a room with a woman who suffers from a burning rash across her shoulders. Medicine that relieves the burning seems to affect her mind, and she will wander the corridors, wondering where she is, weeping. The hospital then threatens to send her home, and her children, in a panic, beg that the treatment be stopped. After a few days the rash returns, and the woman keeps Magdalena awake describing the pain she feels—it is like being flogged with blazing nettles, she says. Magdalena pilfers tranquillizers and gets her to take them, but once she hit the woman with a pillow. The hospital became nasty, and I had to step in. Fortunately, the supervisor of the aged-and-chronic department had seen me on television, taking part in a literary game ("Which saint might Jean-Paul Sartre have wanted most to meet?"), and that helped our case.

Actually, Magdalena cannot be evicted—not just like that. She has no family, and nowhere to go. Her



Comin' Thro' the Rye



"*We couldn't get into the Manet show, but it's probably just as well.*"

• •

continued existence is seen by the hospital as a bit of a swindle. They accepted her in the first place only because she was expected to die quite soon, releasing the bed.

"YOUR broken nose is a mistake," she said to me the other day. My face was damaged in the same wartime accident that is supposed to give me priority seating rights in public transport. "It lends you an air of desperate nerve, as if a Malraux hero had wandered into a modern novel and been tossed out on his face."

Now, this was hard on a man who had got up earlier than usual and bought a selection of magazines for Magdalena before descending to the suburban line, with its flat, worrying light. A man who had just turned sixty-five. Whose new bridge made him lisp. She talks the way she talked in the old days, in her apartment with the big windows and the sweeping view across the Seine. She used to wear white, and sit on a white sofa. There were patches of red in the room—her long fingernails and her lipstick, and the Legion of Honor on some admirer's lapel. She had two small, funny dogs whose eyes glowed red in the dusk.

"I heard you speaking just the other day," she went on. "You were most interesting about the way Gide always made the rounds of the bookstores to see how his work was selling. Actually, I think I told you that story."

"It couldn't have been just the other day," I said. "It sounds like a radio program I had in the nineteen-fifties."

"It couldn't have been you, come to think of it," she said. "The man lisped. I said to myself, 'It *might* be Édouard.' "

Her foreign way of speaking enchanted me when I was young. Now it sharpens my temper. Fifty years in France and she still cannot pronounce my name, "Édouard," without putting the stress on the wrong syllable and rolling the "r." "When you come to an 'r,' " I have told her, "keep your tongue behind your lower front teeth."

"It won't stay," she says. "It curls up. I am sorry." As if she cared. She will accept any amount of petulance shown by me, because she thinks she owes me tolerance: she sees me as youthful, boyish, to be teased and humored. She believes we have a long, unhampered life before us, and she expects to occupy it as my wife and widow-to-be. To that end, she has managed to outlive my second wife, and she may well survive me, even though I am fourteen years younger than she is and still on my feet.

Magdalena's Catholic legend is that she was converted after hearing Jacques Maritain explain Neo-Thomism at a tea party. Since then, she has never stopped heaping metaphysical rules about virtue on top of atavistic arguments concerning right and wrong. The result is a moral rock pile, ready to slide. Only God himself could stand up to the avalanche, but in her private arrangements he is behind her, egging her on. I had to wait until a law was passed that allowed divorce on the ground of separation before I was free to marry again. I waited a long time. In the meantime, Magdalena was writing letters to the Pope, cheering his stand on marriage and urging him to hold firm. She can choose among three or four different languages, her choice depending on where her dreams may have taken her during the night. She used to travel by train to Budapest and Prague wearing white linen. She had sleek, fair hair, and wore a diamond hair clip behind one ear. Now no one goes to those places, and the slim linen suits are crumpled in trunks. Her mind is clear, but she says absurd things. "I never saw her," she said about Juliette, my second wife. "Was she anything like me?"

"*You* did see her. We had lunch, the three of us."

"Show me her picture. It might bring back the occasion."

"No."

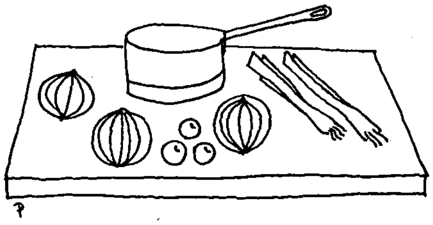
They met, once, on the first Sunday of September, 1954—a hot day of quivering horizons and wasps hitting the windshield. I had a new Renault—a model with a reputation for rolling over and lying with its wheels in the air. I drove, I think, grimly. Magdalena was beside me, in a nimbus of some scent—jasmine, or gardenia—that made me think of the opulent, profiteering side of wars. Juliette sat behind, a road map on her knee, her finger on the western outskirts of Fontainebleau. Her dark hair was pulled back tight and tied at the nape of her neck with a dark-blue grosgrain ribbon. It is safe to say that she smelled of soap and lemons.

We were taking Magdalena out to lunch. It was Juliette's idea. Somewhere between raspberries-and-cream and coffee, I was supposed to ask for a divorce—worse, to coax from Magdalena the promise of collusion in obtaining one. So far, she had resisted any mention of the subject and for ten years had refused to see me. Juliette and I had been living together since the end of the war. She was thirty now, and tired of waiting. We were turning into one of those uneasy, shadowy couples, perpetually waiting for a third person to die or divorce. I was afraid of losing her. That summer, she had travelled without me to America (so much farther from Europe then than it is today), and she had come back with a different coloration to her manner, a glaze of independence, as though she had been exposed to a new kind of sun.

I remember how she stared at Magdalena with gentle astonishment, as if Magdalena were a glossy illustration that could not look back. Magdalena had on a pale dress of some soft, floating stuff, and a pillbox hat tied on with a white veil, and long white gloves. I saw her through Juliette's eyes, and I thought what Juliette must be thinking: Where does Magdalena think we're taking her? To a wedding? Handing her into the front seat, I had shut the door on her skirt. I wondered if she had turned into one of the limp, pliant women whose clothes forever catch.

It was Juliette's custom to furnish social emptiness with some rattling anecdote about her own activities. Guests were often grateful. Without having to cast far, they could bring up a narrative of their own, and the result was close to real conversation. Juliette spoke of her recent trip. She said she was wearing an American dress made of a material called cotton seersucker. It washed like a duster and needed next to no ironing.

For answer, she received a side view of Magdalena's hat and a blue eye shadowed with paler blue. Magdalena was not looking but listening, savoring at close quarters the inflections of the French Protestant gentry. She knew she was privileged. As a rule, they speak only to one another. Clamped to gearshift and wheel, I was absolved of the need to comment. My broken profile had foxed Magdalena at first. She had even taken me for an impostor. But then the remembered face of a younger man slid over the fraud and possessed him.



Juliette had combed through the *Guide Michelin* and selected a restaurant with a wide terrace and white umbrellas, set among trees. At some of the tables there were American officers, in uniform, with their families—this is to show how long ago it was. Juliette adjusted our umbrella so that every inch of Magdalena was in shade. She took it for granted that my wife belonged to a generation sworn to paleness. From where I was sitting, I could see the interior of the restaurant. It looked cool and dim, I thought, and might have been better suited to the soft-footed conversation to come.

I adjusted my reading glasses,

THE WITCH'S STORY

Everything you have heard about me
is true, or true enough.
You shouldn't think
I'd change my story now.
A stubborn, willful little girl
comes sneaking
around my house, peering
in all the windows. She's disobeyed
her parents, who knew
where the witch lived. "If you go,
you're not our daughter anymore."
That's what they told her. I have
my ways of knowing. All pale
and trembly then, she knocks at my door.
"Why are you so pale?"
I ask, although of course
I know that too.
She'd seen what she'd seen—
a green man on the stairs, and the other one,
the red one, and then the devil himself
with his head on fire, which was me,
the witch in her true ornament, as I like
to put it. Oh, she'd seen what she needed
to send her running home,
but she walked right in, which is the part
I never understand completely. Maybe
she believed, just then,
that she was no one's daughter anymore,
and had to take her chances, poor thing,
inside with me. "So you've come
to brighten up my house,"
I said, and changed her into a log.
It was an easy trick, and gave me little
pleasure. But I'd been waiting
all day. I was cold, and even that
small fire was bright, and warm enough.

—Lawrence Raab

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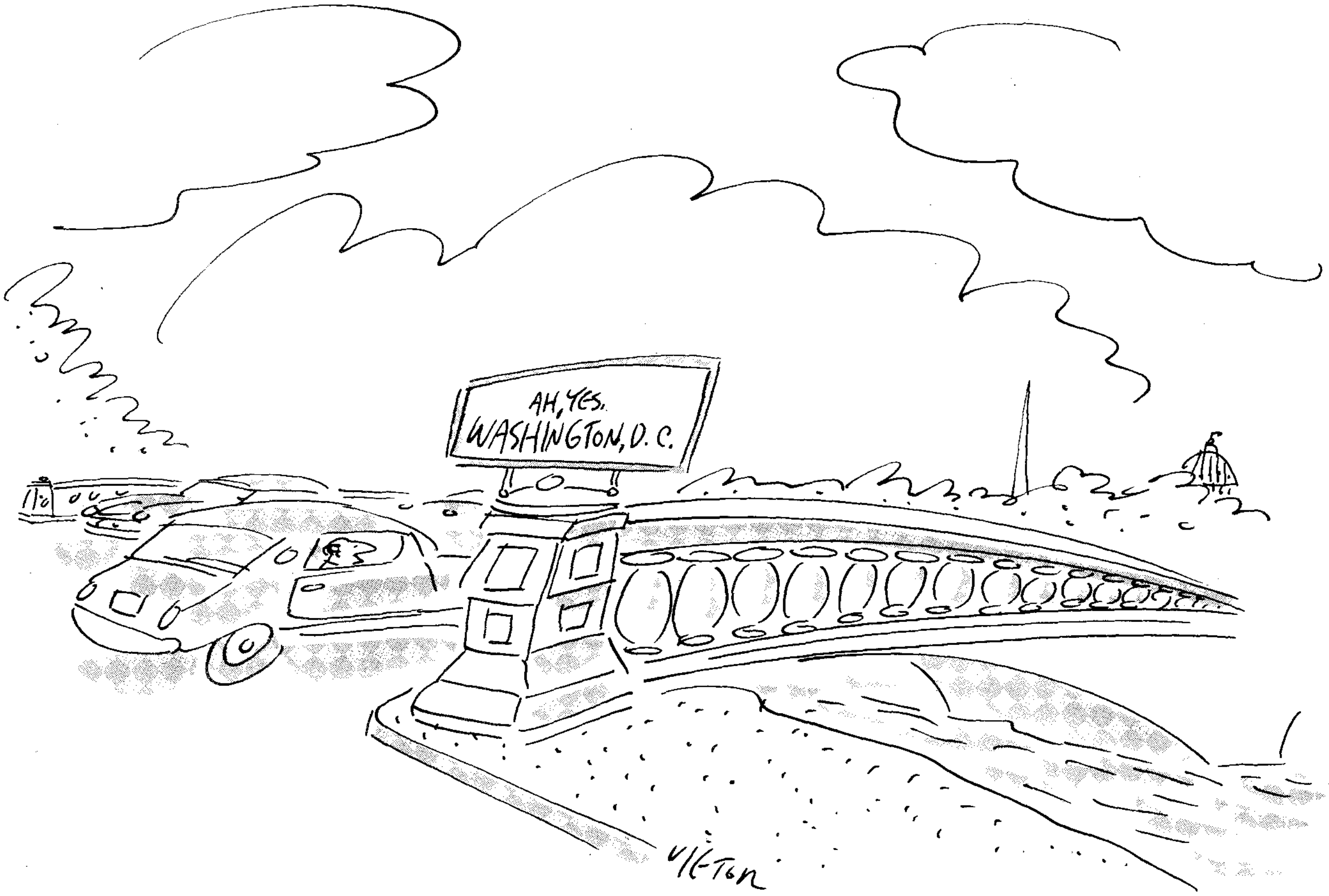

AH, YES, WASHINGTON, D.C.

which Magdalena had never seen, and stared at a long handwritten menu. Magdalena made no move to examine hers. She had all her life let men decide. Finally, Juliette wondered if our guest might not like to start with asparagus. I was afraid the asparagus would be canned. Well, then, said Juliette, what about melon. On a hot day, something cool followed by cold salmon. She broke off. I started to remove my glasses, but Juliette reminded me about wine.

Magdalena was engaged in a ritual that Juliette may not have seen before and that I had forgotten: pulling off her tight, long gloves finger by finger and turning her rings right side up. Squeezed against a great sparkler of some kind was a wedding ring. Rallying, Juliette gave a little twitch to the collar of the washable seersucker and went on about America. In Philadelphia, a celebrated Pentecostal preacher had persuaded the Holy Spirit to settle upon a member of the congregation, a woman whose hearing had been damaged when she was brained by a flying shoe at a stock-car race. The deaf woman rose and said she could hear sparrows chirping in High German, on which the congregation prayed jubilant thanks.

Juliette did not stoop to explain that she was no Pentecostalist. She mentioned the Holy Spirit as an old acquaintance of her own class and background, a cultivated European with an open mind.

We were no longer young lovers, and I had heard this story several times. I said that the Holy Spirit might find something more useful to attend to than a ruptured eardrum. We were barely ten years out of a disastrous war. All over the world, there were people sick, afraid, despairing. Only a few days before, the President of Brazil had shot himself to death.

Juliette replied that there were needs beyond our understanding. "God knows what he wants," she said. I am sure she believed it.

"God wanted Auschwitz?" I said.

I felt a touch on my arm, and I looked down and saw a middle-aged hand and a wedding ring.

With her trained inclination to move back from rising waters, Juliette made the excuse of a telephone call. I knew that her brief departure was meant to be an intermission. When she came back, we would speak about other things. Magdalena and I sat quietly, she with her hand still on my arm, as if she had finally completed a gesture begun a long time before. Juliette, returning, her eyes splashed with cold water, her dark hair freshly combed, saw that I was missing a good chance to bring up the divorce. She sat down, smiled, picked up her melon spoon. She was working hard these days, she said. She was translating an American novel that should never have been written. (Juliette revealed nothing more about this novel.) From there, she slid along to the subject of drastic separations—not so much mine from Magdalena as divorcement in general. Surely, she said, a clean parting was a way of keeping life pleasant and neat? This time, it was Magdalena's hearing that seemed impaired, and the Holy Spirit was nowhere. The two women must have been thinking the same thing at that moment, though for entirely different reasons: that I had forfeited any chance of divine aid by questioning God's intentions.

IT was shortly before her removal to the hospital that Magdalena learned about Juliette's death. One of her doddering friends may have seen the notice in a newspaper. She at once resumed her place as my only spouse and widow-to-be. In fact, she had never relinquished it, but now the way back to me shone clear. The divorce, that wall of pagan darkness, had been torn down and dispersed with the concubine's ashes. She saw me delivered from an adulterous and heretical alliance. It takes a convert to think "heretical" with a straight face. She could have seen Juliette burned at the stake without losing any sleep. It is another fact about converts that they make casual executioners.

She imagined that I would come to her at once, but I went nowhere. Juliette had asked to be cremated, thinking of the purification of the flame, but the rite was accomplished by clanking, hidden, high-powered machinery that kept starting and stopping, on cycle. At its loudest, it covered the voice of the clergyman, who affirmed that Juliette was eying us with great good will from above, and it prevailed over Juliette's favorite recordings of Mozart and Bach. Her ashes were placed in a numbered niche that I never saw, for at some point in the funeral service I lost consciousness and had to be carried out. This nightmare was dreamed in the crematorium chapel of Père Lachaise cemetery. I have not been back. It is far from where I live, and I think Juliette is not there, or anywhere. From the moment when her heart stopped, there has been nothing but silence.

LAST winter, I had bronchitis and seldom went out. I managed to send Magdalena a clock, a radio, an azalea, and enough stamps and stationery to furnish a nineteenth-century literary correspondence. Nevertheless, the letters that reached my sickbed from hers were scrawled in the margins of newspapers, torn off crookedly. Sometimes she said her roommate had lent her the money for a stamp. The message was always the same: I must not allow my wife to die in a public institution. Her pink-nosed women friends wrote me, too, signing their alien names, announcing their titles—there was a princess.

It was no good replying that everybody dies in hospital now. The very idea made them sick, of a sickness beyond any wasting last-ditch illusion. Then came from Magdalena "On Saturday at nine o'clock, I shall be dressed and packed, and waiting for you to come and take me away."

Away from the hospital bed? It took weeks of wangling and soft-soaping and even some mild bribery to obtain it. Public funds, to which she is not entitled, and a voluntary contribution from me keep her in it. She has not once asked where the money comes from. When she was young, she decided never to worry, and she has kept the habit.

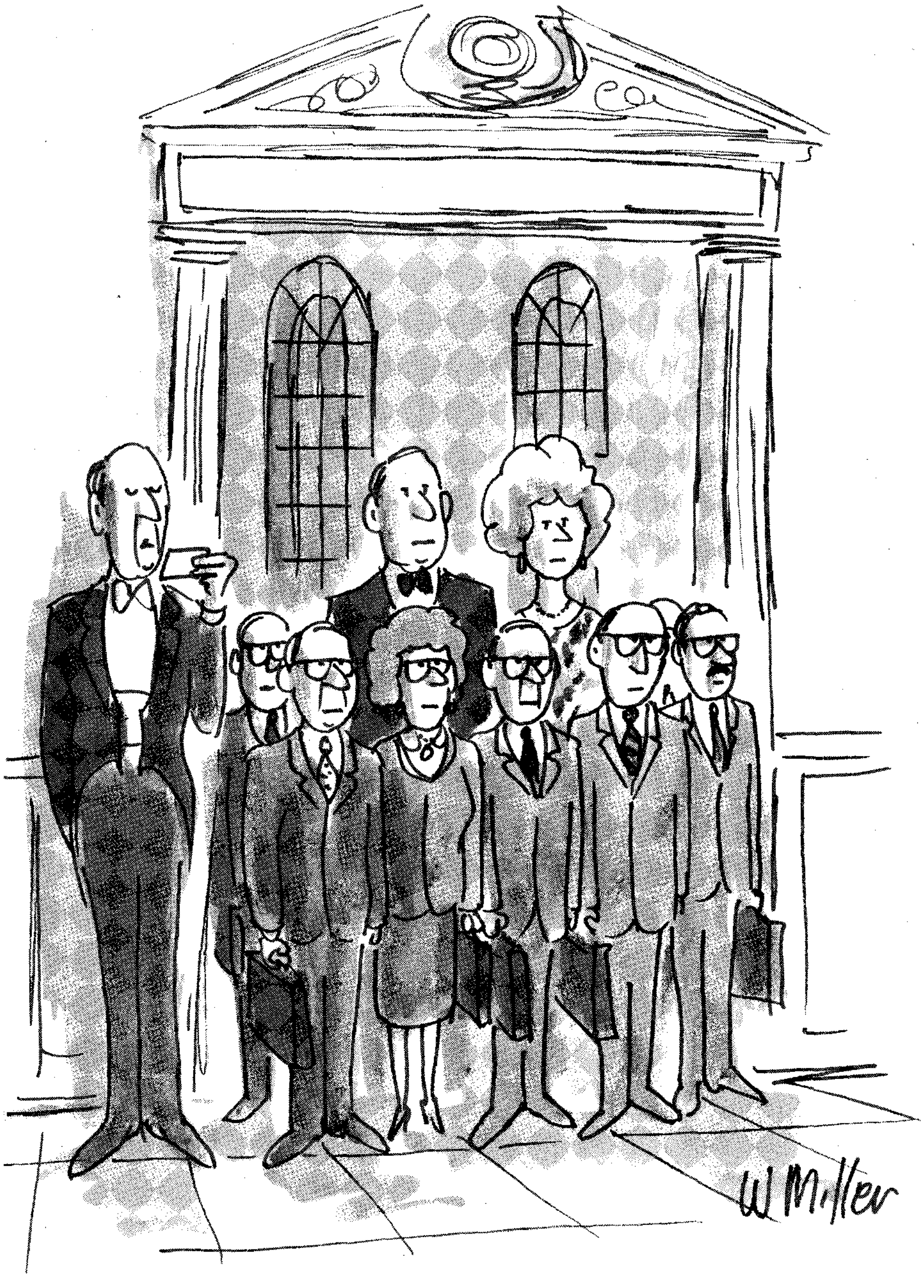
I let several Saturdays go by, until the folly had quit her mind. Late in April I turned up carrying a bottle of Krug I had kept on ice until the last minute and some glasses in a paper bag. The woman who shares her room gave a great groan when she saw me, and showed the whites of her eyes. I took this to mean that Magdalena had died. The other bed was clean and empty. The clock and the radio on the table had the look of objects left behind. I felt shock, guilt, remorse, and relief, and I wondered what to do with the wine. I turned, and there in the doorway stood Magdalena, in dressing gown and slippers, with short white hair. She shuffled past me and lay on the bed with her mouth open, struggling for breath.

"Shouldn't I ring for a nurse?" I said, unwrapping the bottle.

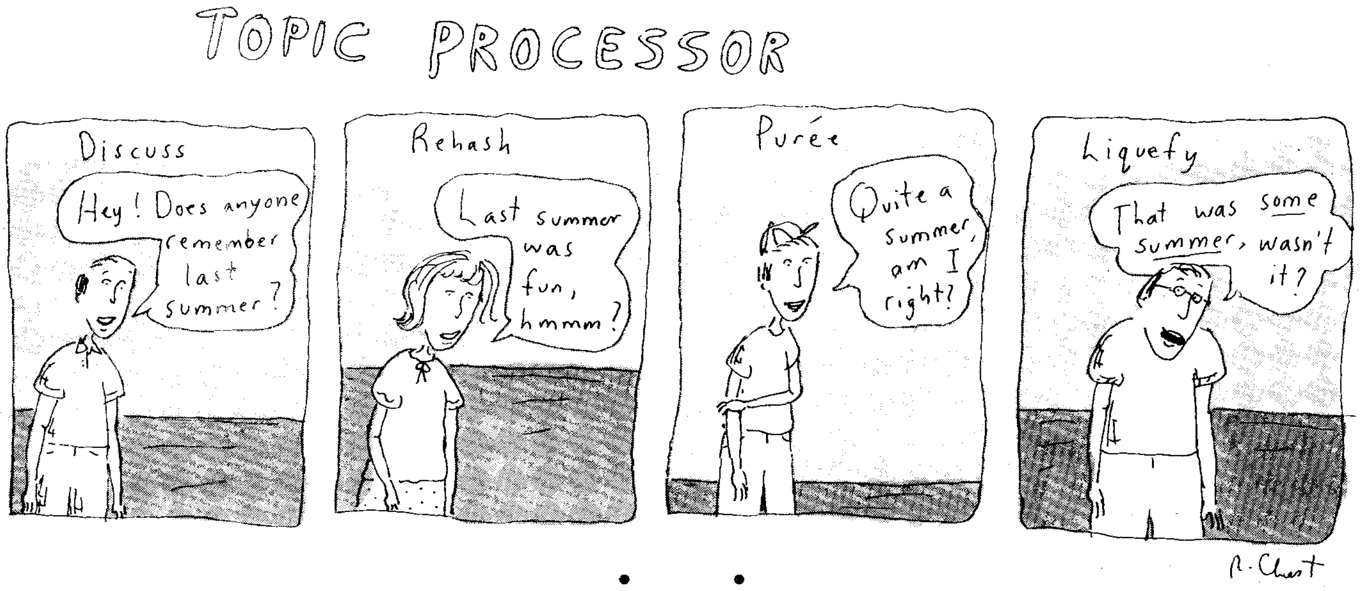
"No one will come. Open the champagne."

"I'd better fetch a nurse." Instead, I made room on the table for the glasses. I'd brought three, because of the roommate.

Magdalena gasped, "Today is my birthday." She sat up, apparently recovered, and got her spectacles out from under the pillow. Leaning toward me, she said, "What's that red



"Mr. and Mrs. Darrell T. Hornsbey and their money managers."


TOPIC PROCESSOR
Discuss
Hey! Does anyone remember last summer?
Rehash
Last summer was fun, hmmm?
Purée
Quite a summer, am I right?
Liquefy
That was some summer, wasn't it?
R. Chast

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speck on your lapel? It looks like the Legion of Honor."

"I imagine that's what it is."

"Why?" she said. "Was there a reason?"

"They probably had a lot to give away. Somebody did say something about 'cultural enrichment of the media.' "

"I am glad about the enrichment," she said. "I am also very happy for you. Will you wear it all the time, change it from suit to suit?"

"It's new," I said. "There was a ceremony this morning." I sat down on the shaky chair kept for visitors, and with a steadiness that silenced us both I poured the wine. "What about your neighbor?" I said, the bottle poised.

"Let her sleep. This is a good birthday surprise."

I felt as if warm ashes were banked round my heart, like a residue of good intentions. I remembered that when Magdalena came back to Paris after the war, she found her apartment looted, laid waste. One of the first letters to arrive in the mail was from me, to say that I was in love with a much younger woman. "If it means anything at all to you," I said, the coals glowing brighter, "if it can help you to understand me in any way—well, no one ever fascinated me as much as you." This after only one glass.

"But, perhaps, you never loved me," she said.

"Probably not," I said. "Although I must have."

"You mean, in a way?" she said.

"I suppose so."

The room became so quiet that I could hear the afternoon movie on television in the next room. I recognized the voice of the actor who dubs Robert Redford.

Magdalena said, "Even a few months ago this would have been my death sentence. Now I am simply thankful I have so little time left to wander between 'perhaps' and 'probably not' and 'in a way.' A crazy old woman, wringing my hands."

I remembered Juliette's face when she learned that her menopause was irreversible. I remembered her shock, her fright, her gradual understanding, her storm of grief. She had hoped for children, then finally a child, a son she would have called "Thomas." "Your death sentence," I said. "Your death sentence. What about Juliette's life sentence? She never had children. By the time I was able to marry her, it was too late."

"She could have had fifteen children without being married," said Magdalena.

I wanted to roar at her, but my voice went high and thin. "Women like Juliette, people like Juliette, don't do that sort of thing. It was a wonder she consented to live with me for all those years. What about her son, her Thomas? I couldn't even have claimed him—not legally, as long as I was married to you. Imagine him, think of him, applying for a passport, finding out he had no father. Nothing on his birth certificate. Only a mother."

"You could have adopted Thomas," said Magdalena. "That way, he'd have been called by your name."

"I couldn't—not without your consent. *You* were my wife. Besides, why should I have to adopt my own son?" I think this was a shout; that is how it comes back to me. "And the inheritance laws, as they were in those days. Have you ever thought about that? I couldn't even make a will in his favor."

Cheek on hand, blue eyes shadowed, my poor, mad, true, and only wife said, "Ah, Édouard, you shouldn't have worried. You know I'd have left him all that I had."

IT wasn't the last time I saw Magdalena, but after that day she sent no more urgent messages, made no more awkward demands. Twice since then, she has died and come round. Each time, just when the doctor said, "I think that's it," she has squeezed the nurse's hand. She loves rituals, and she probably wants the last Sacraments, but hospitals hate that. Word that there is a priest in the place gets about, and it frightens the other patients. There are afternoons when she can't speak and lies with her eyes shut, the lids quivering. I hold her hand, and feel the wedding ring. Like the staunch little widows, I call her "Lena," and she turns her head and opens her eyes.

I glance away then, anywhere—at the clock, out the window. I have put up with everything, but I intend to refuse her last imposition, the encounter with her blue, enduring look of pure love.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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9:30 P.M. (13) KENNEDY CENTER TONIGHT: "An Opera Gala: A Salute to George London." A rebroadcast of the musical special featuring performances by Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Mstislav Rostropovich and others; Beverly Hills is the host. (2 hrs.)—*The Times.*

Any relation of Victoria de los Angeles?

SUSPENSE ITEM

Of the feared professions, accountancy seemed to Emma the most unfavored. Even to dentists there came more comfort, even to failed gamblers, even to failed managers of run-down bordellos. Accountants were trained in the ungentle. Walking around cities in America she had seen fear rampant in the streets as the income tax became due in April. Cash payments of a nature that was hostile to the intimations of literature falsely embedded in "bookkeeping" began to be asked for in February by tailors and barbers, and bookshops, rare-book searchers, and private libraries that would normally be festive in honor of books at any other time of the year. In London, Emma found the same mishap compounded, looming over her small, sage country suffering now for no traceable mistake of the people's historic judgment and paying in Ulster for the recklessness of, improbably, Cromwell.

The tax year in England varies according to the person and the unexplained decisions of the line of accountants who, in any client's working life, may reach back to a martial column of four or five, beating similar drums at the arbitrary end of any particular twelve months. Emma's tax year, which could as well have ended on the day of her birth as on any other, ended on the last day of April. Oh to be in England, and so on and so on.

A fiscal date in England is like no other. It cannot, in truth, be called a date, because it spreads, in time, in every direction, like a blot on pimpled lodging-house wallpaper. The complications expand back, forth, and sideways to every point of the compass.

Emma's boyfriend was listed as missing in Cambodia. How shall we count the days? She was a teacher of the measured manners of Russian and mathematics in an otherwise chaotic comprehensive school. Maths was obligatory, though not the higher maths then taught to the pupils who were in the A stream of the school. Hers was a stream of eight-year-olds. Many of the same pupils were in her Russian class, reading the Cyrillic alphabet without difficulty, finding no hazards in the locative case or in the difference between the perfective and the imperfective. She told them in February of her menacing tax date. It lay ahead a whole two months of apprehension in stasis.

"It's on your mind," said one pupil. "It would be, for a mathematician."

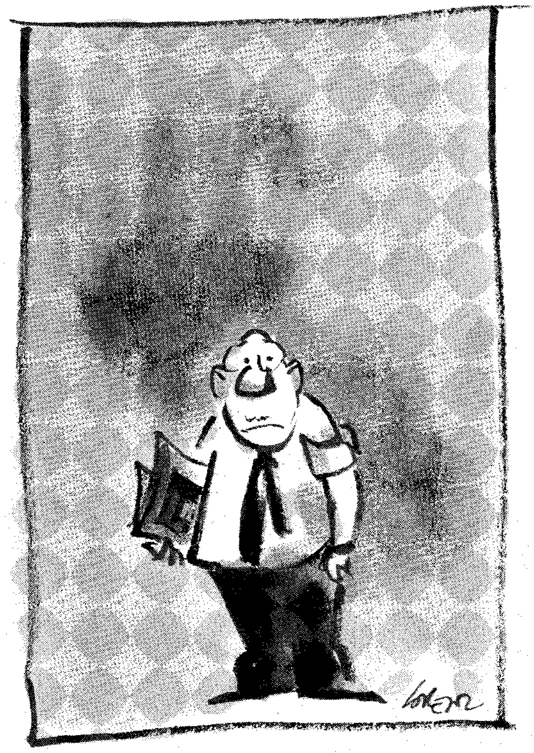
A boy said, "Alice thought you were counting the weeks till your chap came back. When you were making a chart at the end of your exercise book in break. I'd been watching now and then and said probably no. It looked like a cashbook to me, I said." The boy's name was Eth. He had once explained to Emma, "You're the only person who hasn't asked me why I'm called Eth, so I'll tell you. My mother was playing whist after work and she heard someone genteel curse 'Netheniel Gubbins!' about a hand she had. A hand of cards. She says the name struck her."

"My accountants keep telling me I should keep a cashbook and I try, but it slips my mind," said Emma.

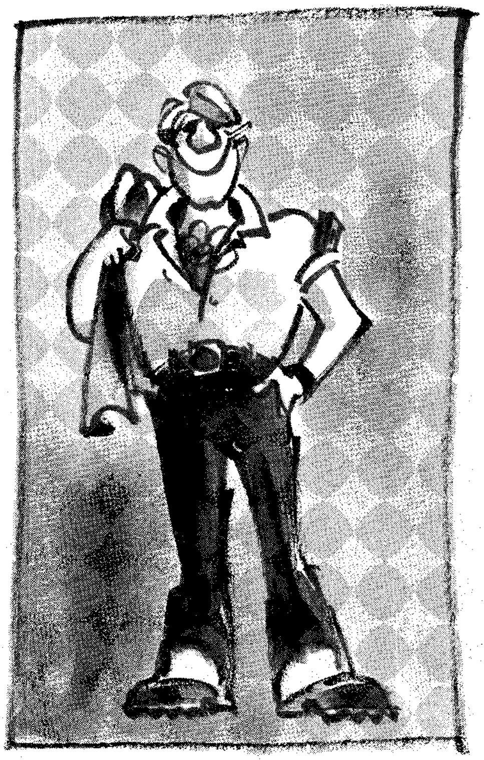
Eth said, "There wouldn't be time, to your way of thinking."

Emma said, "And there's no room in my book bag for it, either."

The cashbook provoked procrastination every year in Emma. The Inland Revenue's demanded assessments were based on their calculations from six years ago, when she had inherited thirty-five hundred pounds from an otherwise stingy godmother who had regularly sent her a welcome card on the day of the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary and forgot about her altogether at Christmas and her birthdays.



ALBERT TENNER

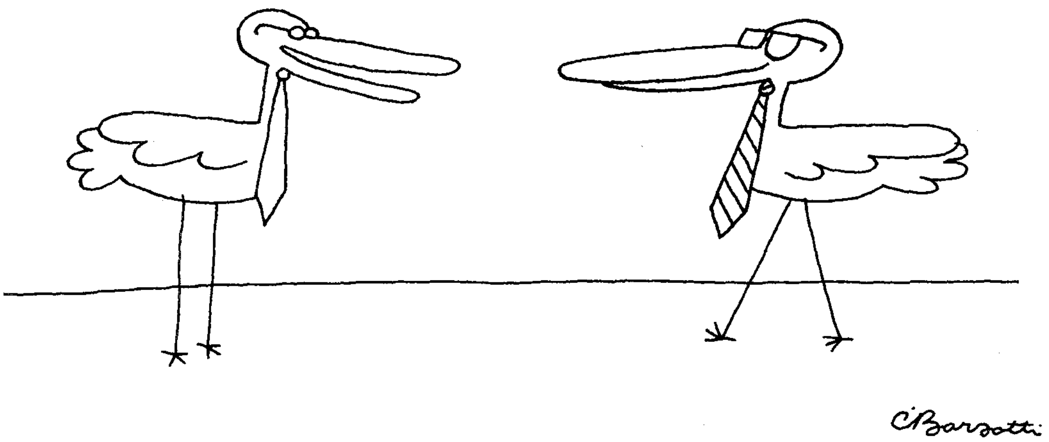


ALBERT TENNER (ELECTRONICALLY ENHANCED)

The head partner in Emma's accountancy firm was a man who never answered letters and who smiled by creasing lines around his inexpressive eyes, so that the eyelids met. Nothing else occurred in his face. He came to her little house, for an unnamed and considerable fee, in the effort to get her to keep this cashbook.

"But it would be a waste of time," Emma said. "The salary regular, as you know. But bus fares, paperbacks, tickets to the flicks. The tube. Stamp machines. The receipts one doesn't have."

"But you must entertain. We could enter that under promotion and publicity." He looked around her minute study, which had a small table in one corner piled with



"Hey, great new glasses, Chief."

books. "Your guests, leading to possible lecture appointments. They should be foreign, of course. For deduction purposes. I've seen your kitchen, in which I'm sure you do wonders in." His careful sentences often covered ground twice, like a blunt lawnmower. "We could write off the foreign entertaining as foreign interviewing, all to the good of Britannia's economy, if only you'd keep this cashbook."

"Can you tell me what a suspense item is?" Emma said.

"An item of unidentified sort referring to cash drawn on bank statements for revenue-estimated personal expenditure. Perfume, limousines, or other. For your appearances. Expenses of a personal nature." He laughed. "For all your many professional friends, you must eat personally."

She tried to hide an impatience that he did not at all comprehend, though he remarked on it. "I daresay you're suffering from something feminine," he said, laughing heartily without any signal of good nature in his face. "I shall send you my clerk and he will draw you, draw this cashbook for you once again, a copy of what I have already sent you each year. Which I have sent. Each year. It is to serve you. Benefit against tax, work, to your advantage, with which we can do wonders with."

"So what are suspense items?"

"You ask me every year."

"And each year you never answer. As an uncle who is a barrister says, you're not being responsive to my question."

He patted her suddenly and hard on the head, as if it were a wasp.

"A question is nothing to swat," Emma said.

"This lack of a cashbook. Each item or person under the current headings under which it or who is enterable should be entered. You in your position must certainly receive presents from your male friends, your colleagues. Gifts of cash presents, unless supported by firsthand signed evidence by the donor and identifiable on his or her bank statement. Subject to double tax, interest running, and penalties. Graft, willful negligence, or criminal intent. It can all be managed by my firm."

"Out," she said.

He nodded down toward her bathroom, which was at the foot of some steep stairs, outside the front door, and shared. He said, "We could write off a third of that, a quarter of any stereo equipment, dishwasher, washing machine, varying according to its or their professional use to foreign prospects, a third of your manicure costs, tips to porters, a proportion of every item that can be agreed with the Inland Revenue. Or else you will not be able to meet the assessments, my dear, I warn you. We're in the warning business, and it all rests on this cashbook."

"One other thing I ask you every year," said Emma. "Why do the columns I have to approve read from left to right?"

"I shall send you my clerk. He will be cheaper for you than my services."

THE clerk made an appointment out of hours. His name was Peter Brett. He was laden with ledgers. A puffy man, with a chin so pointed that it seemed to be formed for use as a quill pen for the beautiful handwriting in his ledgers.

"Don't worry," he said in an Australian voice. "These books are not all yours, not by any means. Your matters are very simple, aren't they? Now, what a pleasant place. Shall we move your worktable and clear a space to look at the schedules? Ten minutes will do it."

It did indeed. He had some sherry. He made no mention of a cashbook, so Emma did. "When I said I hadn't got time to keep one, your boss said, 'Needlessly messy anarchy.' What would a needed and orderly state of anarchy be?"

The clerk loyally kept his silence.

"He also endlessly, year after year, says 'With all due respect' when he's going to be contradictory. Unkind, I suppose I mean."

"Yes, he does that," said the clerk.

"To you, too?" said Emma.

"It's not only to women."

"Has he got many women clients?"

"Only one other and she's dead. He looks after her estate. She ran a building society. She hadn't got any children, and she wrote two carefully researched historical romances, always best-sellers, every nine months, because nine months is the length of a pregnancy."

"Supposedly," Emma said.

"Supposedly?"

"Any other woman in the world would know that a pregnancy is forty weeks, not nine months. I suppose it's to comfort the men concerned, but it doesn't." She turned off the gas fire, which was making a noise. "Your boss asked me last year to proofread a pamphlet he'd written about a life-insurance company. 'In any and all circumstances, to my husband and wife, delete if necessary,' it said, 'and any or all children, I attest I have given no gift.' That was where I stopped. It seemed no possible task for anyone to mend such language. Language being thought before it is spoken and there being no route to his start. And then there was something else that had been taken out, and I'm afraid that interested me more. One of the boys at school, one I showed the pamphlet to, found that he'd written 'I attest' twice more and taken it out with ink eradicator. I'd no idea he was keen on stationery. I'd no idea, either, that he was nervous about attesting. His hesitation wouldn't have been about the repetition of the word. It would have been the oath he was making."

"Yes." Another sherry and some nuts.

"This keenness on stationery. What are you keen on?" said Emma.

"Accountancy." He patted his weather-beaten leather bag of papers. It had his initials on it. It was the one sign of self-definition about him. His hair, she saw, was cheaply cut. Noticing most observations by others, he said, "Not my wife cutting my hair around a pudding basin; a barber on the way to the office gets in at seven o'clock in the morning. Excellent. I like getting in early. Alone with the office papers."

"What brought you to accountancy?"

"At school a maths teacher told me that some answer I'd given was nice, and he knew that I knew what he meant by 'nice.' In the context."

"Clues to a life." She had another sherry herself, diluted with soda water, which is the way she and her boyfriend had invented as the nearest they could afford to champagne. Peter Brett and she shared it. He leaned back in his chair.

"Accountancy, though," she said.

"I found my way to it by luck."

"You come from Sydney, is it?"

"Quite near, by Australian standards. I wonder why people think that Cockney sounds—"

"What were you doing? When did you leave?"

"I was the son of a warder who later ran an Australian prison. He would take me into the cells of the lifers with him. He was against capital punishment all his life, but the regime sometimes was, sometimes wasn't. Terrible mistakes happened. Terrible because they were naturally irredeemable. Before the night of a hanging there would be a deep silence. There are grades of silence, as there are grades of noise."

She turned off the third variation of the Goldberg, with Glenn Gould just before the end of his short life again playing the work that had first made him famous, including the humming that sound mechanics had found ineradicable and musicologists inexplicable, though it turned out on this meditated second recording to be nothing less than a matter of holding himself to the underpinning of the modulations.

"I didn't mean music, or sound," said Peter. "I meant noise."

Emma closed the old wooden shutters. "Yes, but there was an ambulance in the street, and the shutters don't shut well against a siren."

"You once sent me a drawing of a cistern that was costing you a lot of money, and I've got it in my drawer. Not on my bulletin board. The chap you don't care for, the partner, he looks at that board. Snoops at it."

"Perhaps he doesn't know how much you care for accountancy."

"Perhaps he does, which would be why."

"I once saw a schoolmaster all in black creeping around a form room during break opening the boys' desks and stealing their sweets. The partner looks like that. Pointed toes. Lissome and pointed."

"The night before a hanging, there was a silence that drowned sense. Then, suddenly, one inmate would scream. Then others. All joined. Began to smash tin plates against the walls of their cells for half an hour maybe. Nothing to do with trying to stop the death. They couldn't. Not even any change of government changed it. One prisoner under a liberal regime was given the sentence of 'the term of your natural life and twenty-four hours thereafter.' I don't think I want any more champagne, but I'd like some more nuts. If you have them?"

NY LOTTERY HERE
MITCHELL'S TAVERN
weil

Emma provided. "And?"

"And then I joined the Navy, tried to, but had flat feet, which I daresay is a metaphor—"

"Not."

"That's like your tax returns. Succinct. And then I came to England and married and found myself a place in accountancy." He shifted comfortably in his chair. "In Australia I'd always dreamed of the City of London. I made maps of it. Threadneedle Street. Cheapside. Fenchurch Street. I got a timetable for the suburbs to Liverpool Street. Ah! And then I married a shorthand typist with wonderful speeds. They say shorthand's a dying art, but *she's* not. Sheila's no dying art indeed. Now, you see, the joy of the job for me lies in the filing cabinets, not a record lost, in comparing sched-

THE BURIED GRAVES

From the pier, at dusk, the dim
Billowing arms of kelp
Seem the tops of trees, as though
Not long ago
A summer wood stood here, before a dam
Was built, a valley flooded.

Such a forest would release
Its color only slowly,
And the leafy branches sway, as they'd
More lightly swayed
Under a less distant sun and far less
Even weather. Now, deeper down,

Those glimmers of coral might
Be the lots of some hard-luck
Town, or—depositing on the dead
A second bed—
A submerged cemetery. . . . To this mute,
Envisioned, birdless wood would

Come a kind of autumn, a tame
Sea-season, with foliage tumbling
Through a weighty, trancelike fall;
And come, as well,
Soon in the emptying fullness of time,
A mild but an endless winter.

—Brad Leithauser

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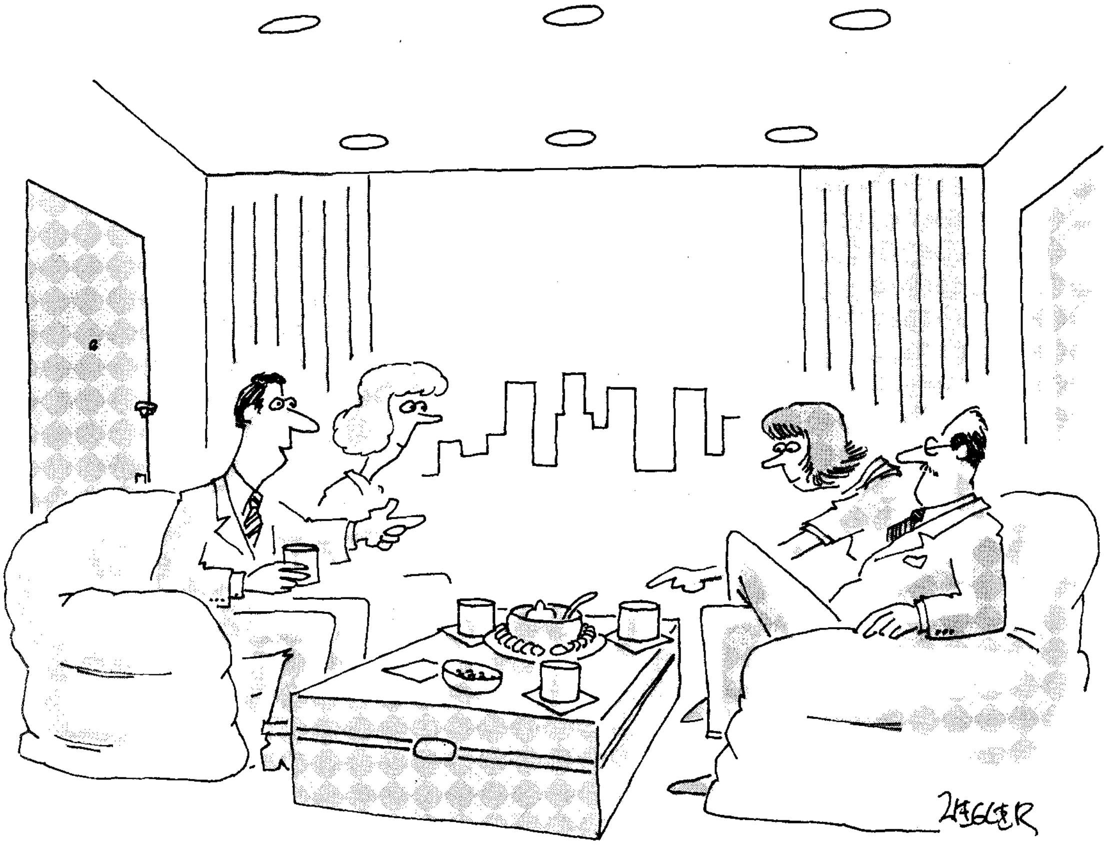
ules year by year, faultless in your case, in tracking down a flaw in the partners' calculations and using a felt marker—yellow in my case—to underline the flaw that's been tracked down, by me. In this case, as I say, this flaw that's been the bane of my client for years. I warn him or her that the appropriate piece of paper will have been neatly removed when he or she comes to see the appropriate folder ('partners' property'), but I'll have passed on the information in cases such as yours, and information's best kept in the mind, anyway. It's fostered there, don't you agree? Not to say that it *festers*, not in your case. Every folder is a different person. Walls lined with folders. Wall-to-wall carpeting but from floor to ceiling. Nothing lost. All to hand." He leaned back again, after picking himself a handful of cashews out of the mixed nuts. "The splendor of it! Secretaries running over Waterloo Bridge at rush hour! The *Financial Times* ready on the desk! The Tokyo Stock Exchange on the telephone! The yen I have for it, forgive the joke. Sheila says I sing it in my sleep. But, oh dear, that awful office coffee. Sheila makes me a better thermos every morning, a thermos of espresso, the top tightly packed down, never leaks onto my figures. She understands my taste for figures. Isn't this agreeable? And you a mathematician, too."



"It's nice here. In a way, it's kind of like New York. Only it's not New York. It's Houston."

• •

"Do you want to ring your wife?"

"I had it in mind, but I notice you never put in for telephone bills. You should, you know. We could do something with that."

"Shall I speak to her?" said Emma.

Emma dialled his home number and said that she'd been meaning to let Peter go earlier and that she was sorry, that they'd become engrossed.

Sheila's peaceful voice from Surbiton said, "Tell him I've overkept his bacon and eggs, but it doesn't matter."

"If I were to give him bacon and eggs, perhaps?"

"He doesn't get very hungry," said Sheila, "but I know he's got a client after you, so it would be very kind of you. Not too glassy about the whites of the eggs. He says that they sometimes remind him of tadpoles."

Emma and the black-suited clerk had bacon and eggs among the books. "I'm thinking of starting my own company," he said. "I don't believe in this business of needing capital to flight off on your own. I'm going to see a stamp collector with a very interesting tax problem, very tricky. He's in a most interesting position. I believe there's a lot to be done for him with a little imaginative thinking. Many a muddle we can get the Inland Revenue out of. They haven't the time. I wouldn't exactly say they're after victims. Scant purpose in victory, but they quite relish defeat in tax evaders, and I don't fancy the thought of it for my clients. The ones I think of as my special clients. Leading the way. Up to me to smooth the path. Who knows, this chap will be Gibbons the Stamp Collector next, and you'll be Pythagoras, the first woman Pythagoras."

He clambered down the steep, narrow flight of stairs to the front door still talking to her, his heavy leather case in his left hand and she, being lighter, tucked respectfully under his right arm, as though she were another bag of ledgers. "You want to watch those stiletto heels," he said, "though I noticed you took them off under the table. I liked that." He grappled capably with the double lock and waved. "You've got your keys? Put them round your neck on a strong leather strap, living on your own." He hovered, thanked her for the whites of the eggs, and said at the door, "Well, now I'm on my way. Don't worry about the cashbook. My bet is on the client. Don't forget to declare any bribes or gambling wins. That's just something I have to say, you know. It's a ritual warning. I'm allowed to wish you good fortune." He walked off, missing something under his right arm that he thought he'd left behind.

—Penelope Gilliatt

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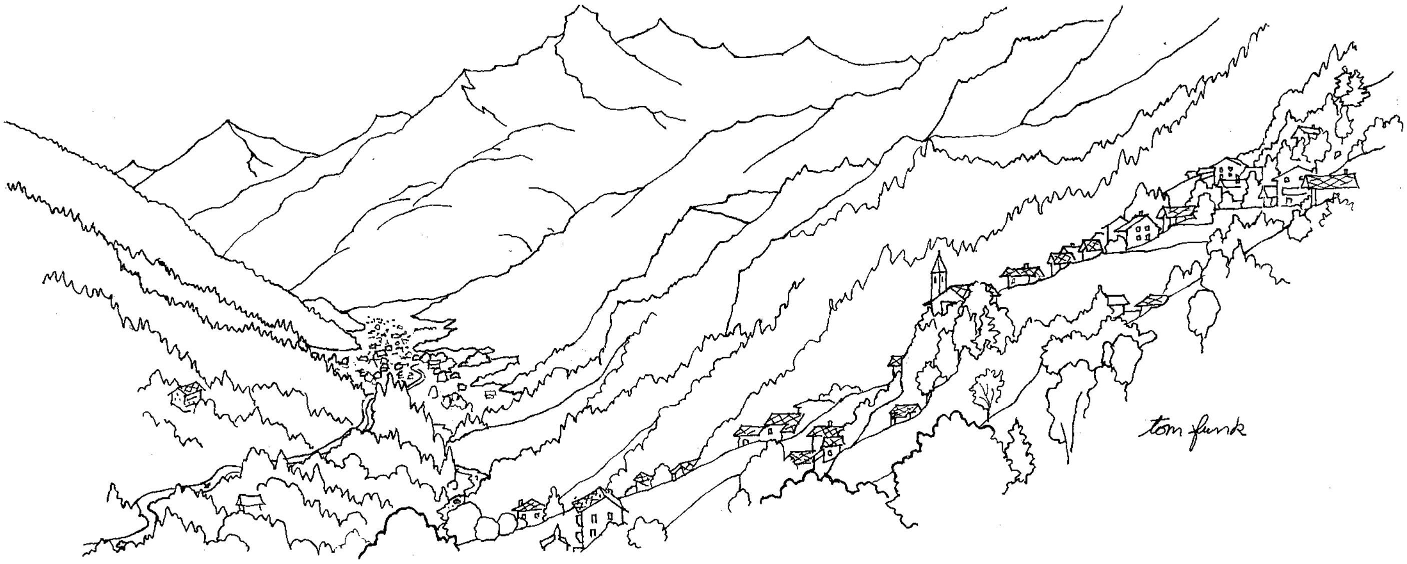
A REPORTER AT LARGE

LA PLACE DE LA CONCORDE SUISSE—I



THE Swiss have not fought a war for nearly five hundred years, and are determined to know how so as not to.

In Italy, it has been said of the Swiss Army, "I didn't know they had one." When the Italian learns that the Swiss Army vastly outnumbers Italy's, the Italian says, "That is not difficult."

The Swiss Army has served as a model for less languid nations. The Israeli Army is a copy of the Swiss Army.

Switzerland is two times the size of New Jersey. New Jersey, by far, has the larger population. Nonetheless, there are six hundred and fifty thousand people in the Swiss Army. At any given time, most of them are walking around in street clothes or in blue from the collar down. They are a civilian army, a trained and practiced militia, ever ready to mobilize. They serve for thirty years. All six hundred and fifty thousand are prepared to be present at mobilization points and battle stations in considerably less than forty-eight hours.

If you understand the New York Yacht Club, the Cosmos Club, the Metropolitan Club, the Century Club, the Piedmont Driving Club, you would understand the Swiss Army.

Some of these thoughts run through my mind as the Section de Renseignements—of the Eighth Battalion of the Fifth Regiment of the Tenth Mountain Division—gets ready to patrol a sector of the uppermost Rhone. The battalion has been told to move, and it is the business of these soldiers to learn as thoroughly and as rapidly as they can what their major needs to know about the new sector; for example, how many troops will fit in a cable car to the Riederalp? Where is a good site for a command post on the lower declivities of the alp above Lax? How many soldiers could sleep in the Schwarzenbach barn? Would that be all right with Schwarzenbach? Have explosives already been installed—as is the case at thousands of strategic points in Switzerland—to blow up the Nussbaum bridge?

With notebooks and pencils, the patrols of the Section de Renseignements go from place to place exploring, asking questions, collecting particulars, scribbling information, characterizing and describing people and scenes, doing reconnaissance of various terrains, doing surveillance of present activity, and tracking events of the recent past. Afterward, they trudge back and, under pressure of time, compress, arrange, and present what they have heard and seen. All of that is incorporated into the substance of the word "renseignements."

I have limitless empathy for the Section de Renseignements. The leader of the second patrol today is Luc Massy, who entered the army ten years ago with essentially his present status. He is five feet eleven inches tall, with blond hair and an aquiline nose—trim, irreverent, thirty years old. The others are Jean-Bruno Wettstein, Denis Schyrr, Pierre Pera, Jean Reidenbach. Each wears boots, gaiters, a mountain jacket, and a woolly-earflap Finnish hat, and carries a fusil d'assaut, which can fire twenty-four bullets in eight seconds and, with added onomatopoeia, is also known as a Sturmgewehr. Massy wears hobnailed boots. Most of the other soldiers are younger, and when they came into the army were issued boots with rubber soles—Swiss crosses protruding from the soles in lieu of hobnails. Massy says he feels the north wind, and therefore the weather will be stable for three, six, or nine days. The air seems still to me—a clear and frosted morning at the end of October in a deep valley under Alps freshly dusted with snow. Using pocket calculators and topographic maps, the patrol has charted its assignments—uphill, down, up, down—figuring that eleven hours will be required to complete them. Accordingly, each man puts in his pack a plastic sack of lunch and a plastic sack of dinner—dried fruit, fresh fruit, bread, cheese, pâté, sausage, and bars that are labelled "Militärschokolade, Chocolat Militaire."

THIS is the Valais, the Swiss canton with the country's highest mountains—a canton divided by the west-running Rhone, which once flowed as ice five thousand feet deep to cut among the mountains its otherwise irrational groove. The Alps crowd the great chasm—off the left bank the Pennines, off the right bank the Bernese Oberland. The canton is divided in language as well, part French, part German, and not in a mixed-up manner, which would be utterly un-Swiss, but with a break that is clear in the march of towns—Champéry, Martigny, Sion, Sierre, Salgesch, Turtmann, Ausserberg, Brig—and clearer still in the names of the hanging valleys that come down among the peaks and plummet to the Rhone: Val de Bagnes, Val d'Hérens, Val d'Anniviers, Turtmanntal, Lötschental, Mattertal. The Tenth Mountain Division consists almost wholly of Suisses romands, as French-speaking Swiss are known. In their present exercises, they are well spread out through French and German Valais. In the German-speaking villages, soldiers puzzle at the names of streets and shops and understand nothing of the talk they overhear.

The divisionnaire of the Tenth Mountain Division is, of course, from French Switzerland—La Suisse Romande, also known as La Romandie. His name is Adrien Tschumy. On his shoulders—and nested in the fleece of his Finnish hat—are pairs of stars. There is a Swiss cross in the center of each star. The Divisionnaire is tall, trim, contemplative, with dark hair, a narrow face, and a manner that is quietly convincing. In military roles, the film actor Gregory Peck has resembled Tschumy, who resembles General MacArthur.

Tschumy must go to remote places to see his men in action. In Switzerland, there are no Fort Hoods, Fort Irwins, no vast terrains set aside for explosive games. There are few barracks. Troops on active duty for refresher courses (also known as repetition courses) are quartered for the most part in villages and towns, and if they are using live ammunition they must walk to far places to shoot. Here, for instance, Tschumy visits a company of grenadiers in the morning shadow of the Torrenthorn, six thousand feet above the Rhone. The Swiss Army grenadiers look upon themselves in the way that the United States Marines look upon themselves. The Swiss Army grenadiers specialize in events that take place at two thousand metres and skyward. They are technical climbers, schussbooming skiers, demolition experts, and crack shots, who sleep on granite mattresses and eat chocolate-coated nails. Some of them are bankers. Others are chauffeurs, dental technicians, civil engineers, alpine guides. They have discovered an enemy command post and are moving in its direction under the covering fire of automatic rifles. The bullets are bullets. Signal flags, understood all over Switzerland, have been set out to advertise the danger to passing promeneurs. Moving uphill, up a small cirque valley, the soldiers advance behind exploding grenades. Officers observe. One lieutenant works for I.B.M. in White Plains, New York, and has taken three weeks off to do his service. Crawling through snow under more bullets, the grenadiers reach the wall of the command post, a dotted line in their minds, and lay beside it a high-explosive plastic. They run. Chunks of broken rock rise out of the snow and fly in all directions, as much as three hundred metres—some above the head of the Divisionnaire. Like a theatre, the reverberant cirque enhances the explosion.

Meanwhile, certain boulders across a ravine have been identified as enemy helicopters that have just landed. For seven hundred years, Swiss soldiers have been masters of the mountain pass, and have looked upon the high divides not only as standpoints of invincible defense but as virtual weapons in themselves—terrain where the alien was disadvantaged and the Swiss could win battles even with falling rocks. Helicopters flout the mountain pass. The flying horses, as they are regarded, can appear from anywhere, come whirling over some unlikely arête, and with machine guns firing drop soldiers in the snow. The defense adapts. Men with bazookas on their backs run toward the helicopters and fall prone while their partners aim the tubes and fire. Explosions turn the choppers into scree.

Now the grenadiers discover the existence of an enemy radio shack farther up the valley. They go after it with a blend of automatic rifles and grenades, crawling under the rifle fire to heave the grenades. The noise is loud to the point of pain, and the observing officers have fingers in their ears. Bullets rain on the mountain wall. The soldiers run forward, hide behind rocks. Grenades explode. As the soldiers move up the valley—now running low, now crawling, now inching along on their chests—a corporal walks upright behind them, like a football coach following the progress of a scrimmage. Wooden silhouettes representing enemy soldiers are blown and shot to bits. The objective is reached, and, with a final rush—with an explosion louder than any that has come before—the radio shack is taken without prisoners.

BOO
STEVENSON

Walking back to lower ground, the Divisionnaire has many points to teach. Characteristically, he taps one index finger on the other as he talks. His primary point seems to be that the officers' preparation should have been more thorough. Intent on what he is saying, he does not look up. If he did, he could see out of Switzerland. He could see Mont Blanc, twice his altitude, bright in the morning light, and in Swiss terrain the Grand Combin, the Dent Blanche, the Weisshorn—a freshened sea of peaks beyond the deep airspace of the invisible Rhone. Resting level on rock and snow, a table has been set, with a red tablecloth; and the sun—at half past nine—has come over

"I'll have the stuffed pepper, and himself will have the quarter-pounder."

the Torrenthorn to shine on silver platters of rolled shaved beef, bacon, sausages, wedges of tomato, half-sliced pickles in the shape of fans. Officers stand around the table. There is a company of teacups in close ranks, another of stemmed glassware. There are baskets of bread. The wines are of the Valais. The red is Chapelle de Salquenen. The rosé is Œil de Perdrix, in a bucket full of snow. Tschumy drinks a cup of tea. A promeneur happens by—a citizen in knickers, boots, heavy socks, a mountain hat—on his way from who knows to where. He just appears, like a genie. His appearance suggests that he is above fifty and done with the army. He absorbs the scene: the festive table, the officers sipping and nibbling and quietly debriefing, the soldiers at a distance sitting in clusters on their packs, the charcoal streaks on the exploded snow. "Gut," he says, and he waves and walks on.

"Wiedersehen," the Divisionnaire calls after him, and the Divisionnaire is himself soon away—rising into the air in his Alouette III, his French six-seat jet-powered chopper, ascending among walls of red rock to cross into the Lötschental. Trending northeast, the valley rises toward the center of the Bernese Oberland. It is possible in Switzerland to be so far above and away from the Mittelland—the smooth perfected country that runs from Lake Geneva through Bern and Zurich—that even a Swiss valley, like the rough young mountains surrounding it, may seem penarctic and remote. The Lötschental is such a valley. The people of the Lötschental live in small, dark-cabin towns. A stream flows among them, pushing boulders. High serrated mountains are lined up in rows on either side, and the valley floor rises between them into fields of perennial snow. There are charcoal streaks on the snow. In the last five miles of the Lötschental, moving glacier ice is packed between the summits and leads to a gap where the converging mountains all but close. Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven hundred metres, the ice bends upward like the tip of a ski. Passing three thousand metres, the helicopter floats up a face of rock and moves through the gap into a world too bright for unshielded eyes. It is the top of the Bernese Oberland, where ice fields and snowfields are the white diameters of circumvallate arêtes, where all horizons are violent. The granite Jungfrau, the Mönch, the Eiger, the Fiescherhorn, the Aletschhorn, the Fiescher Gabelhorn conduct the eye across the glaciers to the gneisses of the Aar massif, to the obeliscal Finsteraarhorn, four thousand two hundred and seventy-three metres, the highest mountain north of the Rhone. Crystallizing and recrystallizing, the ice among the peaks collects and compacts itself into the Grosser Aletschgletscher, the supreme glacier of Europe, with avenues of ice coming in from six or eight directions to conjoin in a frozen intersection officially identified on maps as Konkordiaplatz, La Place de la Concorde Suisse. The Divisionnaire looks about him with a thoughtful smile. This place that will never need defending represents what the Swiss defend. In surroundings quieter than a jet-driven helicopter, I have heard him say that he is without reservation "persuadé de la valeur de l'effort de défense"—so thoroughly persuaded, in fact, that he gave up a career as a hydroelectric engineer to devote full time to the army. When he was a part-time artillery officer, rising to colonel, he was a civilian concerned primarily with the efficiency of turbines, which he understood so well that he practiced his trade not only in all parts of Switzerland but also from China to Chile to Hydro-Quebec. A couple of years ago, when he was fifty, he was invited to become an army professional. The professionals are less than half of one per cent of the Swiss Army. They are not only officers but people of almost all ranks and specialties, who teach the militia the ways of war and help make the militia cohesive. Tschumy was given two stars for his hat and his epaulets, and responsibility for the Tenth Mountain Division. One star

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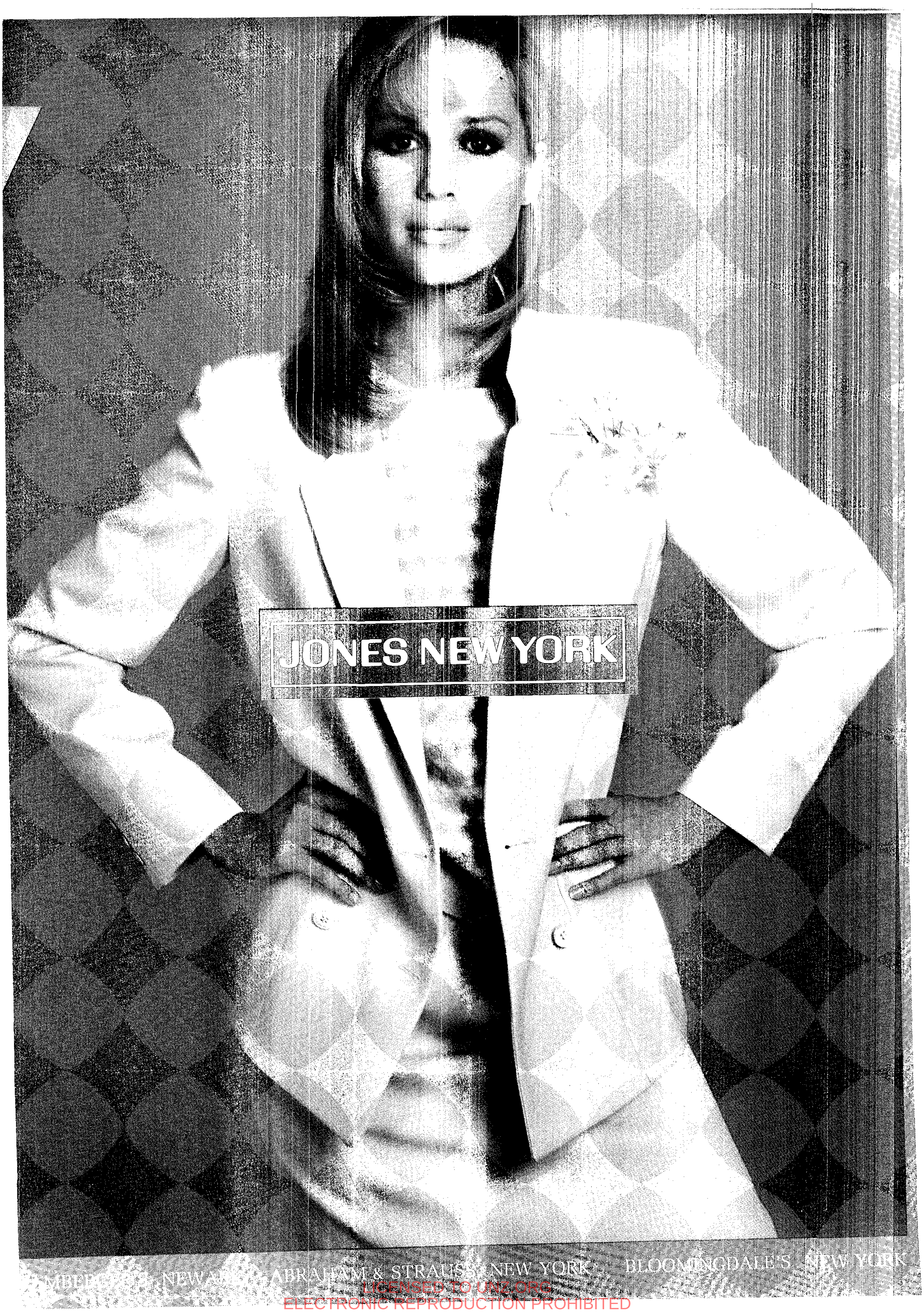
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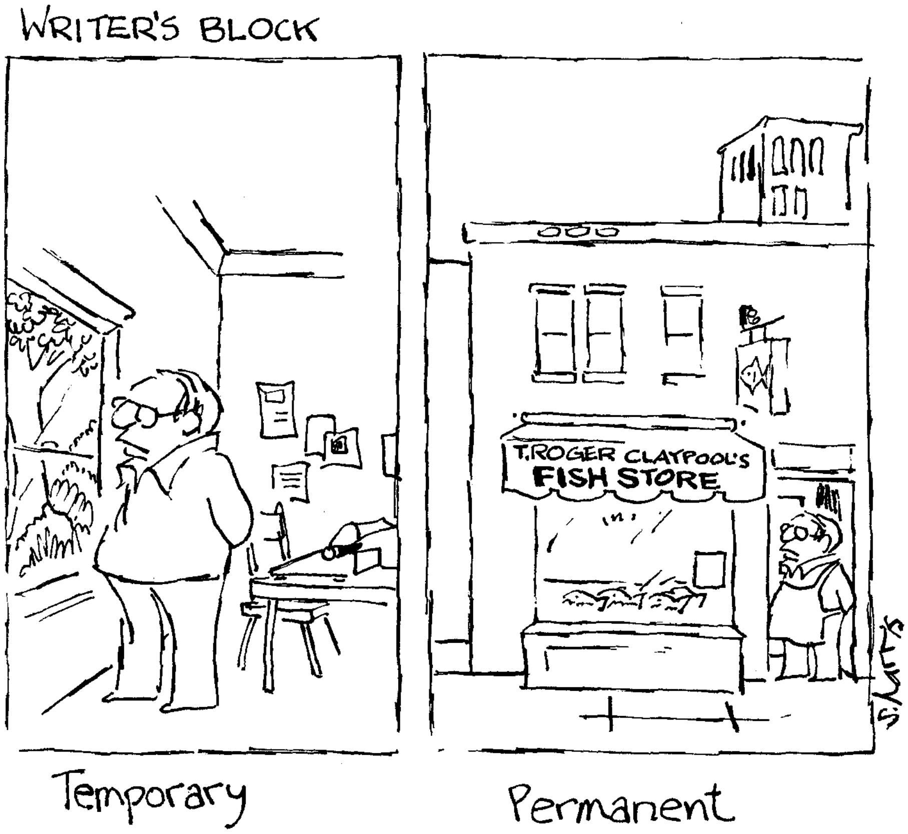

signifies a brigadier, and three stars a commandant de corps. There are seven commandants de corps, the highest-ranking officers in the army. The word "general" is not used except in situations of extreme emergency, when a fourth star is presented to one leader, chosen by the Federal Assembly.

In five centuries of neutrality, Switzerland has had four generals. The first was Guillaume-Henri Dufour, who was appointed in 1847 to suppress a rebellion of seven Catholic cantons: Lucerne, Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Zug, Fribourg, and Valais. Neutrality does not exclude civil war. Dufour pounded the Catholics, who gave up after twenty-seven days. With paradoxical obscurity, his name rests on Dufourspitze, one of the least-known summits in the world, although it is the highest in Switzerland. Never mind that like the Matterhorn it is half Italian. Switzerland's other generals were appointed at times of nervous mobilization at the borders, of fearing what might happen as a result of proximate wars. General Hans Herzog became a national hero as the principal spectator of the Franco-Prussian War. In the First World War, General Ulrich Wille led the Swiss to victory. Victory consisted of successfully avoiding the conflict. As someone put it, "we won by having no war." In the Second World War, the victorious Swiss general was Henri Guisan, of the Canton de Vaud. There is a General Guisan Quai in Zurich, a Quai Général Guisan in Geneva. In every part of Switzerland, there are streets and plazas and equestrian statues—there are busts on plinths overhung with banners and flags—doing honor to the general of an army that did not fight. Switzerland defends itself on what it calls the Porcupine Principle. You roll up into a ball and brandish your quills. In the words of Divisionnaire Tschumy, "The foremost battle is to prevent war with a price of entry that is too high. You must understand that there is no difference between the Swiss people and the Swiss Army. There is no difference in will. Economic, military—it's the same thing. For seven hundred years, freedom has been the fundamental story of Switzerland, and we are not prepared to give it up now. We want to defend ourselves, which is not the same as fighting abroad. We want peace, but not under someone else's conditions. We will fight from the border. In response to a ground attack, which would in all likelihood come from the northeast, we intend to keep a maximum proportion of our land free. There are those who think we should train only for guerrilla warfare. That would be a form of giving up. Another possibility is that someone might use Switzerland by going through a corner or two, or to get to the north by the Simplon Pass or the pass of Grand-Saint-Bernard. We must stop that, too. We can really do something. We haven't enough tanks, but, given the nature of our terrain, we can fight with infantry. The first days of fighting would be dangerous for us. We would lose many people. But I am confident of our defenses. If I were not confident, I would not be a divisionnaire."

Like a fly inside a chandelier, the helicopter crosses La Place de la Concorde Suisse. Making a shortcut to Alte Pür, it goes up the side of an arête, over the knife-edged rock, and crosses another glacier—the Fieschergletscher—under the spire of the Finsteraarhorn. It was below the Finsteraarhorn that the Swiss first figured out the movements and the sweeping implications of glacier ice, dominating a world that looked something like this. Wasenhorn, Firehorn, Chastelhorn—the mountains decline in altitude, the terrain falls toward the Rhone, whose valley, near its beginnings, is as narrow as the Lötschental and seems as remote. It contains two paved airstrips—but no airport, no evident hangars, no evident airplanes, no fuelling trucks, not even a wind sock. One sees such airstrips in many mountain valleys. Near the older ones are hangars that are rises in the ground. They are painted in camouflage and covered with living grass. Other strips are more enigmatic, since no apparent structures exist. If one just happens to be looking, though, one might see a mountain open—might see something like an enormous mousehole appear chimerically at the base of an alp. Out of the mountain comes a supersonic aircraft—a Tiger, a Mirage—bearing on its wings the national white cross. In a matter of seconds, it is climbing the air. Pilots sit inside the mountains waiting, night and day. On topographic maps revised and printed since the airstrips were built, the airstrips do not appear. The maps are sold in bookstores all over Switzerland, but those who wish to fill in the airstrips need their own renseignements. Even the map on the Divisionnaire's lap does not show the airstrips below. The Alouette crosses the Rhone, and goes south into the small, steep-sided Binnental. It drops into the exact center of the V of the valley, and gradually to

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3.

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7.

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Speaking of drives across town, you could take one right now in the Saab 900 Turbo.

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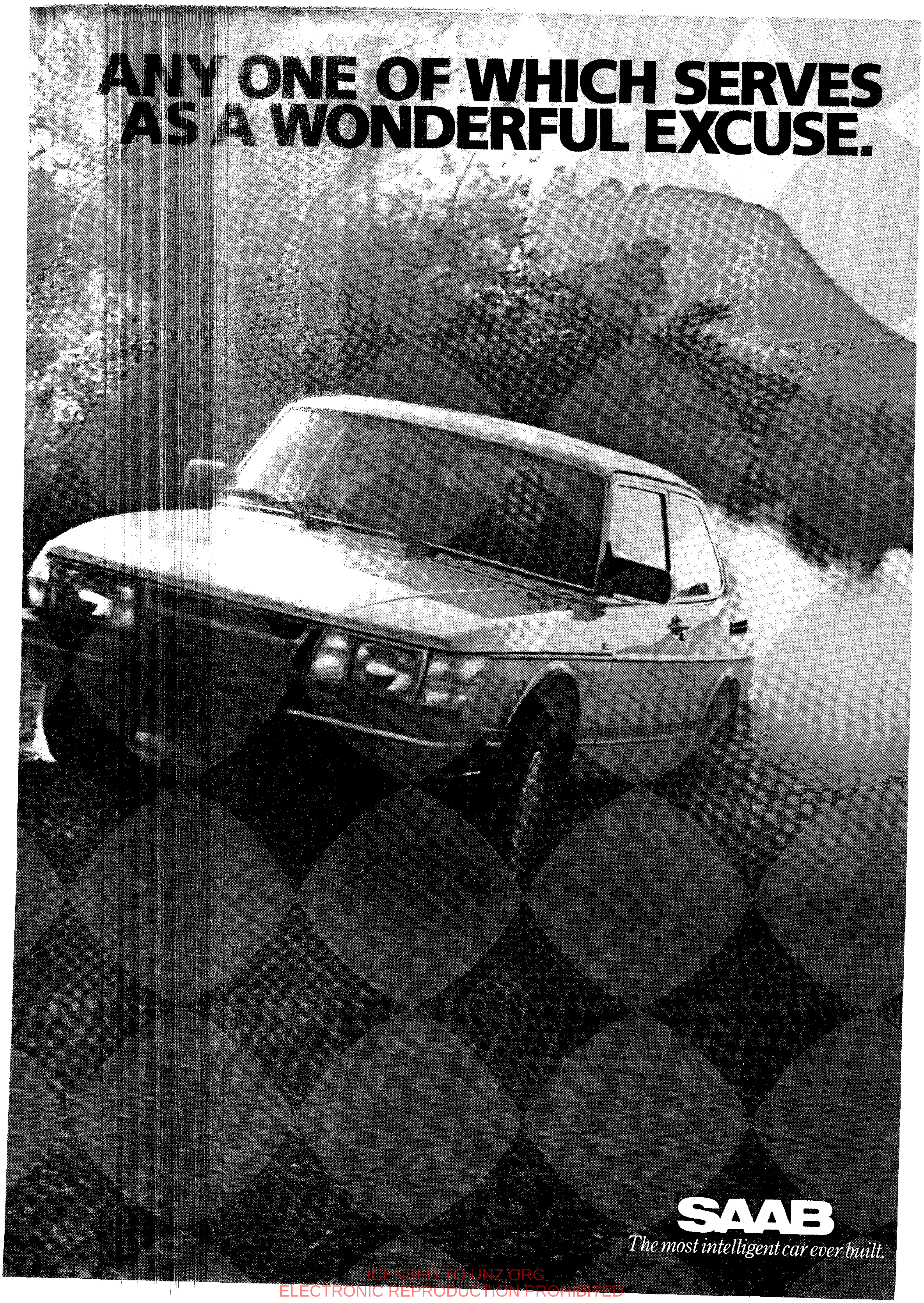
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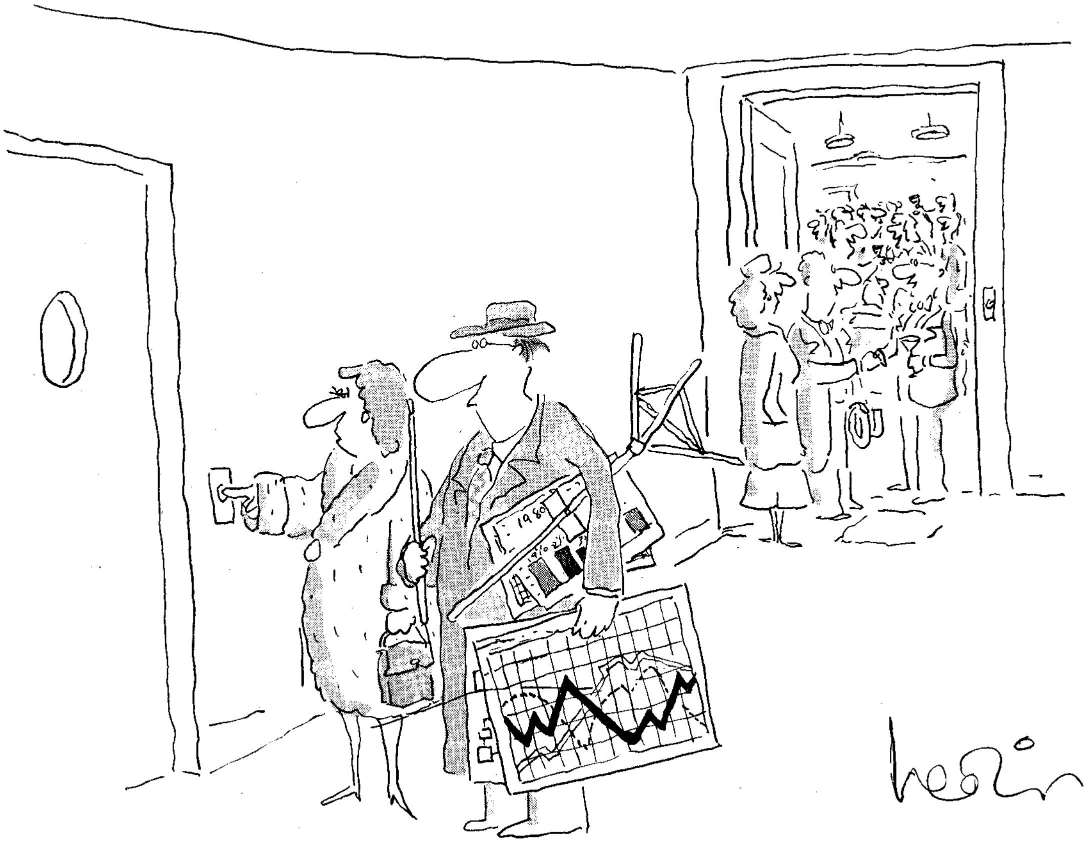
the floor, not much shy of the Blinnengletscher and the international divide. The Blinnental is essentially uninhabited, and utterly so at Alte Pür—an alpine meadow, grazed some in summer, perhaps, but not extensively, and barren-looking now. It is a good place for artillery—a good place for forward observers to practice their art of defining the targets of the guns. Somewhere up a small valley on the north side of the Rhone is an obusier 46, which can throw fifteen kilograms ten kilometres and is practicing close to the limits of its range. *The target is a cliff off the shoulder of* an alp almost due south of the distant gun. Above the observers' heads, there is an occasional high hum, a soft whistle, as fifteen kilograms complete their parabola and zap the hapless alp. There is no concern whatever that if the shell should miss the alp it might go whistling into Italy. The shell is not going to miss. The observers are under camouflage nets with their field telephones and other equipment. Four such groups are in the meadow, practicing together on the same situation. Their major is Jacques Hentsch, and he says the shells are taking thirty seconds to reach the target from the gun. The observers compute the difference between the intended and the actual hit. On their telephones, they present the results to the artillerymen at the gun, who make the necessary adjustments and fire again. "No problem," says Major Hentsch. There is a problem, though. The calculations and the phone calls and the adjustments at the gun are supposed to take forty seconds, to which is added the thirty seconds of travel time for the ensuing shell. Now and again, a shell goes overhead and flame and thunder erupt from the alp, but not at anything approximating one-minute-and-ten-second intervals, and while the Divi*sionnaire—one index finger tapping* against the other—speaks tensely to the observers Major Hentsch has leisure to remark that people in New York are indulging in pure hokum when they say that interest rates will continue to fall and thus the stock market is certain to go on rising. Nevertheless, he adds, New York is still one of the few places in the world where you can make money. Hentsch belongs to one of the most august and ancient private-banking families in Geneva. On his own, he has become well known for his resourceful development of new accounts. He manages portfolios. He says that he is like a priest, in that he must know his customers well in order to serve them. Less than a week ago, he was in Portland, Maine, buying lobsters. Last year, he bought twenty-five thousand lobsters, importing them through Zurich into Sweden. Of service in the Swiss Army, he says, "It belongs to the passport." And apropos of nothing at all he adds, "We are nice people. Not everyone understands that."

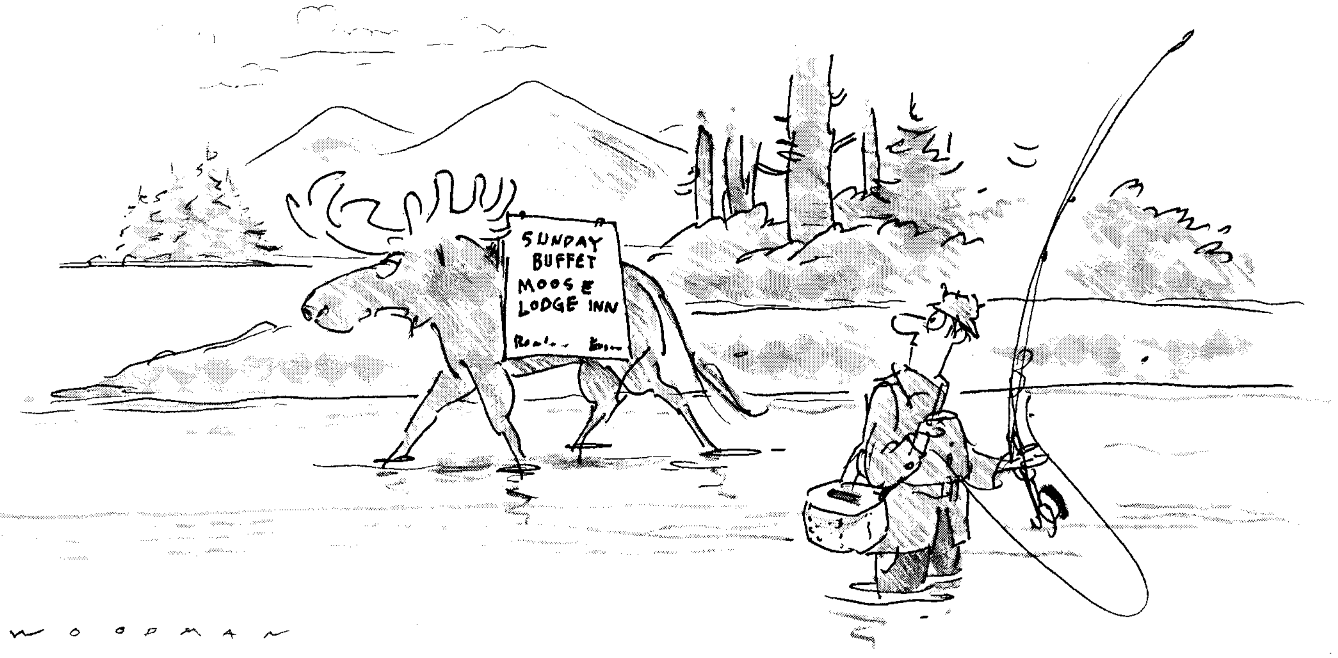
Why is the Divisionnaire so unhappy? With Swiss precision, every shell has exploded in an area smaller than the courtyard of the Pentagon, and the area is the target.

A communications problem, *Hentsch explains, is causing the shells* to come so slowly. The artillerymen at the gun are Suisses allemands, there being a shortage of artillery officers in La Suisse Romande. The forward observers are feeding back their data in French, which the people at the gun only poorly understand. The observers, for their part, observe nothing in German. The shells continue to come slowly. The shooting ends badly. A black soldier comes up to the Divisionnaire and offers him raclette for lunch. With grace, the invitation is declined.

WHEN the Swiss Army maneuvers, the defending forces are designated blue and the enemy is red. In the Federal Assembly, the Communists complain. The Communists are one per cent, and the complaints are unavailing. This morning, as it happens, there is no enemy. The Section de Renseignements—of the Eighth Battalion of the Fifth Regiment of the Tenth Mountain Division—is collecting information from as yet uninvaded land. For Luc Massy's patrol, the starting point is the train station in Mörel, a village about seven kilometres up the Rhone from the Swiss end of the Simplon Tunnel. Sharing a bar of chocolate, the patrol is driven to Mörel in a Mercedes-Benz truck, winding through a steep country of orange tamaracks, isolated blazing maples, and the narrow cascading Rhone. "C'est loin! C'est loin!" Massy complains as each revolution of the wheels measures steps to be taken



"Frankly, Harold, you're beginning to bore everyone with your statistics."



* * *

in return. Finally, as the truck noses downgrade and over railroad tracks, he says, "Voici la gare."

It is a one-metre railway, narrow-gauge and privately owned, known as the Furka-Oberalp. Four Haflingers—short and shaggy Austrian mountain horses—graze by the station. In the Swiss Army, a Haflinger is a small, tough four-wheel-drive vehicle. It is made in Austria and looks like a cross between a mule and a jeep. The téléphérique is near the station. There are two routes, and the gondolas rise more than two and a half kilometres to the shoulders of the Alps, connecting Mörel to even smaller villages above.

While passengers—apparently farmers—patiently wait, Jean-Bruno Wettstein interrogates the ticket-seller. The soldiers quickly compute. An entire company could get to the top in fifty minutes.

The patrol moves out. Five hundred metres up the river is the pont de Gifrisch. The patrol stands on the bridge and carefully studies the river. Massy points.

"There is one."

"There is another."

"Three, four, five."

They are counting trout.

Their lieutenant pulls up in the Mercedes truck. Instantly, they are alert to the features of the bridge. It is a single span. It will carry twenty-eight tons. The Rhone is flowing under it at three metres per second.

Last year, the lieutenant was studying at the University of Pennsylvania. His name is Olivier Wyssa. He is from Geneva and has returned from America to practice law. He is a big man who wears light-sensitive eyeglasses and has a mustache with short handlebars.

Lieutenant Wyssa moves on. The patrol leaves the riverside and climbs the right bank a thousand vertical feet. The actual distance does not seem a great deal longer to me, as I accompany them, or, I feel sure, to them, as they labor upward with packs and rifles. The rifles weigh six and a half kilos. The packs vary. Massy says, "We are supposed to get ourselves into condition before we go to the army, but we never do."

Jean-Bruno Wettstein smiles, and remarks, "In the Suisse Romande, we say, 'Why do we go to the army, anyway? There are always enough Swiss Germans to defend us.' "

In an experience that is characteristic of the alpine-valley country, the patrol comes to a road after climbing the thousand feet. It is a shelf in the mountainside, curving into reëntrants and out around promontories. A major is waiting on the road. He is driving a Pinzgauer, which is—more or less—a large Haflinger, and is also named for a horse. The major is Guy Glauser. He manufactures dental equipment in Vevey. In the army, he is in charge of all intelligence in the Fifth Regiment, and therefore of all its Sections de Renseignements. He wants to know, among other things, if the pont de Gifrisch was mined.

The answer is negative. There would not seem to be a large point in blowing up a twenty-eight-ton bridge to prevent its being crossed by a fifty-ton tank.

Returning salutes, the Major departs. The soldiers walk the road. After a bend or two, they come upon a group of workers who are patching the surface. As the patrol goes by, a man in blue overalls touches the muzzle of Denis Schyrr's gun. Schyrr says, "He inserts the flower."

We are on our way to the Nussbaum bridge, via Göuchheit, Krizacher, and Vogelture—names that to these soldiers are neither native nor foreign. The patrol drifts along, for the moment making no notes—merely covering ground, telling stories.

There is a tale about the Swiss Foreign Minister at a reception in Paris in 1979, where a kindly gentleman introduced himself as "Pierre Mendès-France."

"Pierre Aubert, Suisse," said the Foreign Minister, amiably shaking hands.

There is litter—a paper cup, a plastic bag—at the edge of the road: a remarkable sight. "Are we still in Switzerland?" asks Wettstein.

We move in and out of meadow and forest, trees at sharp angles to the ground. Where the meadows stop, the line is distinct between the varying depths of green. From the Rhodes of Appenzell to the Canton de Vaud, there is a prototypical element in the

Swiss rural scene: there is no sfumato; meadows are edged absolutely by dense, dark forest. Wettstein's profession has much to do with the expectable beauty of these reiterated landscapes. He is an agronomist, thirty-two years old, and in winter he works at a Station Fédérale de Recherches Agronomiques, on an old estate near Nyon. In summer, he is out in the alpine meadows, which are his specialty and are not confined to the Alps. Many alpages, as the meadows are called, are rented by herdsmen from local communes, which own them. Farmers and their herdsmen are not always assiduous about keeping the alpages in good condition and trim repair. Cattle wander into the trees, where they trample the forests threadbare, and that is most un-Swiss. Agronomists and others study the situation, decide what space should be for meadow and how much space should be for trees. The neat, absolute lines are drawn with subsidized fencing.

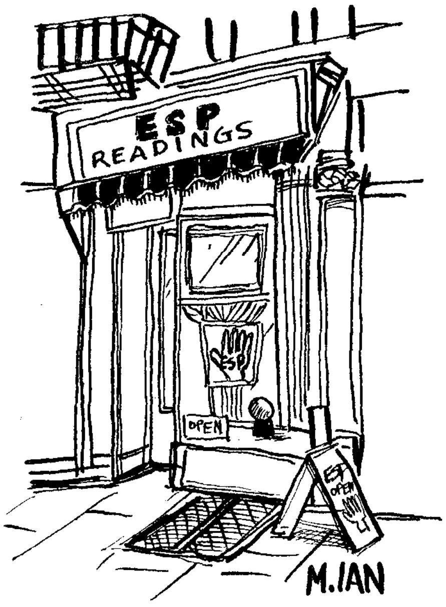
It is an incidental touch in the appearance of Switzerland, where human beings have coiffed nature at almost every altitude—accomplishing things with respect to the original that, truth be told, are rarely an affront. People who paint pictures that look like Switzerland are put down as simple-minded romantic idealists, whereas they actually belong to the literal-statement and compressed-rusticity school. It is possible that people who prefer landscapes without evidence of mankind have come to prefer them because evidence of mankind is ordinarily so disappointing. While making their artifacts everywhere attractive, the Swiss have not embarrassed their terrain.

If Switzerland is arguably the most beautifully developed landscape in the world, this is so, to some extent, through necessity, because Switzerland is so small; and its size creates a military problem, for Switzerland has much to hide. Thorn and rose, there is scarcely a scene in Switzerland that would not sell a calendar, and—valley after valley, mountain after mountain, village after village, page after page—there is scarcely a scene in Switzerland that is not ready to erupt in fire to repel an invasive war. "About this we don't talk," a colonel on the general staff said to me one day. "Don't ask me about it. But keep your eyes open. You may see something."

One does not have to be trained by the Central Intelligence Agency to see the airstrips like Band-Aids all over the Alps. There is no attempt to conceal them. No one is suggesting they are Autobahns that ran rapidly out of funds. Like the hangars within the mountains, further installations are more subtle. In forests are many clearings that seem to make no sense. On calendars, they would appear to be alpages. But there are no cows, no chalets, no herdsmen—and no one cuts a tree in Switzerland without a federal permit. Why, then, the patches of clear-cut woods? They are fields of fire. Hidden in the rock behind them are extremely modern cannons trained on something—the mouth of a tunnel, a pier of a bridge—that might need the instant attention of prepared fire. All calculations are long since logged, and the shells are ready to fly. Thousands of big guns are emplaced in the rock of Switzerland, and, to an extent that is secret, are continuously manned. On the road to Simplon Pass, above Brig—about ten kilometres from the sector of Massy's patrol—a new bridge stands on slim rectangular pillars more than four hundred feet above a wide gorge: a curving bridge, of white concrete with concealed suspension cables, lovely to behold, veering through space, an engineering masterwork. It has shortened and simplified the route over Simplon, and, Simplon being what it is, there can be no doubt that the Swiss are ready to dynamite the bridge at any moment, including this instant. The system of demolition is routinely practiced. Often, in such assignments, the civilian engineer who created the bridge will, in his capacity as a military officer, be given the task of planning its destruction. Once it is destroyed, it must stay destroyed, so there is need for covering fire. The Simplon road, traversing many cliffs, offers so much spectacle that people in automobiles tend not to study the stone in the retaining walls. It is block granite, or something like it, and in places the texture is a little off. One such place is two kilometres north of the high curving bridge. There is no stopping, no shoulder there beside the road, but if you pull off into the recesses of the next avalanche shed and walk back you see on close inspection that some of the granite is plastic. A couple of dozen plastic-granite blocks form two removable squares. In effect, they are windows—closed for the season. They look directly at the near end of the bridge. Prepared fire. "Don't ask me about that. But keep your eyes open. You may see something."

To interrupt the utility of bridges, tunnels, highways, railroads, Switzerland has established three thousand points of demolition. That is the number officially printed. It has been suggested to me that to approximate a true figure a reader ought to multiply by two. Where a highway bridge crosses a railroad, a segment of the bridge is programmed to drop on the railroad. Primacord fuses are built into the bridge. Hidden artillery is in place on either side, set to prevent the enemy from clearing or repairing the damage. All purposes included, concealed and stationary artillery probably number upward of twelve thousand guns. The Porcupine Principle. Near the German border of Switzerland, every railroad and highway tunnel has been prepared to pinch shut explosively. Nearby mountains have been made so porous that whole divisions can fit inside them. There are weapons and soldiers under barns. There are cannons inside pretty houses. Where Swiss highways happen to run on narrow ground between the edges of lakes and the bottoms of cliffs, man-made rockslides are ready to slide.

Through locked gates you see corridors in the sides of mountains—going on and on into the rock, with a light in the ceiling every five metres and far too many to count. There are general hospitals inside mountain rock. There is stored petroleum—at least enough to fuel the completely mobilized army for more than a year, from the first jet aircraft to the last Haflinger. There is food, of course, and, needless to add, munitions. All these things have shelf lives and are regularly sold or otherwise used, while fresh materials are added. There is a Swiss Army bread



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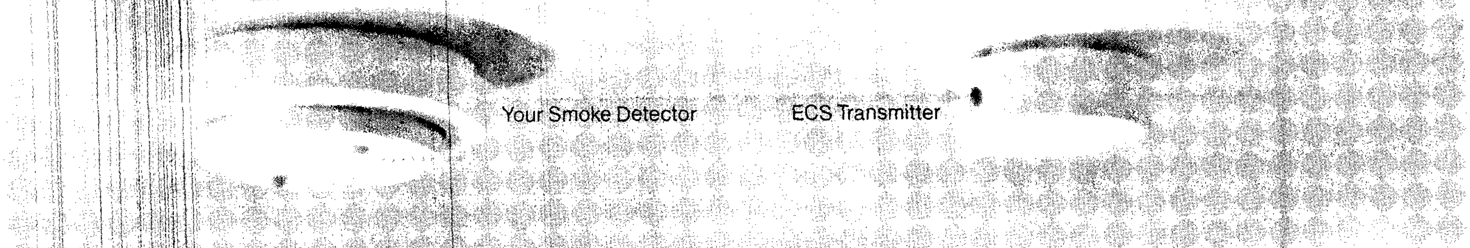
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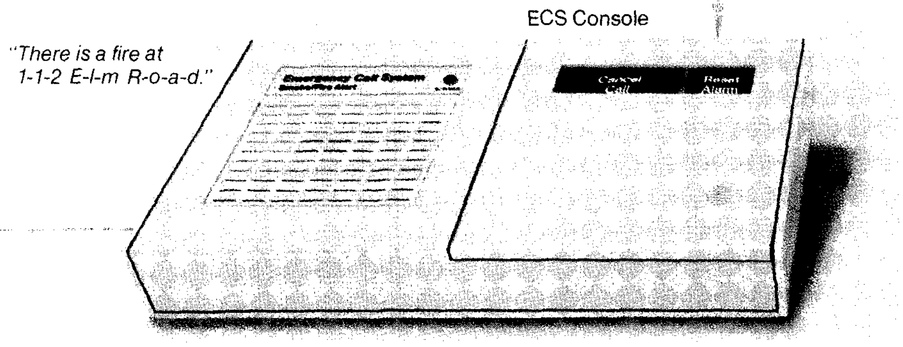
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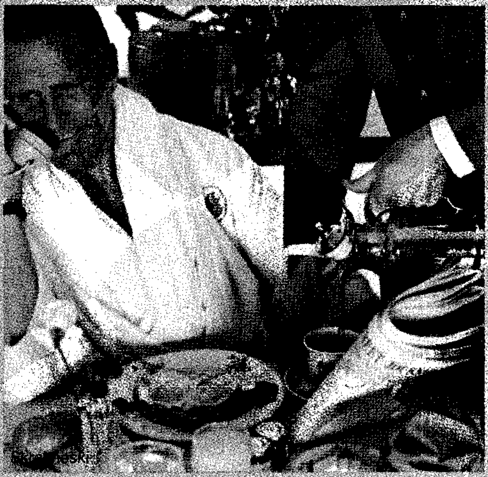

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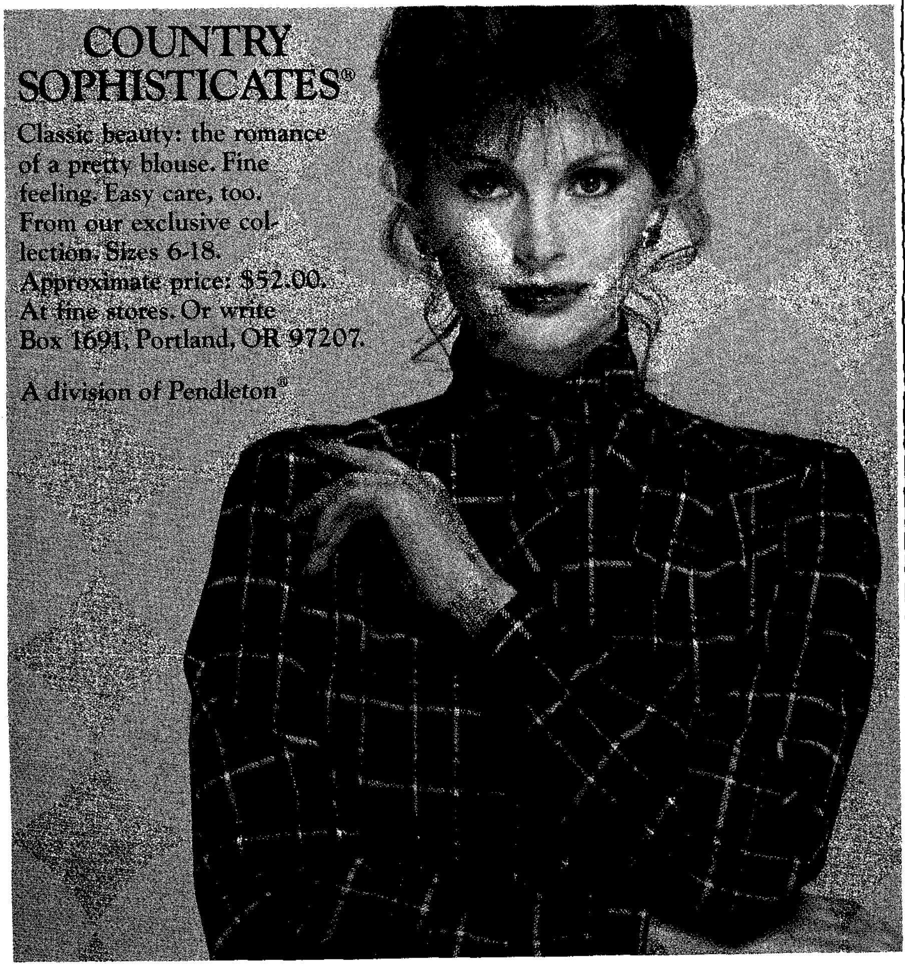

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Various countries spy on Swiss defenses and attempt to diagram the hidden installations—including the Soviet Union, whose mapping project in Switzerland has not escaped the notice of the Swiss. The Russians obviously regard armed neutrality as a charming paper phrase. They associate Switzerland with the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, even if Switzerland protestingly does not. The Russians appear to look upon Switzerland as a kind of capitalist Alamo—a likely position of ultimate defense for a falling Western Europe.

Riding around Switzerland with these matters in mind—seeing little driveways that blank out in mountain walls, cavern entrances like dark spots under mountainside railroads and winding corniches, portals in various forms of lithic disguise—you can find it difficult not to imagine that almost anything is a military deception, masking a hidden installation. You see the big closed doors of a building that appears to be a garage for snowplows. But why would snowplows need to be surrounded by such a high fence and so much barbed wire? Possibly they plow snow with ten-and-a-half-centimetre cannons. Possibly the building is something like the top of a mine shaft. Not all underground installations are entered through the sides of mountains. Some are entered through ordinary buildings and basements—and spread out far underground. You see a mountain, quite able to retain its own sides, with a huge wall of concrete set into its base, apparently doorless, windowless—blank. Elsewhere, you see talus, and when you look up to see the mountain that shed it there is no mountain. You infer that such material came from somewhere, and sense the vastness of underground spaces by the volume of the broken rock.

There are three defense centers, each almost wholly concealed, that are known as fortresses—one near the Austrian frontier, another at the head of Lake Geneva, and the third in the region of Saint Gotthard, the central Alpine pass. The fortresses have been likened to underground ant colonies, and they are continuously manned. While soldiers like Massy and Wettstein patrol the valleys and the hills to satisfy refresher courses, others in the militia spend the same time underground. The fortresses are somewhat misnamed—Festungen, forteresses—for the word seems to imply a unitary citadel, a Fort Ticonderoga by the shore of Lake Champlain, when in fact the fortresses are networks of tunnels, caverns, bunkers, and surface installations, each spread through many tens of square miles. Supplementing the fortresses is a much more widely distributed system of redoubts—rock-defended installations of related character, some of even greater size. The dimensions, sites, and purposes of all these defenses are secret even within the army—known only to those who need to know. Ironically, some of them were built with the help of foreign workers, who know where they are, while Swiss do not.

SWITZERLAND seems to be ready for any invader—red, black, yellow, or white.

"We are going to be neutral, and whoever wants to come in here and make use of our territory, in action against us or a third state, we will kick him out."

"It's not playing, what we do."

"We are quite ready. The basic Christian idea is: I smash you; you turn and say, 'Smash here also.' The Swiss are not going to do that."

"In the Second World War, the will to defend was absolutely there. That will is very much unbroken."

The speakers are Swiss colonels, majors, and captains. The dialogue consists of fragments assembled from visits here and there.

"In Switzerland, there are people prepared to fight even against the government if the government were to capitulate."

"We dislike war. We don't want war. We must be so impressive that the war never starts. I'm not sure we can do that. But I hope we can."

"Ten per cent of the people of Switzerland are in the Swiss Army. If ten per cent of the people in the United States were in a Volks army, it would include twenty-two million personnel. Think of the impression *that* would make on the Russians. An army is always a matter of impression, isn't it?"

"Even if we are subjected to nuclear blackmail, we will never give up."

Within all these remarks lies the essential nuance of the Swiss idea of neutrality—the essential nuance being brute military power. The Swiss definition of neutrality absolutely includes an army, because the task of a neutral

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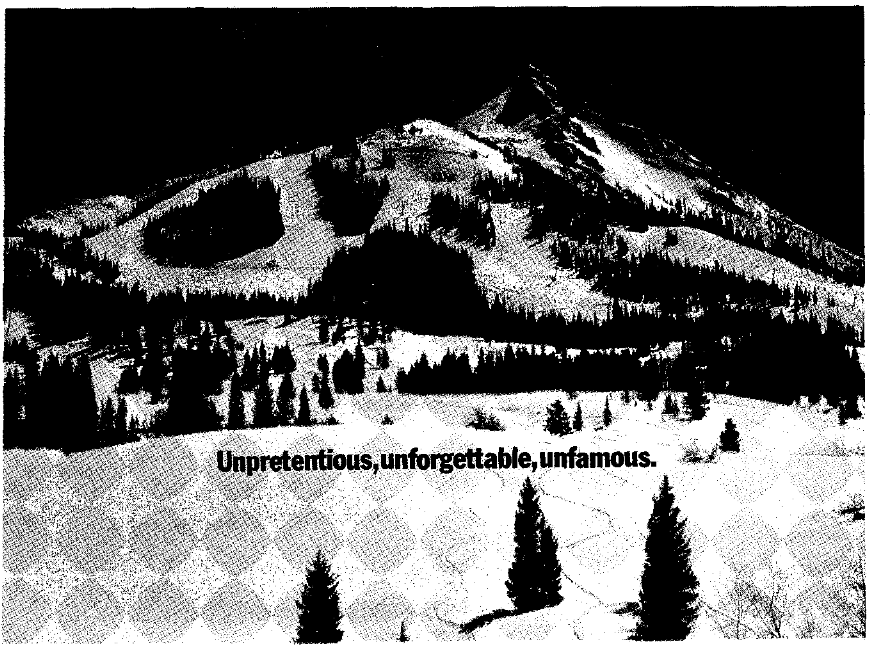

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country is to defend its territory. Switzerland's declaration of independence is that it will attack no one, will participate in no so-called police action, will make no alliance, and will defend itself. In a book subtitled "La Suisse en Armes" is a picture of a small boy beside a large cannon under a camouflage net, with the caption "Pour rester libre, un peuple libre a besoin de canons." Bumper stickers on Swiss cars say:

TOUS PARLENT AU SUJET DE LA PAIX
NOTRE ARMÉE L'A PRÉSERVÉE

"You have to be strong defensively to be neutral. Our population density and our terrain make armed neutrality possible."

"You need trumps, and the Alpine passes are our trumps."

"The Swedish are as aggressively neutral as we are. They spend a lot of money on their army. But they have a lot of land. It is doubtful that they could defend it."

"Japan could do it. But they have *too many people. With a hundred and* seventeen million people, they will soon fall off the islands. And then what will they do? They will spread out into the Pacific again."

Switzerland—sixty per cent alpine—has a fistful of trumps. And altogether the Swiss national periphery is a natural defense. The high Alps, of course, form the southern and eastern frontiers, while the northern and western borders are largely defined by the Jura—a range of older and gentler mountains—and by two considerable lakes: Lake Geneva, also known as Lac Léman, and Lake Constance, the Bodensee. The Jura is so thoroughly prepared that it suggests a beached and camouflaged battleship. While attack could come from anywhere, it is anticipated from the northeast. When an officer sketches a map of basic national strategy, like as not he will draw an arrow coming in from that direction, and he might say, "That is the main assumption. Because we are neutral, we are not allowed to say that—but that is the assumption."

Within its natural shell, the army's initial mode of defense is to make clear that anyone who wants to travel aggressively through central Europe might find it advisable to avoid Switzerland.

"The invader sees the type of army we have, the density of the troops—and decides it is not worthwhile to invade. Then we have done something."

If deterrence fails, the border country is defended everywhere by contiguous embunkered brigades—soldiers in the thirty-three-to-forty-two age group who regularly train in the same places and collectively know every tree. There is some debate about Basel. It is Switzerland's second-largest city, and an industrial treasure, but it lies beyond the Jura—so close to Germany that one of its railway stations is a part of the German rail network, and passengers have to go through German customs in order to board a train, and so close to France that people at one chemical and pharmaceutical firm (Sandoz) have to go through French customs to get to the company tennis courts. How is anybody going to defend that?

"In the center of Basel, you can defend a few houses; otherwise, forget it."

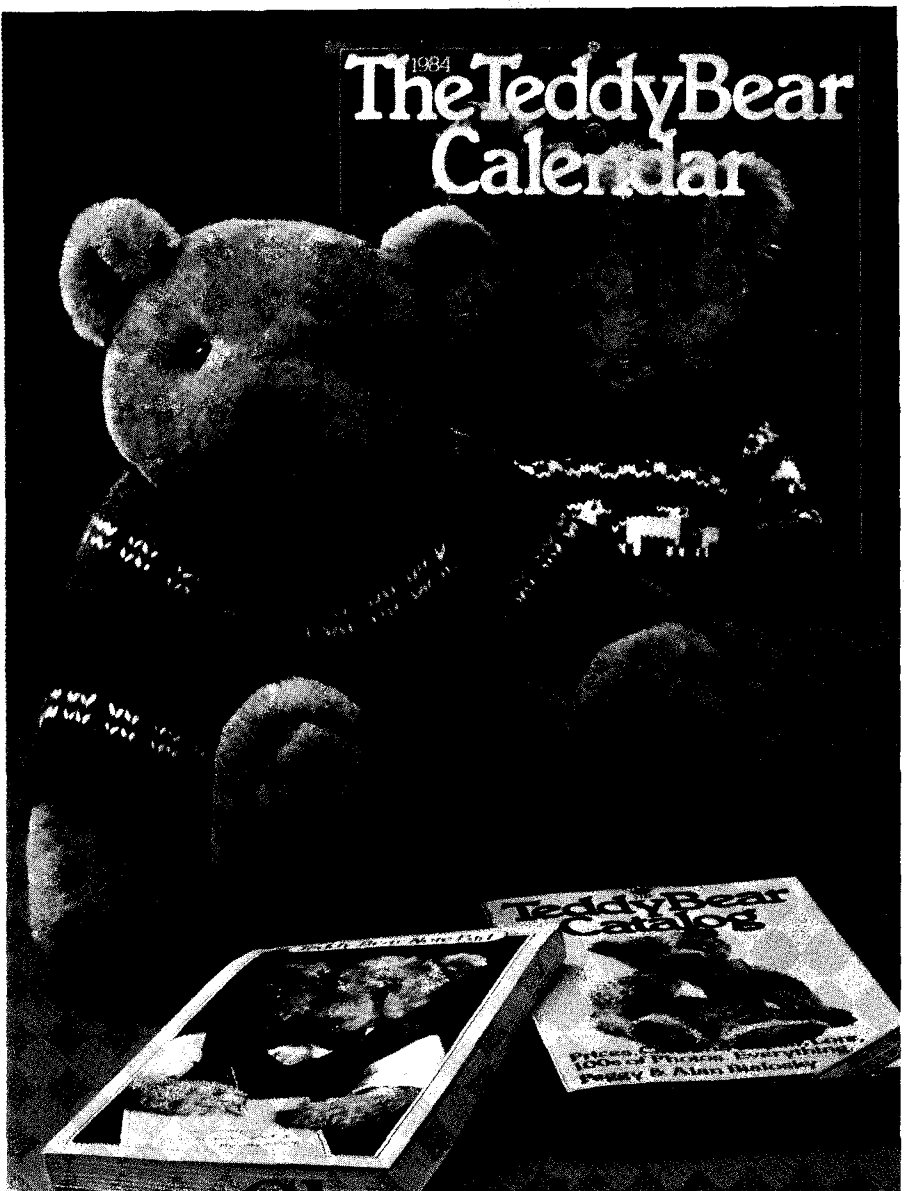
"You can blow up the Rhine bridges. That's about all. Basel could not be defended."

"While Lake Geneva, the Alps, Lake Constance, the Rhine, and the Jura circumscribe Switzerland, Basel is out in the cold."

"Basel? Undefendable? Just try coming in here. You don't want to come into a town like this with a mechanical army. It would be rather nasty."

Given Basel's apparent vulnerability, it is worthy of note that the army is constantly there. The army is not conceding an inch of Switzerland. In the rush-hour twilight of a November day, I was walking across the Rhine on the Mittlere Brücke when half a dozen soldiers in combat camouflage ran onto the bridge with a very long wire and inserted it in a hole. From time to time, a head popped up through the hole. Passersby scarcely seemed to notice all this. Bridge-blowing practice is quite routine in Basel.

After the enemy seizes Basel, and overwhelms or bypasses the defenders of the Jura, the next several lines of resistance have been drawn in the Mittelland. Lying between mountains, the rectangular center of Switzerland is as rich as a chocolate bar and about as easily consumed. In a nation renowned as dairyland, it is the creamiest country that God has ever seen. It is the billowing, stream-dissected plateau country of Gruyère, of the Emmental, of the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons. It contains most of the Swiss population, most of the nation's wealth and industry. It contains Bern, Lucerne, Zurich, Win-



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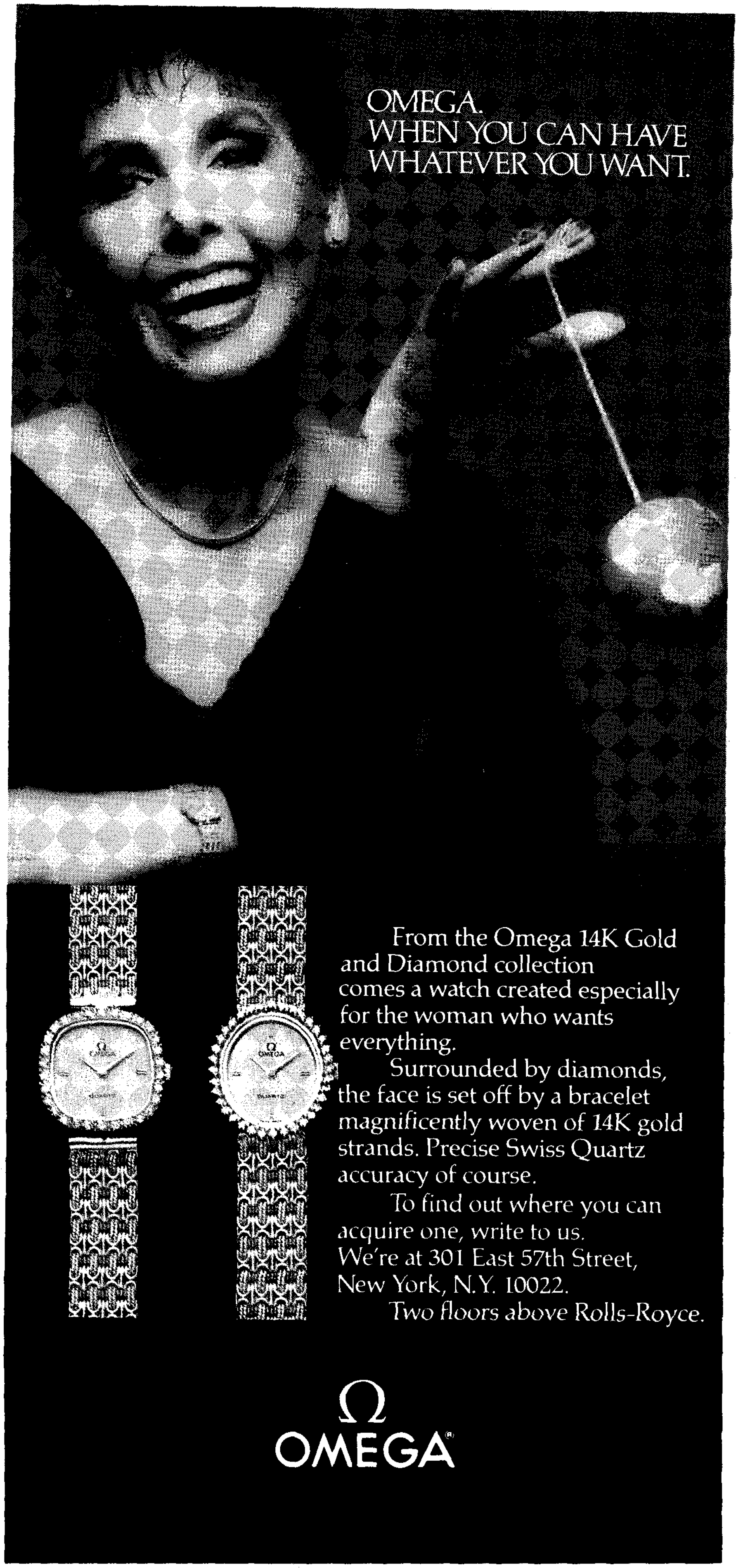

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terthur. Switzerland has three entire army corps in the Mittelland alone. The corps de campagne, as they are known, consist almost wholly of élite troops, which is to say young ones. Strategically, to slow an enemy there is not much to blow up in the Mittelland; but the corps de campagne are highly mobile, mechanized, flexible, and extensively practiced in flame-throwing, grenade-tossing, bullet-spattering house-to-house combat.

"The price for a Russian invader is quite high. Even the Mittelland is bad for mechanized troops—so many houses, towns, rivers, so much population density. The topography is vulnerable, but the civil infrastructure is a defense in itself. You can't fight a big mechanized battle there."

The Mittelland is nevertheless about as vulnerable as Basel. And it presents a strategic paradox. The army is better off in the mountains. The people are better off with the army. During the Second World War, when the planned strategy was to leave the Mittelland open and defend the Alps, many citizens of the Mittelland spent the war in the mountains. The strategy now is to defend the Mittelland with troops that are prepared and equipped to pull back rapidly into the Alps. There are at present no plans for withdrawing the civilian population to the mountains, but in significant numbers that would certainly happen.

"The army can't very well defend mountains and leave people behind."

In July of 1940, when General Guisan convoked his commandants on the meadow where Switzerland, in 1291, was formed, he spoke of "the natural force of our country, the incomparable possibilities for resistance offered to us by our terrain, rich in obstacles and cover, our mountains above all." He called the Alps invincible, and the people who have succeeded him echo what he said.

"We are sure we have a fair chance, because of the specialities of our country. We can easily block an attack. Where there are not mountains, there is water on every side. Someone who attacks us has to cross it. We have a very strong infrastructure in the mountains. We have a good chance that no one will attack us, because the price he has to pay is too high."

"The Alps are younger and less eroded than, say, the Rocky Mountains. There is less level ground among them. Thus, they are an even greater obstacle."

"In the mountains, mechanization doesn't help you any. You are almost lost with armored cars."

"The Gotthard freeway can be protected by ten men. This is exactly what you see in Afghanistan. The Russians cannot deal with that except by getting out of their armored cars."

If the enemy were to come into the Alps, they would encounter still another army corps—including Soldat Wettstein, Soldat Massy, Lieutenant Wyssa, Major Hentsch, Divisionnaire Tschumy, and the Tenth Mountain Division. In rough outline, the idea in the mountains is to blow up every point of access to the regional fortresses, so that armed forces—friendly or hostile—can go in and out only by helicopter. Needless to say, the demolition is ready.

"Don't forget: this is not the Plain of the Schleswig-Holstein. Our terrain is prepared for destruction, and then it defends itself."

And what if it does not?

"Our lines of defense are deep—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. If all lines are penetrated, if the enemy comes into the Alps, guerrilla warfare follows."

And what then? Perhaps it would be apposite to ask a foreign military strategist rather than a Swiss—Switzerland's defenses being less than unknown to people in other armies.

"I personally would hate to have to go in there and dig them out. It would take a tremendous amount of force to peel them out of those god-damned mountains. For anyone who wants to go in there, the cost would be very high; and it would be even more expensive to stay in. They all know how to shoot, and shoot well. They would fight tooth and nail. They know their country like the back of their hand. And remember: theirs is a different mission from ours or most armies'. They do not have to be trained to fight in deserts or malarial swamps, to chase an enemy out of one physiographic world and into another. Their mission is to defend Switzerland. It is all defensive. They are a strong armed force—amazingly well trained for a country that hasn't been in a war for hundreds of years."

LUC MASSY shifts his rifle on its strap and ventilates himself by unsnapping his jacket. "If war came, I don't think we would resist very long," he says. "But the army is very good for unemployment. When the army comes,

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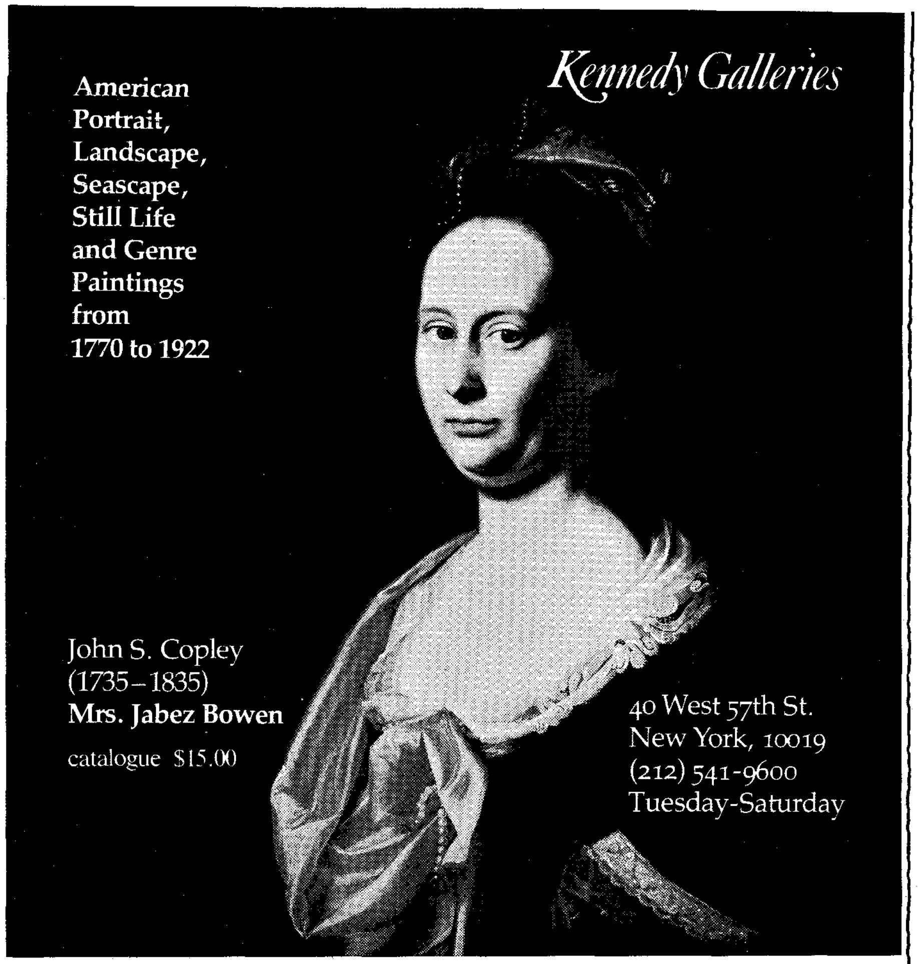

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many people in the villages are working."

"To defend Switzerland from the mountains is a myth," Jean-Bruno Wettstein says. "No enemy will come into the Alps. The population is in the Mittelland, and we have nothing to defend here but rocks, snow, and téléphériques. As a soldier, as a citizen, I really don't understand the possibilities of the Swiss Army. Given what I know of other countries and their armies, I don't think we can defend Switzerland."

"We may not have a very big chance, but as long as we have a small chance it is useful to do it," says Massy.

Wettstein replies, "If you put ten divisions of Russian tanks in Basel, they won't take too much time to arrive in Geneva."

The patrol has walked several kilometres on the high ground above the Rhone and now looks down on the Nussbaum bridge. The drop is steep at first, through a meadowful of agile cows, and then considerably steeper. Massy, chef de patrouille, cannot see a way to go down, and neither can anyone else. Massy looks west, studying possibilities. Massy looks east. Massy looks down at his boots and past his toes to the Nussbaum bridge. What to do? The hour is somewhat past noon. The sun at last is bathing the deep narrow valley. The breeze is becoming warm. The larches are bright gold. The meadow is dry. The bridge can wait. When in doubt, eat lunch.

We sit down and break out our Valais bread and cheese. Across the valley, a waterfall erupts from dark wooded slopes of the Bettmeralp, which is treeless and white far above. Near the waterfall, a dark-brown village clings to the alp. Over our heads, an eagle is sliding through the sky. Massy removes from his pack a bulky towel and unrolls it to reveal a bottle of wine. In his battle jacket he keeps a tire-bouchon, always ready, like a grenade. He opens its knife blade and deroofs the leaded wine. He erects the corkscrew and revolves it into the cork. He sets the lever arm on the lip of the bottle. We hear the sound of a tennis ball, well hit. Massy runs the cork by his nose. In his breast pocket, at all times, is a small plastic cylinder that resembles a dice cup. It protects a drinking glass so small that even in its sheath it does not create a bulge in the jacket. With straight, converging sides, it has the simple shape of a peach basket, if not the size. It holds six centilitres and is a verre de cave, a

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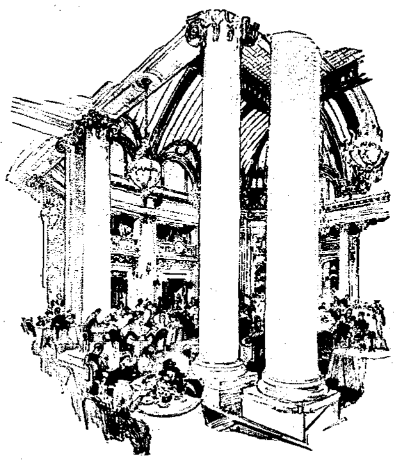

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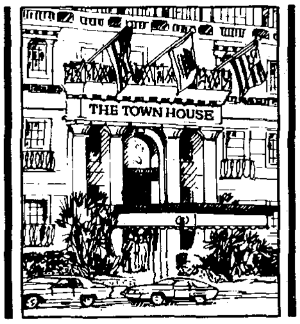

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winemaker's glass, whose proportions any Swiss winemaker could identify as the glass of the Canton de Vaud.

Massy fills the glass, holds it up to his eye. "Santé," he says, with a nod to the rest of us, and—thoughtfully, unhurriedly—drinks it himself. Because I happen to be sitting beside him on his left, he says, "John, you are not very well placed. In my town, we drink counterclockwise." After finishing the glass, he fills it again and hands it to his right—to Jean Reidenbach. The background music is a dissonance of cattle bells. We count nineteen Brown Swiss in the meadow just below us, and they sound like the Salvation Army. A narrow red train appears far below. Coming out of a tunnel, it crosses a bridge, whistling—three cars in all, the Furka-Oberalp. The train will go up the Rhone until there is no more Rhone, and then climb on cogs to the Furka Pass, and the Oberalp Pass, to finish its journey descending the nascent Rhine, pool to cascade pool, pastel green with glacial flour. The railroad bridge is a beautiful stonework that looks like a piece of a cloister. In all respects but width, it shames the Nussbaum bridge, the latter being wide enough for two automobiles or possibly one red tank. A téléphérique is down there as well. We are too high to see trout. Wires go up the Bettmeralp. Denis Schyrr volunteers to get the necessary facts at the téléphérique station later on, but he adds, "Do you suppose they speak French?"

Massy shrugs. He takes the glass from Reidenbach, refills it, and hands it to Schyrr. "This is a good way to drink," Massy remarks. "A good way to avoid getting—you know—drunk." Six centilitres is about two ounces. If the glass were filled with whiskey, you would know you'd had a drink. The apples and sausages are fresh and good, less so the pâté in the can. The sunlight is delicious. The packs are supportive. The rifles lean against a tree. After Pierre Pera, it is my turn to drink, and then Massy's, Reidenbach's, Schyrr's, Wettstein's, Pera's, mine, and Massy's. Pera is a plumber in Montreux. Denis Schyrr, blond and scholarly with his metal-rimmed spectacles, is a landscape gardener, a paysagiste-horticulteur, in La Tour de Peilz, near Vevey. Jean Reidenbach, with his tall rustic frame and unruly hair, looks like some sort of paysagiste himself, but is in fact a receptionist at the Ramada in Geneva. The wine is light and pleasant, not to say elegant. Massy pours himself another measure and contemplates it against the Bettmeralp, gold on white. From the one bottle, it is amazing how many times the glass will go around. It stops where it stops—even if the ritual ends, as it always begins, with Massy. Fraternité—yes. Égalité—no. Last month in Lausanne, at the Concours de Jean-Louis, Massy placed sixth in a field of ten thousand wine tasters. Here in this Valais meadow, the label on the bottle in his hand says "Clos du Boux, Epesses. J.-F. Massy, Propriétaire." J.-F. is Massy's father, now his partner, who is trim, compact, has an aquiline nose, and—including the bemused smile—looks exactly like Massy. Also on the label is a line drawing of a two-story house with a Bernese roof, Lombardy poplars at each end. It is completely surrounded by the vines of the Clos du Boux. The house consists of two ground floors, affixed to the slanting vineyard. Massy lives downstairs with his wife and infant son. His father and his mother live above. He leans on his pack and in the balmy sunlight closes his eyes. Three days ago, he was in Epesses making wine.

THE cave was a ganglion of hoses and tubes: Massy fixing leaks with surgical cotton, Massy on a ladder with a light bulb and a cord, Massy inside the cuves. He was wearing high rubber boots, bluejeans, and a rubber apron over a cotton football shirt bearing the number "26" and the name "BROWNS." He was racking a new white—in its taste a hint of something foul. Time had come to separate the wine from its lees. The ladder was leaning against the tiled wall of a cuve—a tall and narrow chamber full of wine. On the outside of the cuve, a column of wine in a clear-plastic tube reported the depth inside. In this cave were twenty-one cuves, also a big oak cask—in all, a hundred and thirty-five thousand litres of wine. Massy was working alone. He was working like a soldier. With a hose that could have put out a fire, he sent most of the contents of a cuve into an aeration tub, where it spilled like a fountain into a foaming pool and by another hose was sucked away. The wine was not at all attractive. It looked like floodwater, like weak tea with skim milk in it, like something a chemical company had decided to hide. Sometimes he was interrupted by people who came to the cave to buy the product from the oenologist himself. Between rackings, he

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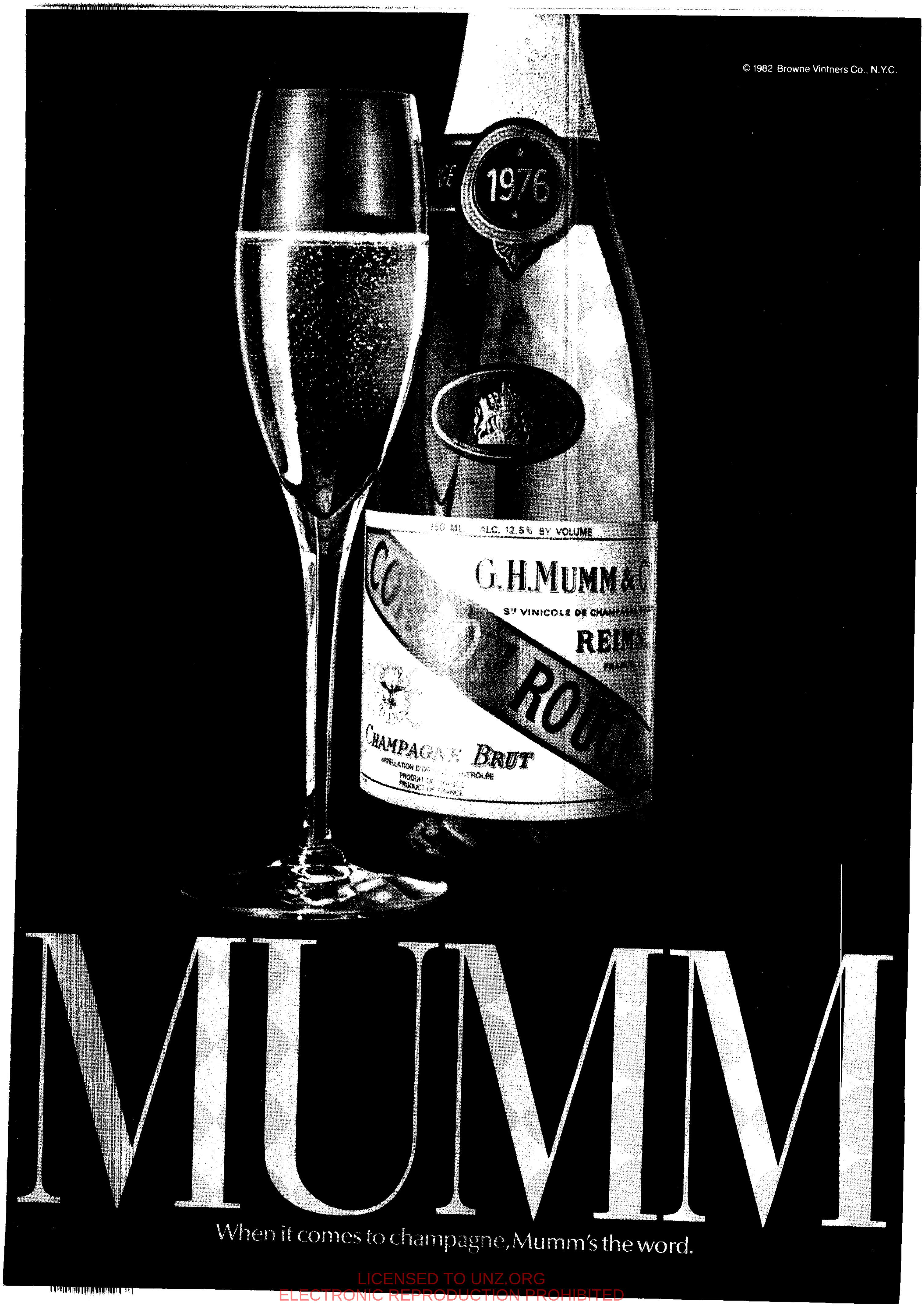
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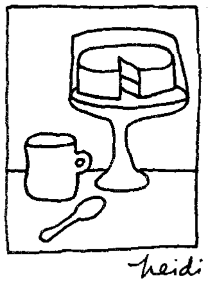
might have a few moments to sit and read *La Tribune du Matin*, but scarcely enough time to turn a page. He was racking at the rate of thirty-two thousand litres a day. Now and again, he picked up something that looked like a flamethrower and shot needles of cold water with steamlike force over the walls and floor of the cave. "If you are clean—if everything that touches the wine is clean—it is easy to make wine," he said. From time to time, he would pick up a small hose and let a slow downbending stream of wine fall past his tongue until he found the moment where the quality stopped. When a cuve was drawn down and its wine transferred, he opened a small oak door at the bottom and mucked out the offensive lees. They came forth like a warm coffee ice cream that had begun to sour. Putting on a yellow rain slicker, an impermeable yellow hat, Massy then crawled inside the cuve. If odor could kill, he would have fallen dead. He hosed out the interior. This had been a most unusual year, he said from inside—his voice distorted, tympanic, echoing, fermenting. He said he would be making about a hundred and seventy thousand litres—a volume approaching twice his annual average. There had been a fine spring, a better summer, with ample but not excessive rain. "Also," he added, "for four years the vines have not given much."

The door of the cuve was so small that a larger man could not have gone through it. It had the circumference of an oval placemat. After Massy came out, he lined the edges with beeswax, replaced the oak, and tried to secure it with a bolt. He had repeated trouble with the thread of the bolt. Minutes went by while he could not make it tight. "Losing time!" he shouted out in his frustration. "Losing time for Massy! Merde!" The soldier who would soon be joking in the mountains was someone else in the cave.


heidi

The cave was the basement of a building with thick stone walls, tall oak doors, and blue shutters, on the main thoroughfare of Epesses, a street so intimate that red and green lights forced the traffic to move in one direction at a time. Epesses was the sort of town that could stop a tour bus like a cork in a bottle. Two bicycles would have had difficulty passing in the Ruelle du Vieux Bourg, where the facing eaves of houses all but touched. On the walls there, and all over town, were grapevines and ivy, geraniums and roses, in vigorous color so late in the fall. Springwater poured into stone fountains from spigots set in the walls. Three hundred and sixty people live in Epesses, and if they step outdoors they are leaving town. All around the village are paths among the grapes. The paths run between stone walls and are decorated with stern advice: "DÉFENSE DE PRENDRE DU RAISIN." Also between stone walls, a small stream tumbles into town, passes through Massy's winery, and falls white and cascading to Lac Léman. The vineyards, leaning back from the water, collect the African sun.

Just the one house—Massy's, with its four chimneys (each with a tiled roof), its oak timbers, its balcony of beams and posts—stands apart from the town, suggesting a certain preëminence. It has been there for three hundred years, a long curving structure convex to the view—across the village rooftops to the lake far below and the Savoy Alps beyond. Epesses is the ancestral village of Divisionnaire Tschumy. It is the village also of Eric Dessemontet, a vintner who has achieved the rank of captain and commands the company in which Massy serves. Vineyards are measured in fossoriers—an ancient reckoning of the amount of ground that could be worked by one man in a day. In the Lavaux wine region, of which Epesses is a part, an average winemaking family has thirty fossoriers. Dessemontet has twenty-eight. The Massys have a hundred and seventy. Protestant refugees, they came to Switzerland from France when the Edict of Nantes was revoked. They made watches for a time, and then wine. They have been soldiers for centuries, too, and now, despite the pressures of the great vendange, it was time for Luc to hang up his hoses and get out his gun.

In the trunk of his white Lancia he put his automatic rifle, his sealed container of bullets, his steel helmet, his various bottles of vin militaire. The football shirt disappeared and was replaced by his dress uniform, in Switzerland's dark sea green. That Swiss soldiers keep weapons and bullets and gas masks at home is one of the open details of rapid mobilization—a procedure that is for the most part classi-

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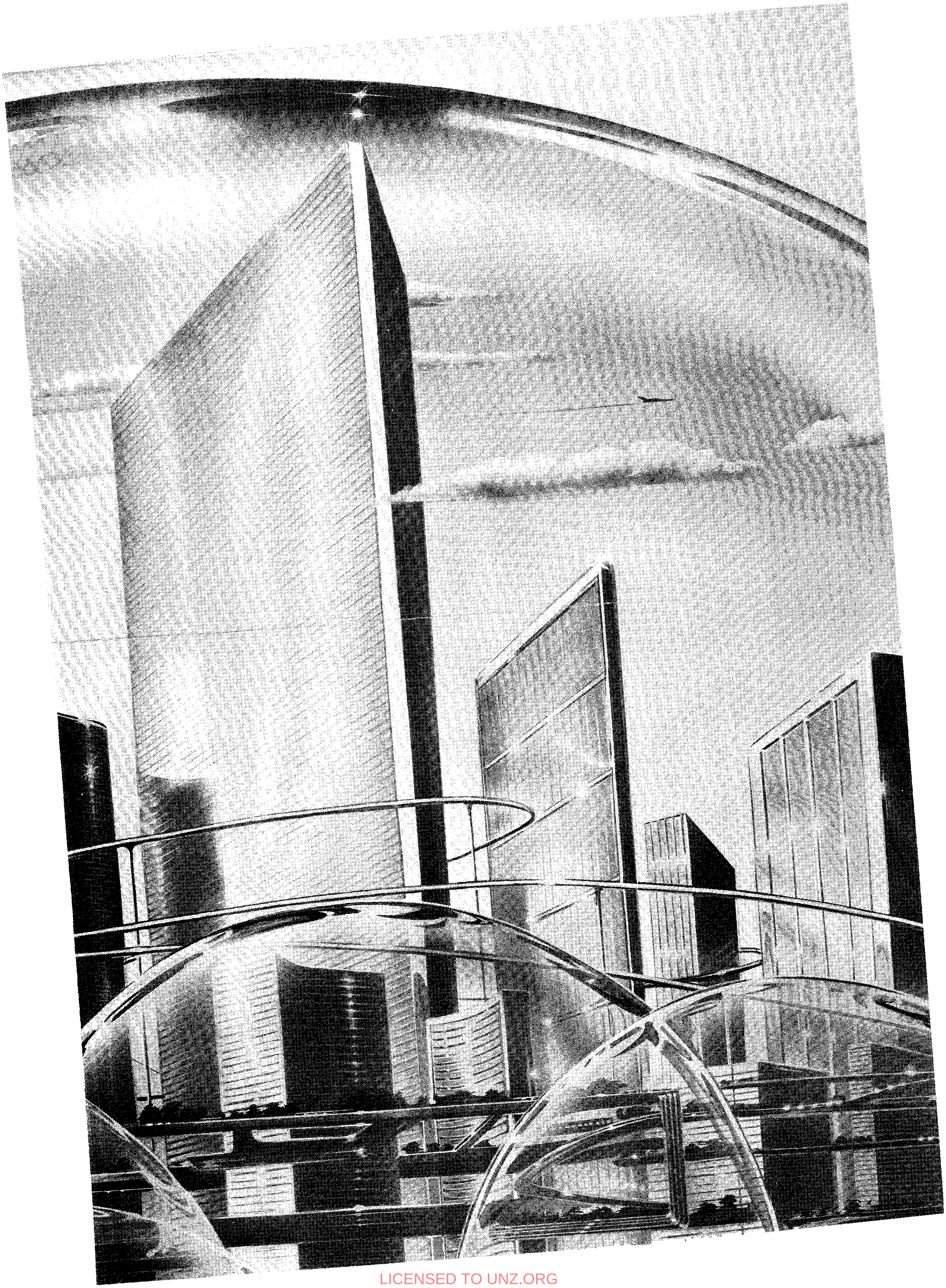

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fied. To the elemental question "Is your army ready to fight?" a member of the Swiss Army general staff will quickly answer, "Oh, yes, and we don't want to talk about that." All soldiers know their mobilization points and have been told not to reveal where they are. They have been told to go there by any means—on foot, if necessary. If they stop passing cars, the drivers transport them. The soldiers are supposed to carry food and drink for two days. In 1977, a Swiss brigadier (one star) was sent to prison for eighteen years for giving secrets of mobilization to the Russians. Mobilization begins with an invisible process whereby certain strategic components normally found in concentration are systematically spread out. Partial mobilization, being more difficult than general mobilization, is more frequently practiced. In either situation, soldiers go from mobilization points to assembly areas to alert or battle positions.

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"That is rather long. If we start in the morning, we would be mobilized by late afternoon. That is why the gun is at home, the ammunition at home. The younger people all have automatic rifles. They are ready to fight."

In the thirteenth century, the confederating peasants kept their weapons at home. The sword became a symbol of their right to vote. In Appenzell, men still carry swords when they turn out to vote.

There are six hundred thousand assault rifles in Swiss homes. It is said that this is a very good thing, for while a father cleans his rifle at the kitchen table his son is watching, and "the boy gets close to the weapon." Communist Swiss soldiers keep rifles and machine guns at home. It is said that this is not dangerous for political purposes; it is dangerous only for the wife. Ammunition boxes are sealed. If the seal is not intact when a soldier returns to duty, serious punishment follows.

On Swiss highways, portable blinking signs appear from time to time, showing certain truck drivers where to turn and go in practice mobilization. When a Swiss citizen buys a truck, the registration may carry a notice that the truck will be taken over by the government in time of war. Not all Swiss trucks are included—just the percentage needed. The owners have no choice.

After a last look around the cave and a chat of farewell with his family, Massy got into his Lancia and drove

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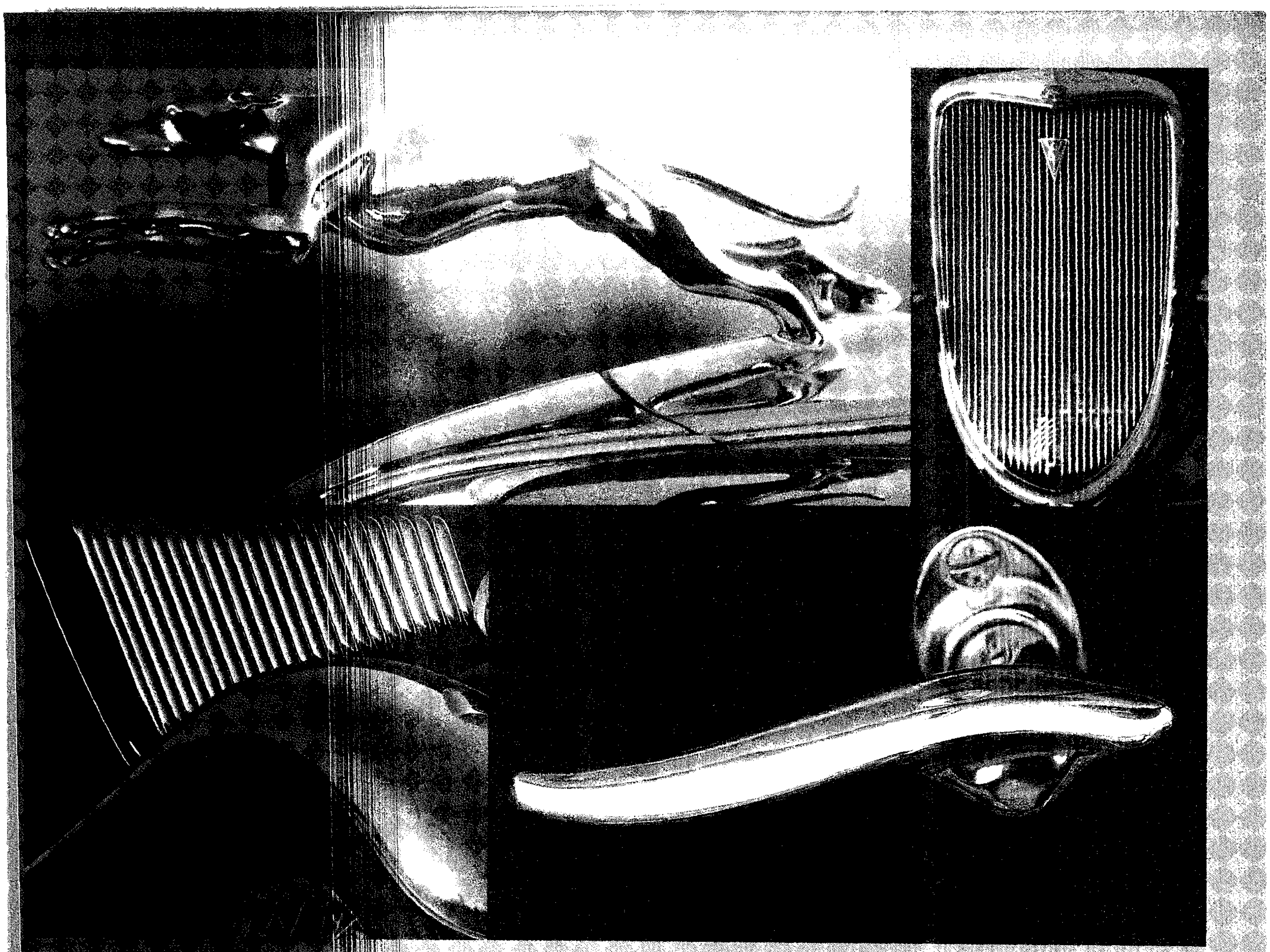

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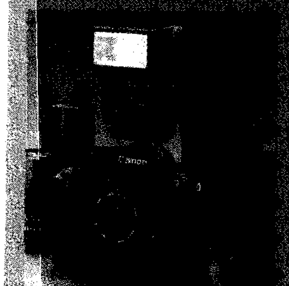

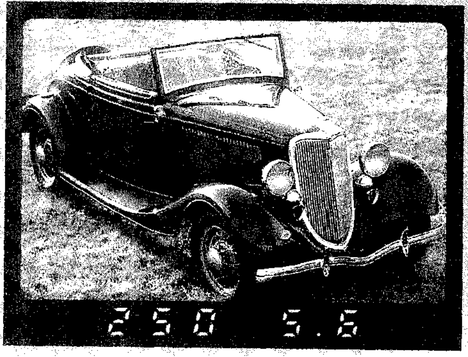

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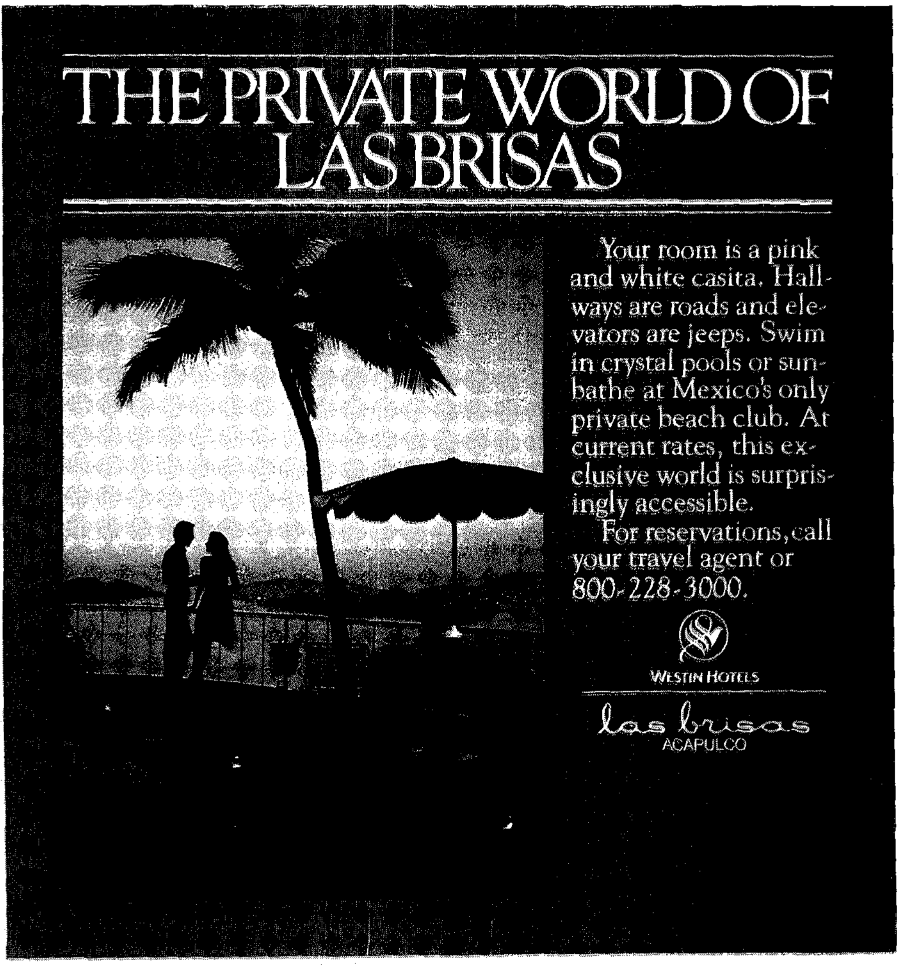
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east on the Route du Vignoble—La Corniche de Lavaux—from village to village halfway up the lake slope, with tens of thousands of vines below him and tens of thousands above, terraced by retaining walls. He said the underlying rock was limestone, forever feeding nutrients to the soil. He said the reflection coming off the lake is particularly strong around Epesses and is known as the second sun. The retaining walls are unusually high, and they keep the sun's heat and warm the vines at night. "The berries go on ripening even in the dark."

On a street in Montreux, he picked up Gilles Fantony, a friend he sees only in the army. An ordinary soldier, like Massy, Fantony is the Swiss equivalent of a stockbroker, employed by the Union Bank of Switzerland. Over the past three weeks, he had grown a beard, so that he would not have to shave while in the army.

The Lancia proceeded along the lakeshore, and at Chillon the road became confined to an extremely narrow space between a cliff and the water—a perfect place to blow up, to cover with prepared fire. Even Lord Byron might have noted that. Just by the road, and partly in the lake, stood the Castle of Chillon, where for five centuries every kind of firearm known to man had been set to stop anything that moved. Opposite the castle was fake stonework, concealing the artillery behind it.

The highway soon became dual, and, approaching Saint-Maurice, had a divider made of cables, light-alloy posts, and wire mesh. Massy remarked that the posts were removable, from sleeves embedded in the concrete, and in a matter of minutes a few kilometres of divider could be carried to the side of the road. This is practiced at least once a year. From concealed bunkers, jets appear, roar up the highway, pass under bridges, rise into the sky.

At Saint-Maurice—epicenter of the western fortress, protector of the Valais, bastion of the Upper Rhone—the topography tightens, mountains draw close on both sides of the river, and the patterns of preset artillery fire probably resemble tartan.

"Je suis papa," said Massy. He had neglected to mention to Fantony that he had become a parent since his last course in the army.

"Félicitations!" said Fantony.

"Un garçon!" said Massy.

Fantony clapped his hands, applauding the brilliant performance.

Around Saint-Maurice, the Rhone

Valley was essentially without vines, because the river runs north there and the slopes do not face the sun. At Martigny, however, the river, the road, and the entire landscape made a ninety-degree turn to the east, and now the prodigious vineyards of Valais were spread up the south-facing slopes. Out there in front of us we saw very high mountains, too, and Massy thought the snow line looked uncomfortably low. "Ai," he said. "The snow is too close. Two or three times, we will sleep outside."

"Perhaps we will not have to go so high."

"There will be rain below. These boots are not good in rain. They pump water."

The valley floor was three kilometres wide and as flat as the lake bed it became when the ice melted. Apples, pears, cherries, the flatland was covered with orchards. The mountains went up steeply, like the sides of Massy's glass. The glacier had not been uniformly successful in cutting off the mountains' spurs, and where they had resisted strongly the big valley now and again seemed to pinch itself closed. Falling rock, in great quantity, had formed obstacles, too. Deep gorges broke the sides. It was wiser to enter this valley in a white Lancia than in a red tank.

There were towers of isolate rock standing in the valley—two at Sion, one at Raron—each supporting a castle or a church. James Fenimore Cooper preferred these rock eminences to the Acropolis: "The Acropolis does not overhang Athens in a more kingly style, than these rocks frown upon the humbler town of Sion, nor do I believe that the architecture of the former, however pure and classical, is half as picturesque." Cooper, travelling through here a hundred and fifty years ago, was even less attracted to the mountains than the shivering Massy. Cooper noted that the rock was "stern" and "naked," and that the mountains were "streaked with sterility."

Massy was in less than a hurry to report for active duty. His way of going into the army was to stop off at vineyards and call on friends—classmates, in effect, from Montagibert, the federal school for oenologists and viticulteurs. He stopped and toured a cave or two. He toured the Domaine du Mont d'Or, near Sion. In an atmosphere dreamy with the nose-tingling smell of fermentation, he looked at inflatable rubber presses and browsed

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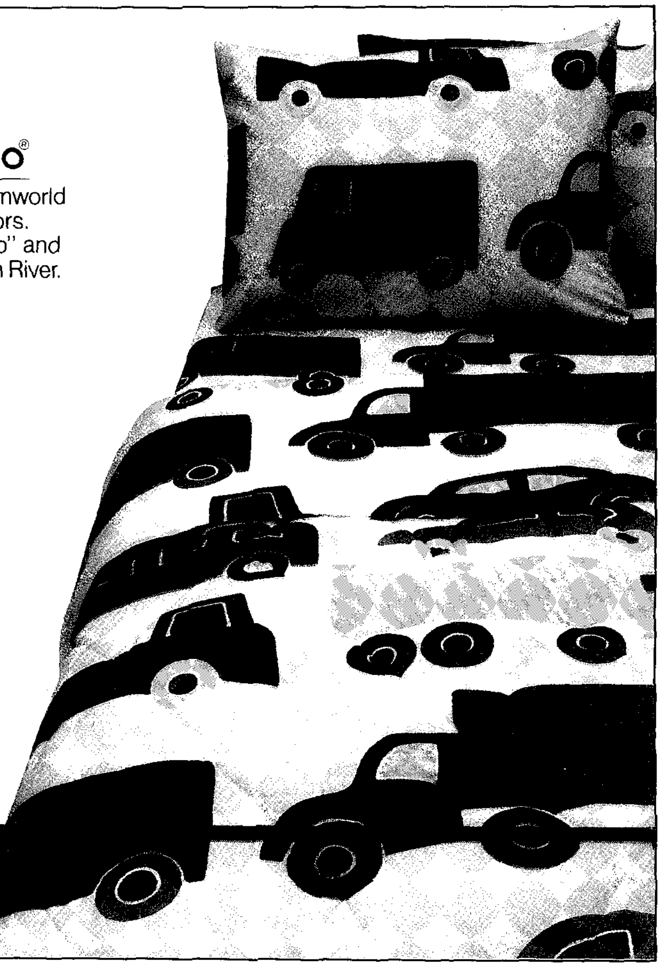

over the labels in the company's *Vinothèque*. A sign above the bottles pleaded: "NE NOUS TOUCHEZ PAS! NOUS DORMONS!"

More wine comes out of Sion than any other place in the country, he remarked as we drove on up the road. Now the terraces on the valleyside reminded me of the football stadium at the University of Texas, where the side that holds the home crowd rises tier upon tier until people are seated in the sky. Switzerland produces about a hundred million litres a year, and consumes virtually all of it. Moreover, Switzerland imports two-thirds of what it drinks. Switzerland imports more Beaujolais than is imported by the United States. Dôle is the predominant red wine of the Valais, and the white is called Fendant. In my opinion, Fendant is guzzling-good wine. To compare it with his own, Massy extended himself to the limits of his generosity, saying, "Fendant will have less character, and be heavier, so you can drink one or two bottles, but maybe not more." Massy worked a season in the Napa Valley, attempting to expand his knowledge. Among the things he learned was that if you put wood chips in wine it will taste of oak.

At Turtmann, we passed a long airstrip, and five twin-boom jet Venoms happened to be emerging like lobsters from holes in the lateral rock. As jet fighters go, Venoms are something less than state of the art. They are used for instruction. "Would you believe it?" said Massy. "Those planes are partly made of wood."

The traffic—military trucks, cars, and to some extent the Venoms, too—was being delayed by a woman leading a herd of cows. She was riding a motorcycle and wearing a steel helmet.

The journey was almost over, the car approaching Brig. I mentioned to Massy that I had been told that Swiss militiamen could scarcely wait to get back into the army—that they looked forward to it from one year to the next. "Not everyone thinks alike," he said. "I do it because I have to, and because I think I can help a little bit—also to be equal with the others who do it." He went on to say that the "obsession" of most soldiers during basic training was not to be chosen to become a corporal and therefore possibly an officer. "It's O.K. for people in bureaus, but if you have your own proper business it's not. To be a captain is to spend almost two months of your year each year." He repeated that

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he was busy at home, the clouds looked unfriendly, and he could do without the cold mountain air. The clouds had spread out to reveal even higher peaks, like long gray razors scraping lather. "It is cold here," he complained. "Oh! It is cold." We had come into the outskirts of the small, medieval city where the Simplon Tunnel goes into the rock. Brig: where the Furka-Oberalp intersects the national railroad, where the highway ascends toward Italy, where a large part of the Fifth Regiment had been told to arrive at noon. At eleven-fifty-five, Massy drew into a parking slot at the railway station. Far up the platforms, all over the streets, everywhere we looked were soldiers. They filled up the station house, the Second Class Buffet, the booths in the postal telephone. We got out of the car. Massy buttoned his tunic. He cinched the leather belt around his waist. "Voilà," he said. "We're in the army now."

IT seems likely that the two most widely circulated remarks ever made about Switzerland's military prowess were made by Napoleon Bonaparte and Orson Welles.

Welles said, "In Italy for thirty years under the Borgias, they had warfare, terror, murder, bloodshed—but they produced Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and the Renaissance. In Switzerland, they have brotherly love, five hundred years of democracy and peace, and what did that produce? The cuckoo clock."

Napoleon said, "The best troops—those in whom you can have the most confidence—are the Swiss."

Welles spoke his lines in "The Third Man," a motion picture that deservedly attracted an extensive worldwide audience. The screenplay was written by Graham Greene, who later published the preliminary treatment in book form, but Greene was not the author of the lines about the Borgias and Switzerland. They were interpolated by the ingenious Welles, who may have chosen to suppress in his memory the fact that when Italy was enjoying the Borgias, Switzerland was enjoying a reputation as—to quote Douglas Miller's "The Swiss at War"—"the most powerful and feared military force in Europe." Switzerland was about as neutral in those days as had been Mongolia under Genghis Khan. Not only were the Swiss ready to fight. They fought. They had a militia system that could mobilize fifty-four thousand

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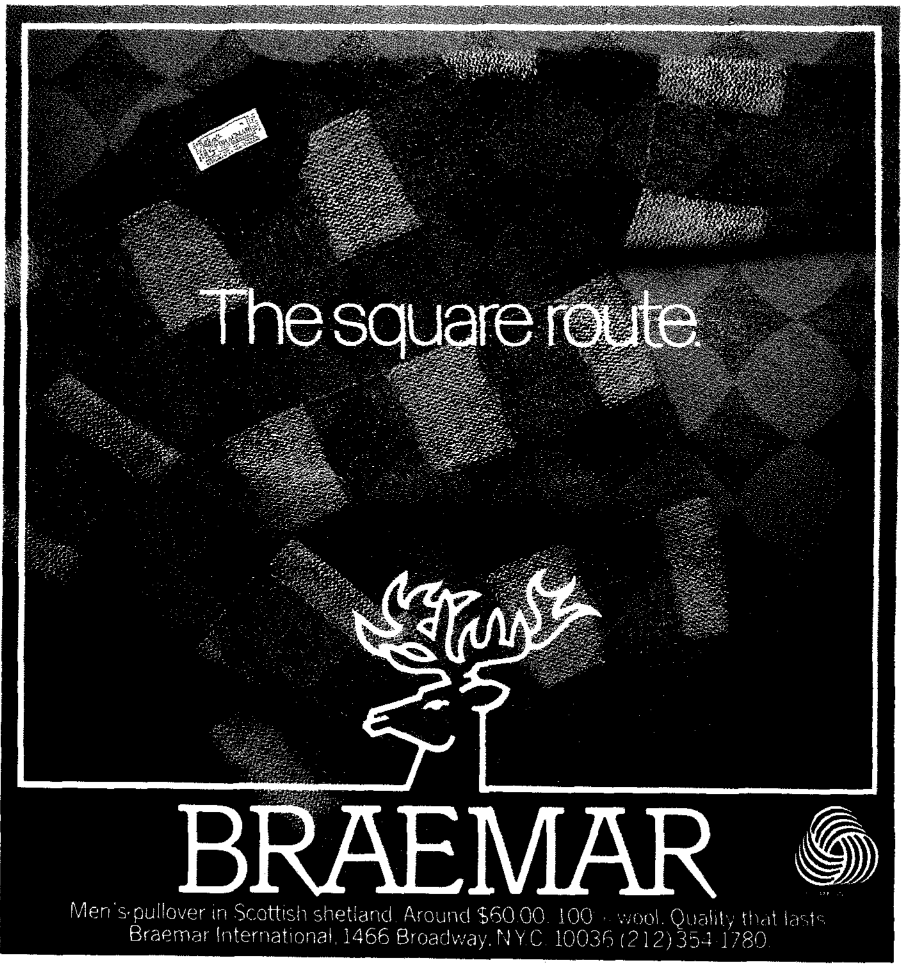

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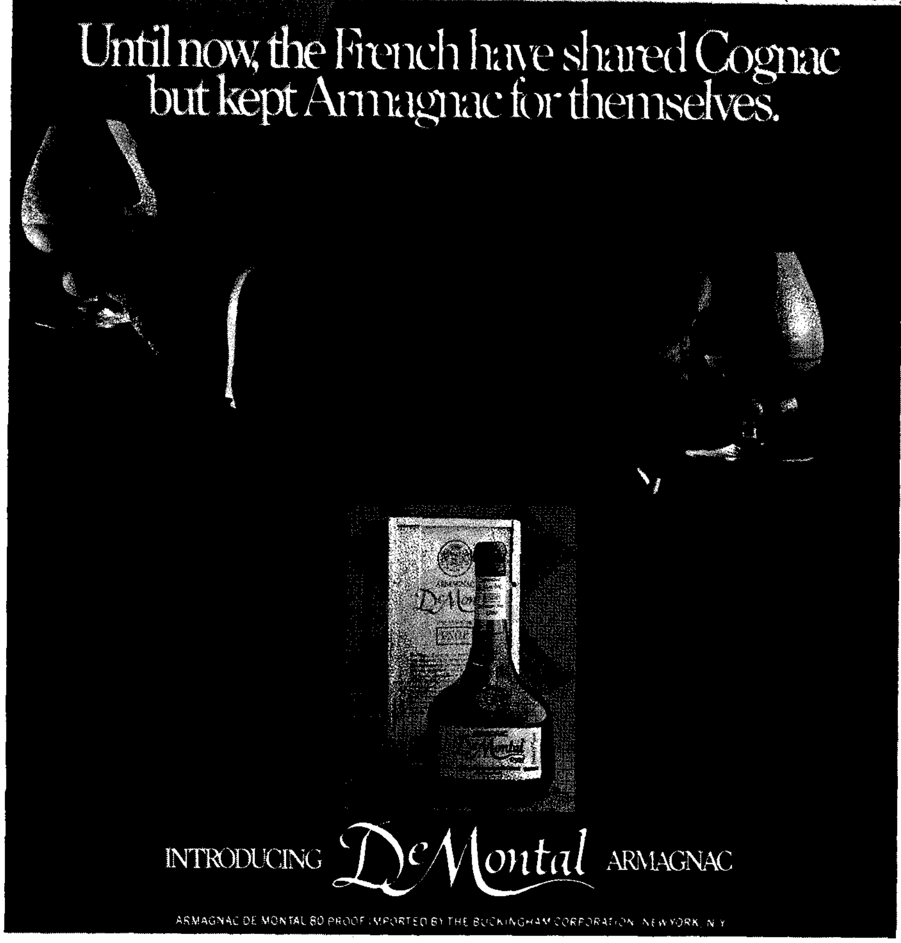
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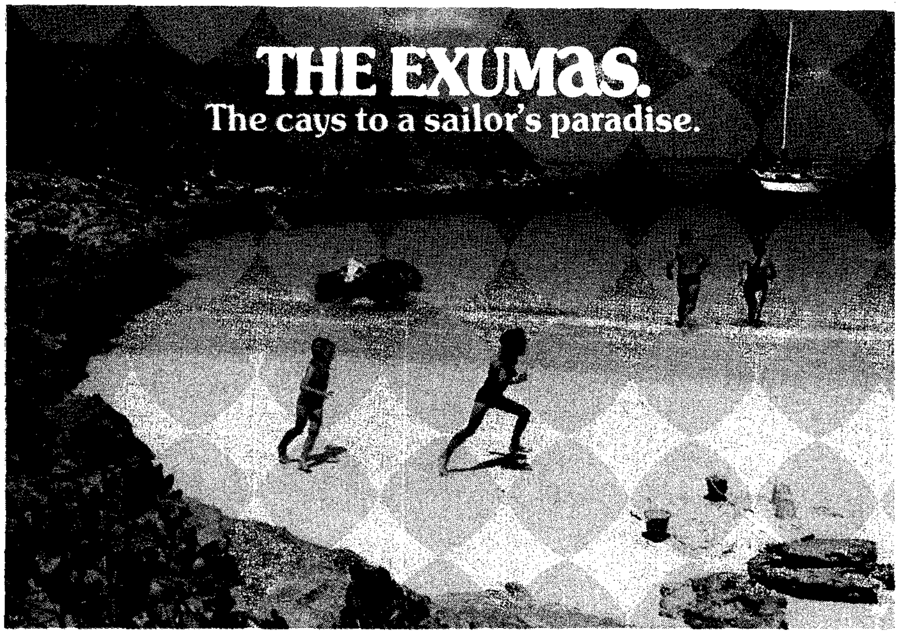

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soldiers. They knew enough warfare and bloodshed to sicken a Borgia. They were so chillingly belligerent that even if they were destroyed in battle they had been known in the same moment to win a war. One afternoon in mid-Renaissance, a few hundred Swiss who were outnumbered fifteen to one elected not to run away but to wade across a river and break into the center of the opposition, where all of them died, but not before they had slaughtered three thousand of their French enemies. The French Army was so unnerved that it struck its tents and fled.

It was the Swiss who unhorsed the mounted knight, and in a sense their confederation—their Everlasting League—was formed with that in mind. The peasants of the forest cantons made their pact of mutual defense because they wished not to be the vassals of alien equestrian lords. They waited twenty-four years for the first big test of their ability to resist—ample time to be prepared, to rehearse what they would do. Then, in 1315, two thousand Austrian knights appeared, leading a considerable army, and fatally attempted to make use of Morgarten pass. The knights were aristocrats, accustomed to tournament warfare and not to peasants attacking them from higher ground. The peasants came down on them with tree trunks, halberds, axes, and plummeting rock. The pass was blocked. The horses and riders became compressed and hopelessly jammed. The peasants rushed among them and hacked them down. Few knights survived. ("In the mountains, mechanization doesn't help you any. You are almost lost with armored cars.")

Also in the Renaissance, Swiss soldiers began sewing white crosses on their doublets, so they would recognize one another in the confusion of infantry battle. When mounted knights attacked them in open country, the Swiss formed squares—ten thousand soldiers in a square, bristling with twenty-one-foot pikes: the Porcupine Principle. In the course of time, they developed some interesting equipment. They developed the Lucerne hammer, fundamentally a poleaxe with a brass fist on its head and spikes protruding between the fingers. They developed the Morgenstern, an eight-foot cudgel with a sixteen-spike pineapple head. And they developed the Swiss Army knife.

Its precursor was a simple fifteenth-century dagger that every warrior carried. Over a hundred years, it acquired so many additions and complications that only officers and rich citizens could afford it, and it fell into disuse. It was an infantry weapon, but in its advanced stages it acquired built-in forks and other utensils. Competition waxed in the decorating of sheaths with scroll ornaments in gold and silver, and expensive foreign artists—such as the Hans Holbeins—were employed to do the work. The knife every soldier is issued today is jacketed with quilted gray aluminum, has one blade, a can opener, a bottle opener, a hole punch, two screwdrivers, and no corkscrew. On one side is a small red shield bearing the white cross. The knife is made identically by two companies—Victorinox and Wenger—that also make the red knives that in commercial display cases are all stuck apart like swastikas and include fish disgorgers, ski-wax scrapers, international wrenches, magnifying glasses, tweezers, toothpicks, scissors, and saws. The gray army knife resembles the simpler of the commercial offerings, minus the red plastic. Officers included, everyone in the Swiss Army carries a Swiss Army knife. Once, at the end of a long session in driving snow with machine guns firing and grenades exploding—up on the high ground where such practice can be conducted with live ammunition—I walked down with the Fifth Regiment's Colonel Marc-Henri Chaudet, and when he reached the roadhead he discovered that his automobile would not start. It was a gray Mercedes-Benz, and—with its hood up—its engine looked even grayer, there in the wind and stinging snow, many miles from the nearest garage and almost as many from the nearest warm room. After six hours of storm weather and steep inclines, the Colonel might have been forgiven if he had displayed exasperation. This, after all, was Switzerland, where everything works; Switzerland, where trains run like clocks, and clocks run like watches, and watches are synchronous with the pulse of the universe; Switzerland, where electric eyes watch underground parking spaces and turn on green lights when they are free; Switzerland, where electric eyes watch urinals and flush not only the one under address but the one next to it as well; Switzerland, where switches in mattresses cause rooms to go dark as people get into bed; and now, in Switzerland, the Colonel was inconvenienced by this weather-whipped, tuned-down, one-jewel Ger-

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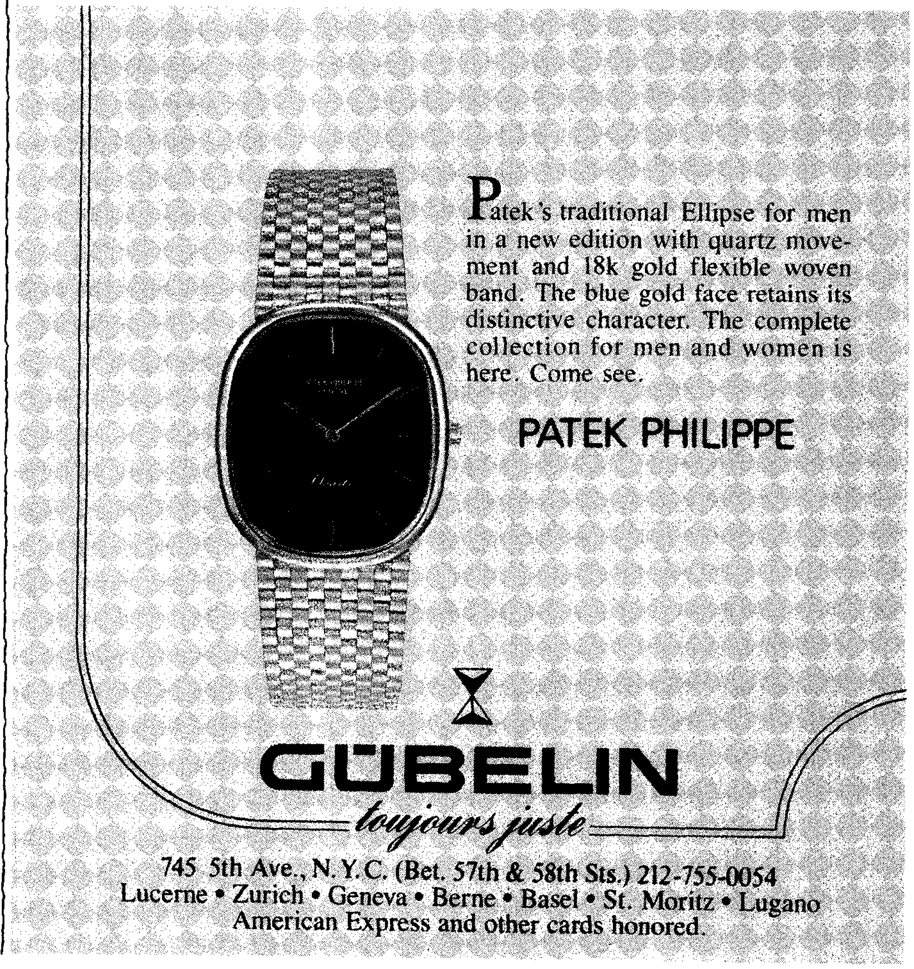
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man car, which wheezed but would not cough. Colonel Chaudet—a Vevey lawyer—gave it a cool glance, sighting along his nose. Tall, slim, handsome—his trousers taut and neatly creased and disappearing inside his boots like a downhill skier's—the Colonel had a certain downplay in the corners of his mouth, suggesting, among other things, detached amusement. Besides, he had complete confidence in his soldiers and their equipment. Observing the difficulty, a corporal stepped forward, removed from a pocket his Swiss Army knife, used a fingernail to expose the can opener, and leaned into the Mercedes. Within ten minutes, the engine was running.

The Swiss infantry, six hundred years ago, knew not only how to form a square but also how to break through almost anything. At Sempach—a name of resonance in Switzerland—a soldier named Arnold Winkelried gathered to his body the pike points of many foemen, thus opening on either side of him holes in the Austrian line, through which the Swiss backfield poured, swinging six-foot halberds, while Winkelried died. For each Swiss who died at Sempach, nine Austrians died as well, many of them dismounted knights. Machiavelli called the Swiss "the new Romans." In the Quattrocento, exactly three hundred years before the United States declared its independence, the Swiss won a great victory at a small town called Morat, defeating Burgundian invaders who were threatening the city of Fribourg. Among the Swiss ordnance were mortars that shot chunks of limestone and granite. Four hundred and ten Swiss died at Morat—and twelve thousand Burgundians. A durable legend sprang from this battle. To wit: a Swiss courier-soldier, carrying a linden branch, ran with the glorious news to Fribourg; all but breathless, he at last approached the ramparts and the towers of the town, and passed through the main gate and into the central square, where anxious Fribourgeois had formed a human circle—magistrates, priests, women on their knees—in the center of which the courier gathered his last three breaths, shouted "Victoire! Victoire! Victoire!" and fell dead, as later recorded, "la face contre terre." It has been suggested that this story is not without companionship in a genre. However that may be, there is an old sick linden in Fribourg that is thought to have grown from the branch the runner carried. Each year, in October, a footrace is run from

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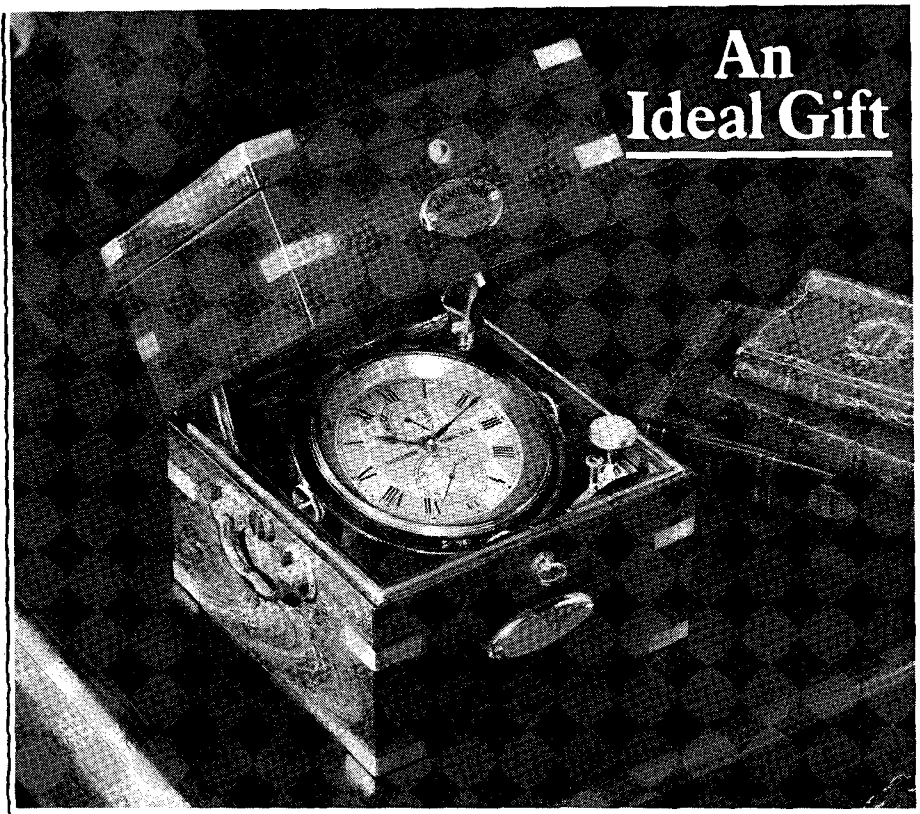
Morat to Fribourg, and it now attracts about a hundred thousand spectators and eleven thousand runners. The race has been held for fifty years, with runners sometimes preparing for the ordeal by stretching their minds as well as their muscles—chanting in the streets, "Morat! Morat! Morat!" It doesn't matter that the distance is four-tenths of a marathon.

Swiss neutrality began in 1515, when the Swiss were thoroughly beaten by a French Army under François I at Marignano, in what is now Italy. "I have conquered those whom only Caesar managed to conquer before me," said the French king, and his words were struck in coin. The confederated cantons, by then thirteen, decided to fight thereafter only as mercenaries in other people's wars. They were a small nation, rustic, poor—nothing at all like the service-industry and manufacturing society we know today—and to embellish their economy they leased their incomparable soldiers. The cantons have always been importantly autonomous, and never more so than in the sixteenth century, when the political bond between Catholics and Protestants was under so much strain. It is unlikely that during the heaviest reverberations of the Reformation a co-operating army could have been assembled from the Protestant and Catholic cantons, and so, regardless of Marignano, neutrality was now less a matter of policy than a de-facto condition of Swiss life. The militia was then, as it has generally remained, cantonal in character. The cantons did the selling of soldiers. The French bought heavily for three hundred years—now twelve thousand Swiss, now seventy thousand Swiss, now a hundred and sixty-three thousand Swiss, depending on the intensity of the problems of France. For all that time, the Compagnie des Cent-Suisses were the personal bodyguards of the French kings. Scarcely had the Swiss soldiers appeared in the French court when the Pope decided that he wanted some, too; and the Pope, of course, still has them, ninety in all—the only vestige of the Swiss mercenaries.

Switzerland is so conscious—not to say proud—of the service of its mercenaries in foreign armies that a château outside Geneva has been refurbished as a Musée des Suisses à l'Étranger. The most eminent mercenary of all was Colonel Louis Pfyffer, Roi des Suisses, who became a Swiss hero by serving four French



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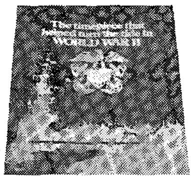

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kings. Jérôme d'Erlach, of Bern, became a Swiss hero as an Austrian field marshal. François Lefort, of Geneva, became a Swiss hero as a Russian general under Peter the Great, as Viceroy of the Grand Duchy of Novgorod, as President of all the Councils of Russia, and as the creator and Grand Admiral of the Russian Navy. Swiss mercenaries fought for the Scandinavian kingdoms, the Holy Roman Empire, the Netherlands, Prussia, Poland, Lorraine, Saxony, Savoy, Spain. In various battles, they fought on both sides. They served the Doge of Genoa, the King of Naples, the Elector of Brandenburg. For a large unnegotiable discount, they served Napoleon. Later, they became one of the perennially toughest components of the French Foreign Legion. In the Château de Penthes—the Musée des Suisses à l'Étranger—hangs a British Union Jack with a prominently inset Swiss white cross.

Contracts always specified that if Switzerland was attacked the soldiers would go back to Switzerland. All such contracts have been illegal for something over a hundred years. Meanwhile, by 1830 or so, in places like Bière, the militias of the various cantons were getting together to march, to exercise, to perform military legerdemain before people with parasols and uncorked wine, men in top hats chatting with soldiers in uniform attending the beginning of the federal army. Upward of a hundred thousand people will turn out today to watch the army parade and perform. A retired soldier will visit his unit's refresher course like an old college football player returning to watch a practice. Quite voluntarily, several thousand civilian soldiers annually collect for a thirty-kilometre footrace in which they carry packs and rifles. Beneath the long neutrality, there lies what the Swiss describe as "an aptitude for war." It appears to be an appetite as well—sublimated and under close control. The Landesmuseum in Zurich is the Louvre of the toy soldier. In glass cases there, toy soldiers by the ten thousand engage in replica battles. There are eight military museums in La Suisse Romande alone. In Morges, there are displays not only of Swiss military exploits but also of Aztec sacrifices, the Siege of Alesia (52 B.C.), and the Battle of Zama, with elephants. In the rooms the women come and go talking of Saint-Lô.

THE money brought home by mercenary soldiers started Switzerland's banks. In the foyer of the

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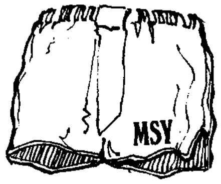

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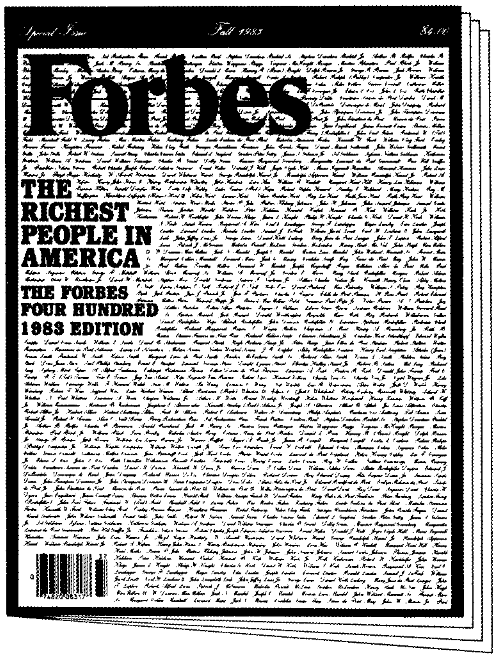

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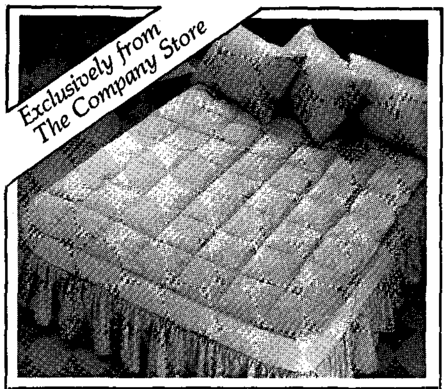

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Federal Assembly, in Bern, stand sculptures of four Swiss soldiers—one armed with a halberd, one with a pike, and two with broadswords. Through heavy bronze doors is the Bundesplatz, surrounded on three sides exclusively by contiguous banks, and on the fourth by the national capitol. To this day, what gives Swiss banks their special distinction is not their corporate inventiveness, which is on the level of the Marble Savings Bank, of Rutland, Vermont, but their fortresslike security, which is emphasized by the Swiss Army. More often than not, a high-ranking officer in a Swiss bank will also be a high-ranking officer in the army. The foremost banks—the Three Sisters of Swiss banking—are the Schweizerischer Bankverein, the Schweizerische Bankgesellschaft, and the Schweizerische Kreditanstalt, better known around the world as Crédit Suisse. The general manager of the Bankverein is Major Walter Frehner. The president of the Bankgesellschaft is Colonel Niklaus Senn. The chief executive officer of Crédit Suisse is Colonel Robert Jeker. In contrast to all other countries, there is in Switzerland a positive correlation between military rank and economic leadership generally. Colonel Fritz Gerber is the chairman of the board of Hoffmann-La Roche. Major Louis von Planta is the chairman of the board of Ciba-Geigy. Chemical companies, insurance companies, construction companies are under the command of majors, colonels, brigadiers.

There is nothing honorific about the military service of these men. They spend one day out of ten in the army. They command battalions, regiments, brigades. The army, in addition to all its other functions, has long been considered a first-rate school of business management. A major commands a battalion of eight hundred. It seems absolutely logical to the Swiss that if a man can lead eight hundred people in military service he can lead a department of that size in civilian life. The special training required for a position on the general staff is looked upon as the equivalent of two years at the Harvard Business School. The Bankgesellschaft, like the army, has a series of special schools through which its officers rise in rank: an assistant-vice-president school, a vice-president school, a first-vice-president school. The bankers receive orders telling them where to report to school. If you ask a Swiss banker whether his army service has affected his position in the

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bank, he will usually say something like "Oh, indeed, yes. Now I have this special staff job because of my position in the army." Of course, some banks (and manufacturing and service companies) are more military-minded than others. On the French side of the country, being a "military head" can actually be a disadvantage. There are at least two bank presidents who march with the rank and file. (Switzerland has more than five hundred banking institutions.) An army captain has told me that he once leaped to his feet because the soldier serving him food was an executive vice-president of the company he worked for in Basel. To be high in business and low in the army is less unusual than the reverse; it is rare, perhaps even difficult, for someone to remain low in business while attaining high status in the army. Some corporations actually insist that their employees pursue the highest achievable military rank. When an important business promotion is reported in the press, the notice might say, typically, "He is thirty-seven years old, is married, has three children, lives in Rapperswil, and is a major in the mountain infantry."

During Robert Jeker's parallel rise from soldier to colonel and from trainee to chief executive officer and president of the executive board of Crédit Suisse, he served fifteen hundred days in the army—an average of fifty days a year for thirty years. To Crédit Suisse, this was something more than a patriotic donation of time; it was also a gain for the bank. "The skills you get in one place help you in the other place," Jeker explained to me one day in his office in Zurich. "In the army, we meet people from every level of the community. We come to understand other professions, other companies, other parts of the country. We make business contacts. It helps that we know these people from the army. We are with them twenty-four hours a day. We know them better than in business life." He paused, and added, "If this bank is choosing a new manager, military record is not one of the major points, but it is never a disadvantage. It will never be negative that someone has to be away from the bank for military service."

Jeker worked in the United States for two and a half years and regularly went home to serve as a second lieutenant. He worked in Paris, Florence, and Buenos Aires, and yet was enabled to spend enough time in Switzerland

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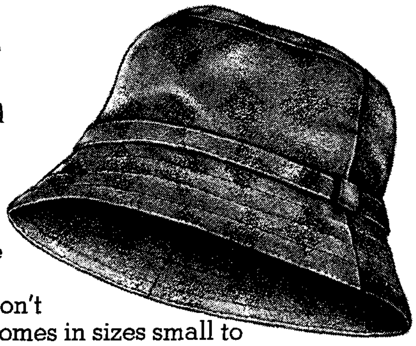

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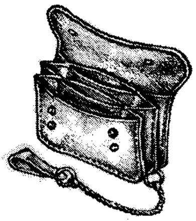

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to become not only a colonel but also a member of the general staff—promotions that demand a great deal of extra time. "It's usual that you are a member of the army," he said. "If not, a part of your life is missing. When we sit together in private life, we often talk about the army. Your conscience can accept it more thoroughly when you know you will attack no one." A tall straightforward man with a guileless smile, Jeker did not advertise in his manner either his high military station or his civilian status as a supergnome. Taking note that he had spent thirty-five days in the army last year and at the same time had been preparing to assume command of one of the most powerful banks in the world, I asked him what he did for a vacation. Where on earth could he go—where had he most recently been—to get away on his own from both the bank and the army?

"Alaska," he said.

Military service is subsidized by industry in various ways. A soldier in a refresher course gets four Swiss francs a day—not enough to pay for an evening's beer. All the while, however, he is being paid as usual by his civilian company, and the government's reimbursement to the company is only seventy per cent—and, of course, the lost work is irrecoverable. An officer uses company telephones to call all over Switzerland on matters having to do with his military unit. He uses the company Xerox, the company computer, his own and his secretary's time—to an extent that varies in direct proportion to the military-mindedness of the supreme executive. If the supreme executive is a Militärkopf, anything goes and the bill will be paid. If a general-staff officer happens to work for Ciba-Geigy in Summit, New Jersey, Ciba-Geigy will pay his way home to serve.

The higher a man rises in the army, the more of his time—by a very large factor—his company gives, for army time in no way invades vacation time. Everyone in the army has his "Little Book of Service," recording, like a pilot's flying time, his total number of service days, and including bare details of the experience—a military scrapbook in efficient form and of such metaphorical reach in Switzerland that Max Frisch has written a book using its title: "Dienstbüchlein." The basic-training period for everyone is seventeen weeks. During basic training, a number of soldiers are invited to become corporals—an advance that re-

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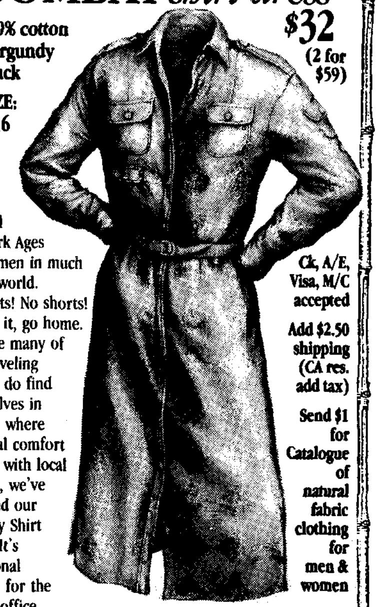

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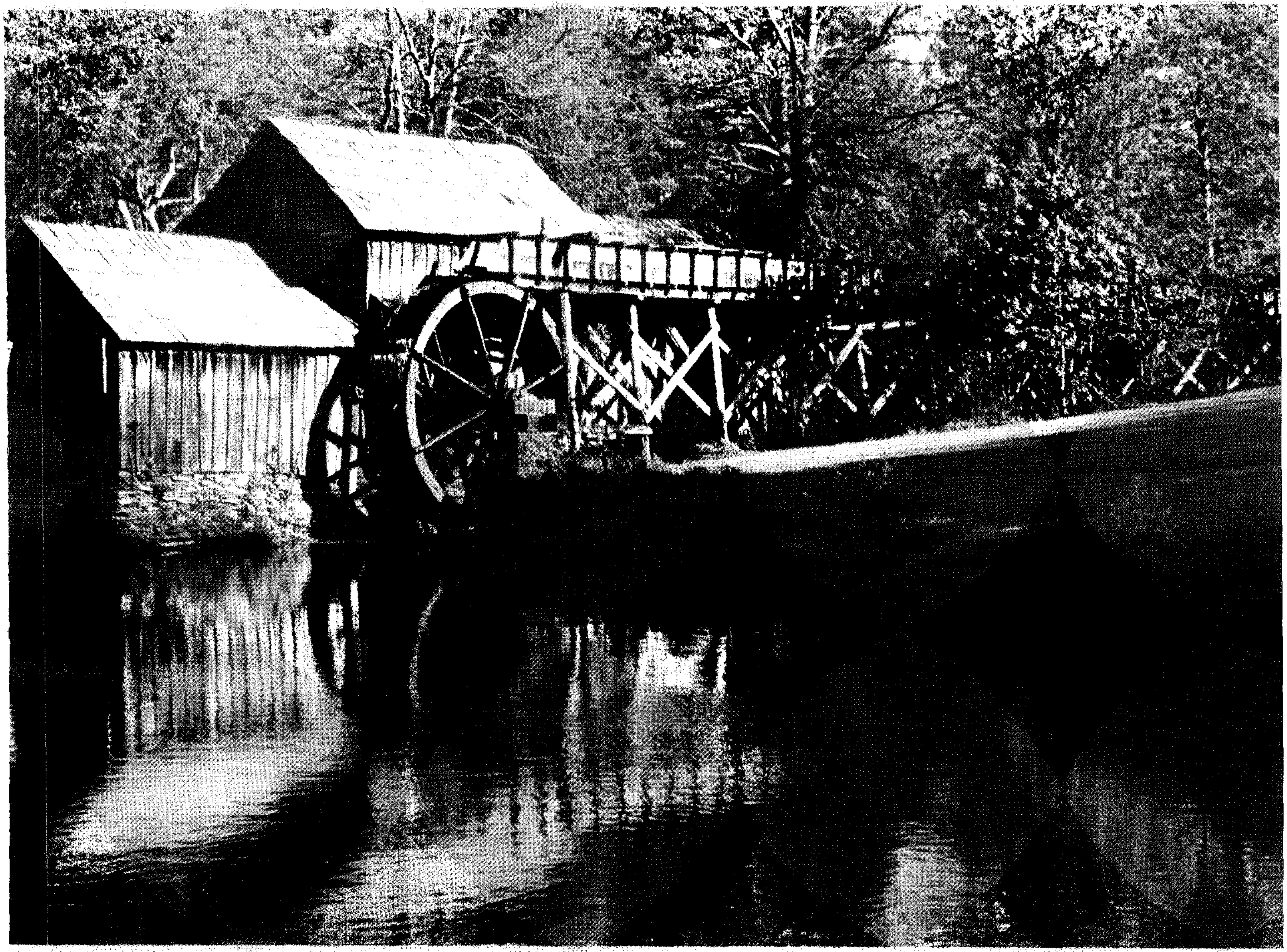

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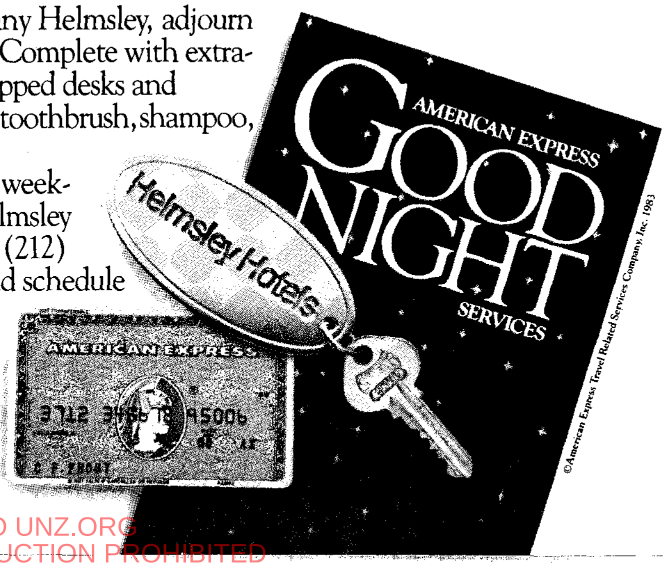

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quires a hundred and forty-five extra days. This is what Massy did his best to avoid, and his best was good enough. In thirty years of faithful service, Massy as a plain soldier will record in his "Dienstbüchlein" a grand total approximating three hundred and sixty-five days. Colonel Rainer von Falkenstein—just to choose someone for contrast—has already served thirteen hundred days, is only lightly pushing fifty, and will have recorded nearly two thousand days when he retires. Even before he earned his Ph.D. in chemistry, he had served six hundred and fifty days as a machine gunner—a family tradition. The other six hundred and fifty days—as an army specialist in chemical and nuclear weapons—have come out of his employment at the Sandoz pharmaceutical company. It is all in his "Little Book of Service."

Any rise in rank costs many extra days. Serving them is known as "paying your grade." Corporals with a certain something about them are invited to become lieutenants, and for that they pay two hundred and thirty-six days. After leading a section for a number of three-week refresher courses, a lieutenant may be invited to become a captain, and the price for that is a hundred and sixty-five days—while Massy racks wine. As an oenologist, he has formed the opinion that the wine will not become memorable as a result of his being a major, but it could become insipid. Not everyone who is self-employed takes the same short view. Lawyers find the army an excellent milieu for the development of practice. Salesmen in uniform go right on selling. Schoolteachers, who acquire an essentially fixed status at the outset of their careers, tend to seek in the army the rewards and reassurance of promotion.

Certain captains—described as "a crème-de-la-crème élite"—are invited to become candidates for the general staff, which, as in any army, makes plans, forms strategy, and integrates operations. At least five separate courses must be passed to achieve the distinction, and so much additional service that the days are difficult to count. Doctors, lawyers drop aside; they haven't the time. Corporations underwrite the general staff. The exact number of general-staff officers is classified but is something like two thousand. If a corporation has in its hierarchy fifty military officers, possibly two will be on the general staff. There is, of course, no published list. One cannot look these people up. But—Jeker, Heusser, Hupfauf, Bührle—being on the general staff is not a personal secret. A man would list it on his résumé. It is said that a corporation expects fifty per cent more of a member of the general staff, even if he is away eight weeks a year. To perform an exercise all night in rain and then get ready for sleep only to be called out again for some hours and then denied sleep again in order to confront a new situation—and so on for fifty-six consecutive hours—is to undergo training for the general staff. "It was the most stressful time of my life. I would do it again. You are under pressure. You have to make decisions. You are alone. You have to learn. It is good executive training. It is more rigorous than Harvard."

Something under half the general staff are full-time army officers, whose principal function is teaching, in basic-training schools and refresher courses. To learn what they are to teach, some of them are sent to the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology, in Zurich, and they also go abroad. They study at the German general-staff college, in Hamburg. They study at the École Supérieure de Guerre, in Paris, and the Royal College of Defense Studies, in London. They can be found regularly in United States Army schools at Fort Benning, Fort Leavenworth, and Fort Knox. Thoroughgoing professionals, they can be numbered in the low hundreds. In the Swiss Army as a whole, there are fifty thousand officers who are neither professionals nor members of the general staff, and what is most remarkable about them is—businessmen, bankers—how professional they appear coming out from behind their desks. It is impossible to say that the face becomes the mask, or the mask becomes the face, because the colonel and the barrister, the banker and the captain, the major and the businessman are one. In their uniforms, there might be a faint whiff of mothballs, but not in their military presence. Spread through the country with their troops, they suggest such establishment of command that they seem to be alumni of a West Point, of which Switzerland has no counterpart more exact than its banks.

Observed in their cadres, wearing their gold stripes and tailored green, as, say, they dine together in regimental headquarters at the Hotel

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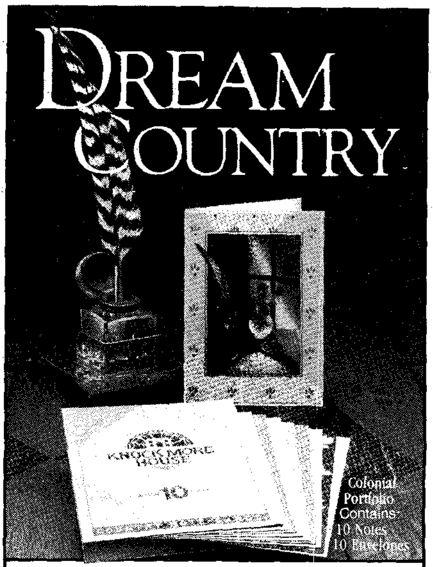
Rhone, in Salgesch, they are—from Day One of a repetition course—very evidently cohesive, hierarchical, serious, and believably military, no matter where they may have been the day before. There is an atmosphere of shared experience. Companionable, familiar, they seem to belong together, and, from nuance to nuance, to speak their common language uncommonly in common. As one captain has delicately phrased it for me, "we don't want to have an upper-class officers' corps, but on the other hand it is not easy for a plumber or a mason to be with the officers." They are somewhat St. Paul's. That is, they are essentially old school, and in fundament ecclesiastic. Chaplains pray with them in the morning and bring them benediction at night. They break their croissants at six-thirty sharp. Beforehand, the young chaplain of the day may have brought greetings from his uncle, a retired colonel, and then used phrases like "No problem" while comparing life to a crossword puzzle wherein the vertical is love of God, the horizontal is love of man, and the two together form the cross. Seated at a long table and flanking Colonel Chaudet, they appear to be convened for the Last Breakfast. More than half of them have—or are working on—advanced degrees. Colonel Chaudet is said to be working on a possible candidacy for a place on the Federal Council, whose seven ministers are collectively the supreme national executive. His father, Paul Chaudet, was Minister of Defense some time ago, and twice took his turn as President of Switzerland. The colonel is cool, a little shy, somewhat distant. Often, one hears said of him, "C'est le fils de son père." In their bright, evening moods, the officers sometimes call to mind stage scenes of old Heidelberg, as if the river nearby were, for the moment, the Neckar instead of the Rhone. Not a great deal of time has gone by since the days of the student fighting societies, which were as prevalent in Switzerland as in Germany—the Alt Helvetia Society, the Tigurinia Society, the Jurassia and Germania Societies—wherein the young future officers in the universities went at each other with one-metre swords. It was a tradition. They did not fight to "win," they fought to develop fearlessness and other forms of courage.

When I learned that Dr. Max Taeschler, a friend of mine in Basel, had belonged in his youth to such a



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society, I asked him, "Did you cut each other?"

He said, "Only in the head."

In Salgesch, over raclette and Fendant, I remarked one evening to the captain on my right that the atmosphere among the assembled officers suggested an English or American gentlemen's club. "That is an excellent definition of the army," he said. "That is it—exactly."

The major on my left commented frankly that he had put a great deal of effort into his military career, in part for patriotism and in part for the rank, because of its advantage in the civilian world.

The captain concluded, "If you are going to have a close tie between the citizenry and the army, you have to have an effect on the society, including the closing of some doors to non-army people. That, of course, is criticized."

In days largely gone by, to be a sergeant was more important in a village than to be a priest or the mayor. To become an officer was—in one's family—a matter of triumph or tradition. Not to be accepted for military service was a family shame. These durable criteria have diminished but have not disappeared. To be turned down by the army is a financial liability if not a complete shame. Doors close in the commercial world.

There are those also who do not accept service—two or three hundred young men each year who for religious and conscientious reasons refuse to serve—and doors are closed to them in the most emphatic way: they are tried in court and sent to jail. Sentences range from four to six months. Swiss Mennonites who refused to carry arms emigrated long ago to places like Iowa and Pennsylvania. Only on the ground of mental or physical unfitness can a Swiss male citizen be legally excused from the army, unless he happens to be a policeman or hold some other deferment job. The list is short. In 1977, a hundred thousand Swiss signed a petition that put on the ballot an initiative calling for alternative ways to do national service—hospital work or whatever. Eight to five, the people voted it down. The Federal Council has recently decreed that a soldier with his colonel's permission may serve without a gun. There is now a petition in circulation that calls for an initiative to abolish the army altogether. An initiative to abolish chocolate would stand an equal chance.

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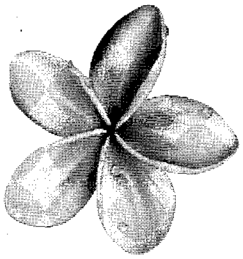

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is Lord Byron's name, by his own hand, in the dungeon that held the prisoner of Chillon. The most intense are the terse initials that equate the Helvetian Confederation with the Third Reich: "CH = SS." A surprising number are in English: "STONED AGAIN," "KILL THE PIGS NOW," "THE SHIP'S A-GOIN' DOWN." Most of all, one sees the circled "A" of the anarchist youth movement that has ruffled the complacency of the republic with protest in recent years but seems for the moment to have subsided, to have acquired a complacency of its own. The circled "A"s increase in number with proximity to Zurich, proximity to Basel, proximity to Geneva. Generally speaking, the acceptance and esteem that the army enjoys among contemporary youth in Switzerland are in direct proportion to distance from cities.

"Can we count on the young generation? Yes. Yes. Yes. Be careful on this question. As commander of a regiment, I have found that young people in the seventeen weeks' basic training might cause trouble for one or two weeks only. After that, their psychological problems are negligible, and more or less don't exist."

"Basel, Geneva, and Zurich are not representative of Switzerland. There are critical, negative youngsters in cities. Youngsters are completely different in the Mittelland farm country and certainly in the mountains. If there are troubles, they are in the big towns."

"The army is an educational matter in Switzerland—not only a question of defense. Every Swiss age twenty needs to be shouted at a little and to have a good time with friends. He becomes a citizen who has a gun at home."

Young athletes, whose years of maximum ability are so elusively brief, have been known to appear at the army health examination with their bloodstreams full of alcohol, so their hearts would flutter like caged birds. Some are adept at simulating deafness in one ear. Not many are rejected outright. La Commission de Recrutement assigns them instead to the Service Complémentaire, to do a hundred days' duty over ten years—clerklike, without weapons. One Swiss athlete who quite undeceptively ended up in the Service Complémentaire was Jean-François Pahud, a first-rank distance runner twenty years ago. He was known throughout the nation as Le Long Pahud—a reference to his remarkable physique. Towering above the doctor in the examination room,

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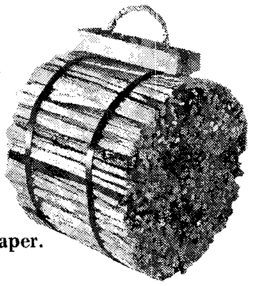

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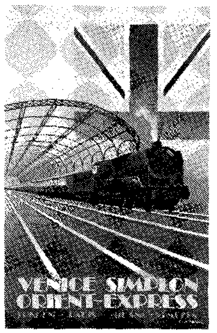

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Pahud, who could run five kilometres in fourteen and a half minutes, was told that he was unfit for the army because his chest was too small. To qualify for the Swiss Army, a man's chest circumference had to be half his height, and Pahud's was far from it. He was told to do certain exercises and return in a year. A year later, age twenty, Pahud returned. His chest had become even smaller. "Like all Swiss youth, I saw the army as a test of manhood," he recalls. "I hoped to be an officer. Only later did other athletes point out to me how lucky I was." In the Service Complémentaire, he found the other athletes: the Swiss record holder in the shot put, the European record holder at two hundred metres.

Albert Einstein, who became a Swiss citizen at the age of twenty-one, was also rejected by the regular army. He had varicose veins and flat feet, and was assigned, like Le Long Pahud, to the Service Complémentaire.

Women may join the Service Complémentaire. For them, it is voluntary, but once they sign up they serve for fifteen years. They drive vehicles. They operate telephone and radio systems. They cook. They tend homing pigeons. I have heard all that referred to as "housewife work." Switzerland in 1981 passed a law assuring equality of rights to women and men—an equivalent of the Equal Rights Amendment, and a large step for a nation that only ten years before gave women the right to vote in national elections. In Appenzell, women still cannot vote in cantonal elections. There are no women on the general staff.

Jean-François Pahud is now the curator of the Olympic Museum, in Lausanne. A tall man with a great wash of silver-edged black hair, a prominent nose, a large black mustache, he remains more slender than a finishing nail. In the event of a national emergency, he says, every athlete would be on hand to do something about it.

Does he feel there is a need for an army in Switzerland?

He replies, "C'est clair."

WITH other parts of the battalion, Massy and the Section de Renseignements reported at noon to the garage in Brig where the bureaucracy of the Poste-Téléphone-Télégraphe regionally services its numerous buses, all of which were out on the road. The room was as big as an armory. The soldiers lined up to be

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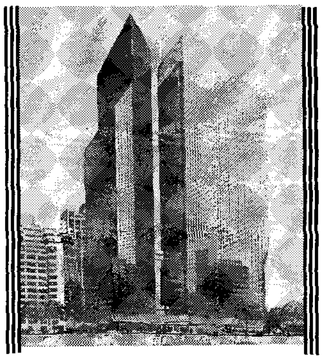

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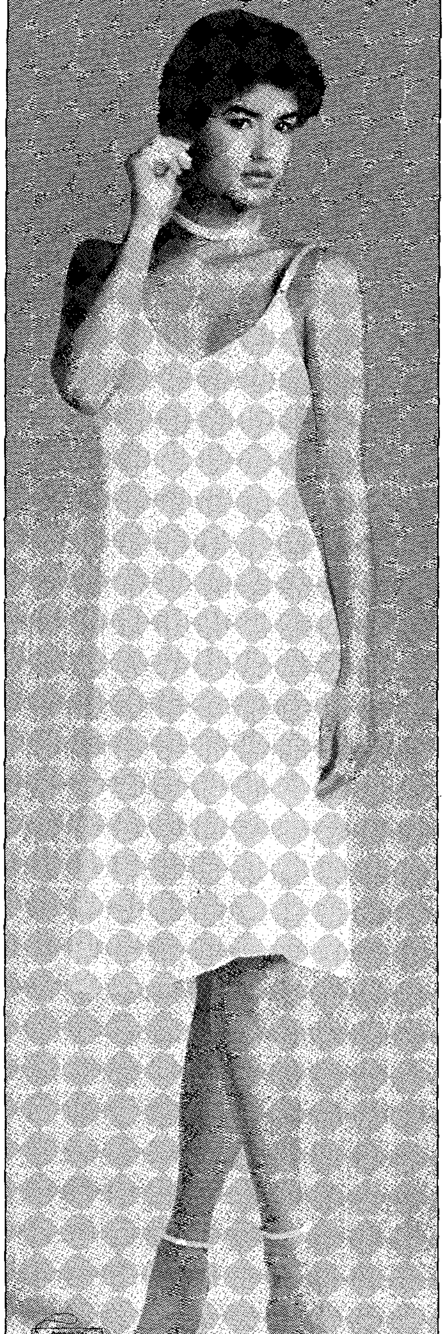

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issued sleeping bags, mountain jackets, rain capes, gaiters, Finnish hats, and surgical bandages. Thus their refresher course began, and they sat on their packs and waited. Lieutenant Wyssa waited. Captain Dessemontet. Massy, at the center of a cluster of soldiers, removed from his pack a bottle of wine. Massy's pack looked like a launcher of ground-to-air missiles. He began his refresher course with his tire-bouchon, raising the cork. He ran it past his nose, and unbuttoned his breast pocket, reaching for his little glass. "The purpose of the Section de Renseignements is to eliminate uncertainty," he said, addressing no one in particular, expecting nothing in return—erupting with mock instructions and aping the tone of an officer, as he often does, apparently to enjoy the sound as it raps the air. Following his ritual, he filled the glass, wished good health to the soldiers around him, and drank. Then he filled it again, for Pascal Layaz, twenty-two years old, a graphic artist from Vevey, who wears a gold ring in one ear; for Pierre Pillard, twenty-seven years old, a red-headed, red-bearded fitter of false teeth, who works in Yverdon; for Christian Tanniger, Michel Frei, Bernard Parisod, housepainters, of Lausanne, Vevey, Montreux; for Jean-Bruno Wettstein, of Nyon. Reporting to Brig, in Valais, they were all from the Canton de Vaud. Regiments still belong to the cantons, which have not transferred to the federal government nearly as much right or power as have the states of the United States. A person who earns, say, twenty thousand francs a year in the Canton de Vaud owes taxes of less than a hundred francs to the confederation and eighteen hundred to the canton. A person who earns a hundred thousand francs pays six thousand to the confederation and twenty-three thousand to the canton. If a canton needs troops, it can take two battalions from any of its regiments without requesting them of the confederation. In Lausanne, the capital of Vaud, a green bronze statue dominates the plaza between the Château Saint-Maire and the house of the Grand Council. It is a likeness of Charles Veillon (1809-69), described on the plinth as "Colonel of the Army of Vaud."

In the bus garage, the proud soldiers seemed pleased to be seeing one another—as who would not be, through the bottom of Massy's glass? There was more to being in the army than being in the army: they were back

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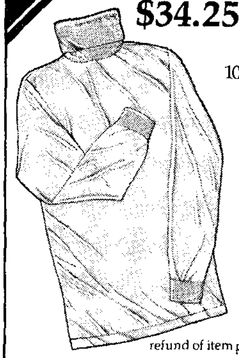

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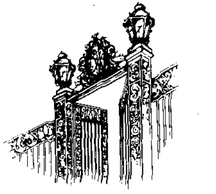

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together. Sometimes in the civilian year, they have their small reunions. As an adjutant began shouting orders, each order was mimicked by someone obscure in the crowd. Massy smiled and poured the wine. Generally speaking, it can be said that discipline is nearly perfect in the Swiss Army, and that discipline is perhaps a little less than perfect if the soldiers are thinking in French, and, finally, that within any French-speaking battalion perfection tends to dilapidate in the Section de Renseignements. According to majors and manuals, Renseignements is an activity that calls for a special style of mind, constantly seeking intelligence and finding it even if it is not there, for in peacetime exercises what is required above all else is imagination. The effect of the Section de Renseignements is, in one major's words, "to make it live." The patrols of Renseignements walk in the unoccupied territory between the battalion and the enemy. They circle high behind enemy lines. Since the mountains are real and the enemy is not, there tends to be a certain diminution of energy during a refresher course—particularly on the part of those who go out on patrol, in contrast to those who stay in the command post and think up things for the patrols to do. Essentially, the people in the command posts are editors, trying to make sense of the information presented by the patrols, and by and large the patrols are collections of miscellaneous free-lancing loners, who lack enthusiasm for the military enterprise, have various levels of antipathy to figures of authority, and, in a phrase employed by themselves and their officers alike, are "the black sheep of the army."

Of the five companies in each battalion, it is the Headquarters Company that includes the Section de Renseignements. Soldiers in the Section de Renseignements are drawn from each of the four other companies. More often than not, the captains choose from their companies soldiers they want to get rid of.

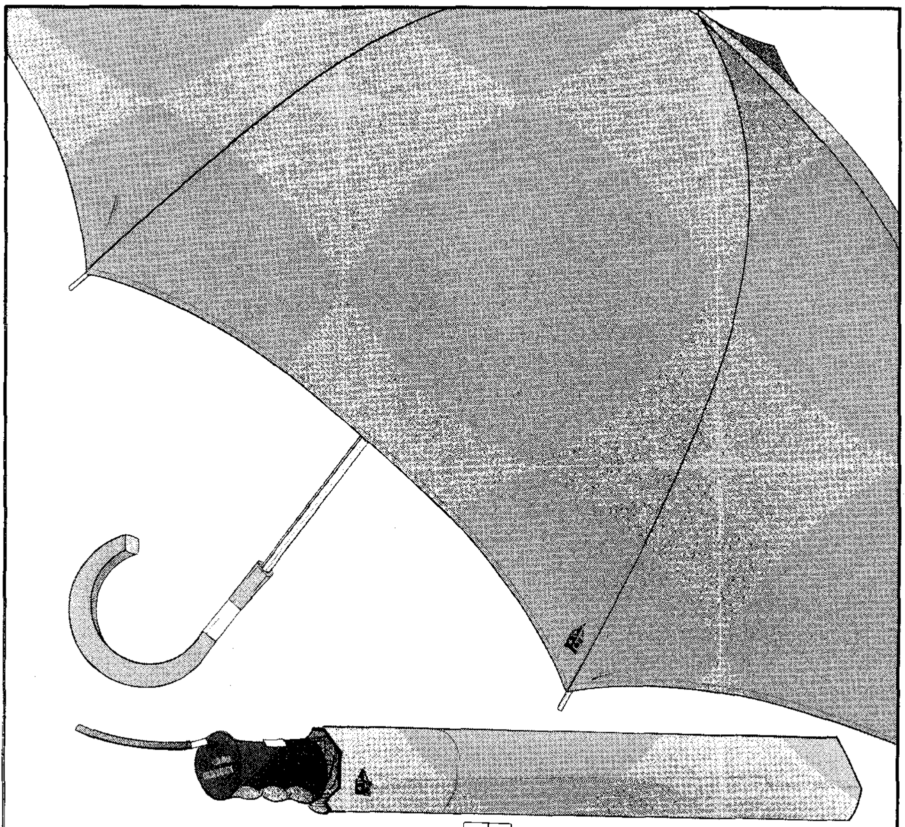
"Massy, did they want to get rid of you?"

"But yes."

"But why?"

"I have spent many days in le trou."

Le trou—known formally as the local d'arrêts and the arrestlokal—is where soldiers are locked up after they come in late at night, for example, or fail to clean their rifles, or drink themselves to paralysis, or go to sleep on watch, or shoot at téléphérique cables



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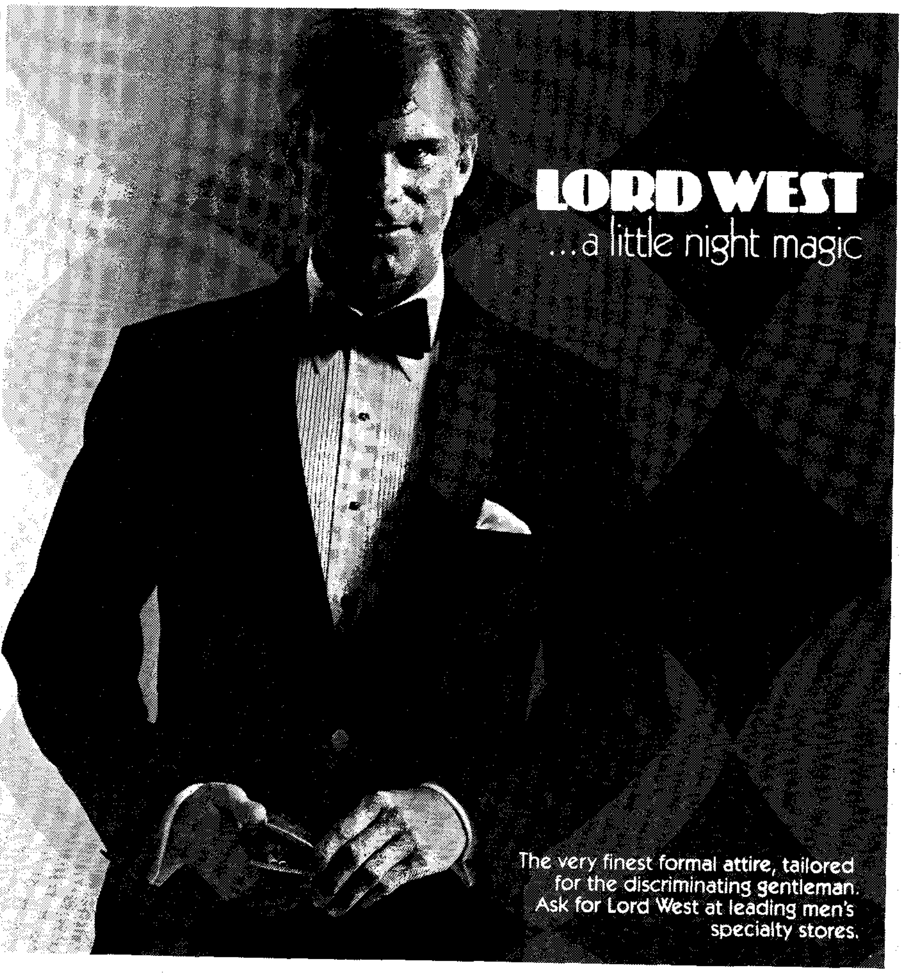

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and high-tension wires. It is where many people thought a number of soldiers should have been put after they shot at centerfold photographs from *Playboy*. A captain can give three days in le trou, a major ten, a colonel fifteen. The soldier is locked up with a Bible.

"He has a window now."

"Because of the human rights."

When bullets hit high-tension wires, the wires flash with flame. When the soldiers used *Playboy* pictures as assault-rifle targets, the story was reported in newspapers and feminists burst into flame. The army said the fusiliers had shown bad taste. Various amici curiae asked why the women had let themselves be photographed in the first place—a question lacking an answer that would satisfy a Swiss.

Massy yanked at a pétard on a lieutenant's chest and got ten days in le trou. There was more to the story, of course, than just that. A pétard is a small imitation grenade—basically a firecracker. Like a grenade, it has a fuse, and it explodes six and a half seconds after the fuse is activated. The playful Massy intended to remove the pétard, fuse and all, from the lieutenant's chest, but the lieutenant slapped at Massy's hand and Massy succeeded only in activating the fuse. Six, five, four . . . There were fifty pétards on the lieutenant's chest. After the first one exploded, others sequentially exploded, too. The lieutenant became a walking sparkler. As Massy describes him, "he was running around like Donald Duck." Attempting to stop the chain reaction, the lieutenant took off his steel helmet and clasped it to his chest. There was great thunder and a burst of lightning as all the remaining pétards exploded together. Massy was paler than a white grape. He thought the lieutenant was "finished." The lieutenant, as it happened, was completely uninjured, needed only a new uniform—and it was Massy who, for the nonce, was finished.

Pillard—the denture technician—reacted against all authority throughout his seventeen weeks of basic training and thereafter found a home in Renseignements. Later, at Trient, on the road to Chamonix, Pillard refused to obey a corporal who wanted him to do some extra work, and he spent ten days in le trou.

Jean-Bruno Wettstein, as a result of his first repetition course, was among the select who were invited to seek promotion. He went to a doctor instead. He said he had no desire to

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command anything and did not believe in the army. He said he could not accept the phenomenon of war, believing it to be "absurd and stupid." The doctor told him that if he was not careful he would be coded psycho in federal files and the label would hamper him for the rest of his life. The doctor wrote a letter that emphasized both Wettstein's sanity and the extreme difficulty he seemed to have in accepting authority. Wettstein was excused from the army for two years. He went to Gascony and worked with goats. "We were going to change the world," Wettstein said of himself and others. "But the world did not change, and we did." Eventually, when he rejoined the battalion, he was, in his words, "almost automatically put into Renseignements."

The soldiers were dressed now in their gaiters, their mountain jackets, their Finnish hats. Packs on their backs, rifles across their chests, they left the P.T.T. garage and walked half a mile through the quiet streets of Brig. They were on their way to La Prise du Drapeau, a ceremony in which the battalion would bring forth from storage its hallowed flag, to be carried into putative battle.

"It symbolizes our fighting spirit," someone remarked.

And Wettstein said, "Fighting spirit is very important in football games."

Wettstein, once a long-distance runner, continues to be in fine condition through his work in the alpages. With amiable brown eyes and a ready smile, he softens the bite of his words. Straight brown hair lightly touches his shoulders. He is the son of a radiologist, and he grew up in Geneva, a city that, in his words, is full of "bad Swiss." One year, as an exchange student, he went to Linn-Mar High School, in Marion, Iowa, where he won his "L-M" in track. "The Republic and Canton of Geneva has been in the confederation only since 1815," he said, explaining his remark about his home town. "It is an international city with no strong Swiss traditions." Genevans sometimes say that it is not necessary to be stupid to be a colonel but it helps.

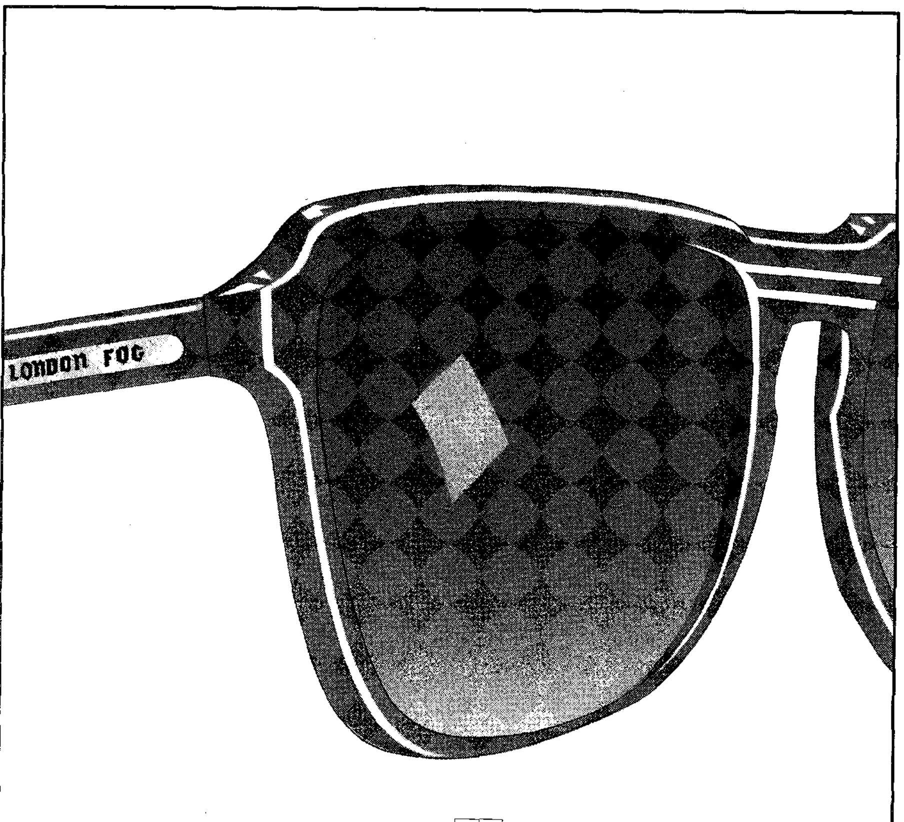
Passing German street signs and German shop signs, the soldiers walked through town to hear a speech in French.

"Who will speak?"

"The major."

"What will he say?"

"He will say, 'The purpose of the army is to keep Switzerland free. The



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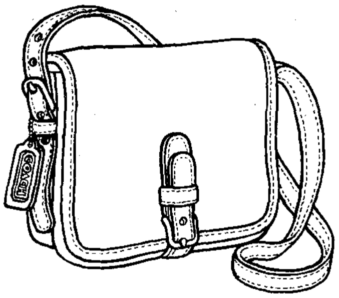

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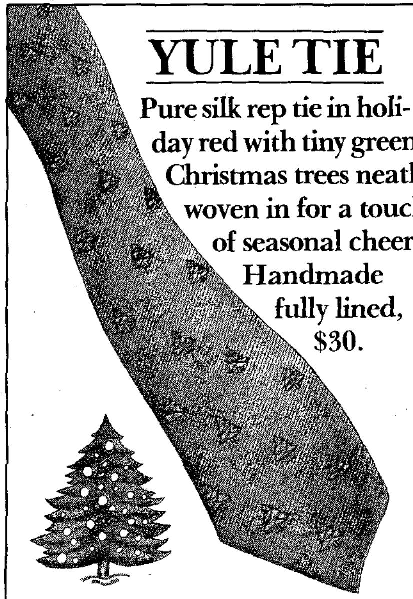

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Russians are not very far away. Have a good three weeks. Dismissed.' "

The soldiers left their packs in a small meadow and formed ranks on a green beside a school. In various directions, there was little to see but light industry, a church steeple, small apartment buildings, sheep, cattle, and fruit trees—until you looked up. Everywhere above were Alps—gold, red, and green on the lower slopes, white beyond the timberline: Glishorn, Hübschhorn, Klenenhorn, the framing peaks of Simplon; Riederhorn, Hohstock, Sparrhorn, ascending the Bernese Oberland. Clouds were streaming up the mountainsides, running through the conifers like smoke. All five companies of the Eighth Battalion were assembled at parade rest and waiting. The Divisionnaire arrived, and the regimental colonel, Chaudet—the Divisionnaire in a white Mercedes, the Colonel in his gray one. Lesser officers lined up flanking Tschumy and Chaudet, including Captain François Rumpf, of the Bankverein; Major Peter Keller, of Hoffmann–La Roche; Colonel Louis Gilliéron, of La Suisse Assurances; and Major Jean-Daniel Favre, of the Schweizerische Industrie Gesellschaft.

The five companies stood and silently waited. The Divisionnaire, the Colonel, and the lesser officers waited. The Alps waited. Time came and went forever while they waited for the band. It is a tradition among Swiss Army musicians that Swiss Army musicians are unique and special and deserve to be treated as such, in a class by themselves, above schedules and—like nothing else in Switzerland—beyond the clock.

Captain Rumpf whispered, "They are prima donnas."

Thirty minutes after the Divisionnaire had appeared, the band showed up, wearing old steel combat helmets of the sort that faced west across the Western Front. They puffed with effort on their tubas and bassoons, and —unlike the waiting soldiers—could in no sense be described as élite. They were middle-aged, for the most part, with beards of assorted lengths and paunches as prominent as drums. They appeared to have come out of an American Legion hall on the edge of River City. They might have been holding their thirty-fifth reunion. With emotion, elegance, stateliness, they played the national anthem.

The flag was carried forth, and Major Jacques-Henri Beausire stood in a jeep and addressed his battalion.

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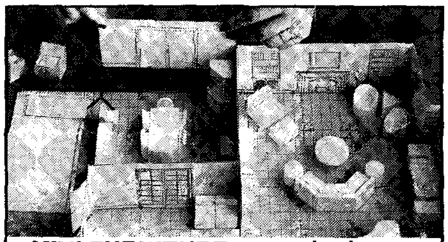

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"Officiers, sous-officiers, soldats . . ."

Major Beausire, an independent economic entrepreneur, is a former banker, whose brush-cut hair and firm heavy build more readily suggested an emeritus fullback.

"Ce matin, vous avez déjà accompli un des moments difficiles. . . ."

The speech was inconvenienced by a Toyota forklift in a marble yard next door.

". . . laisser les siens pour une période de trois semaines . . ."

The machine sporadically burped, and only fragments of the speech came through.

". . . quitter son activité professionelle malgré les soucis de la période économique que nous traversons. . . ."

Seven tons of rock fell off the fork.

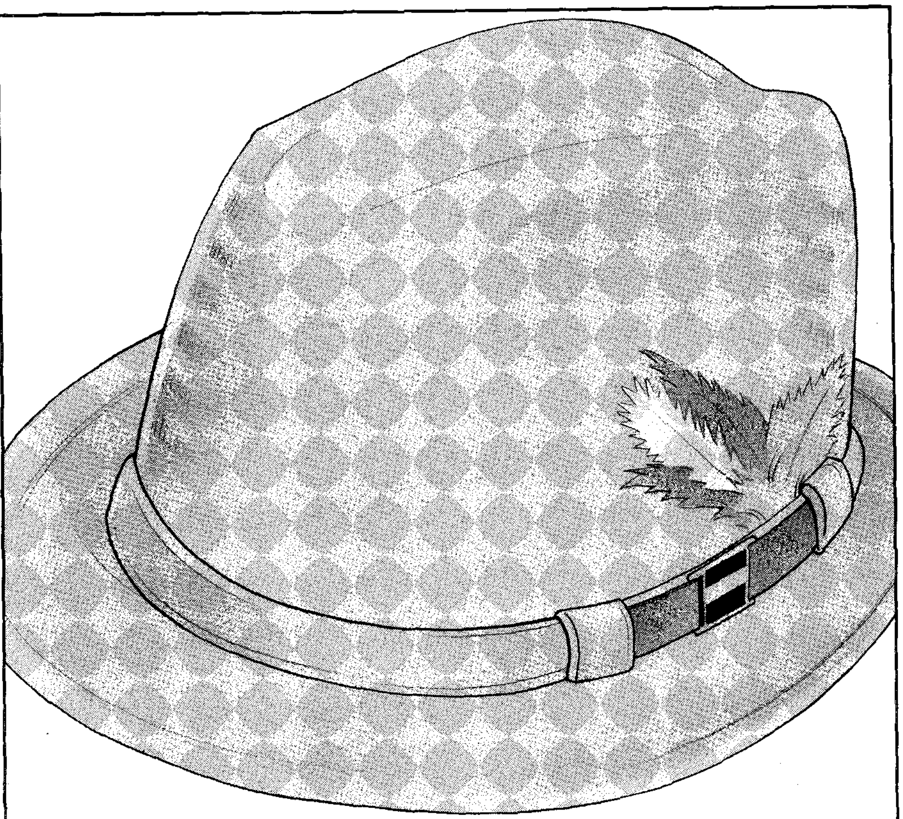
"Je sais que vous aurez à cœur de démontrer que les gens de votre âge ne correspondent pas forcément à l'image de la minorité qui nous est abondamment rapportée et décrite par les moyens d'information. . . ."

As the soldiers left the ceremony, Wettstein parroted the Major, saying, " 'You are here now and have made a great sacrifice to leave your homes and jobs. You are representing the nation and not a discontented minority of youth. . . .' It is the same speech always," he said. "It is the same speech as in the States."

Massy said, "It is written by the same person."

WHEN I have not been out walking and collecting information with the Section de Renseignements, I have been in the charge of Captain Rumpf, whose "Little Book of Service" shows eleven hundred days. The latter ones may have been trying for him. It is possible that Rumpf would prefer to be crawling under machine-gun bullets. After I made application to the government in Bern—and was softwared, dossiered, and cleared—I received letters informing me that I would "serve" with units of the Tenth Mountain Division and be under the general surveillance of Captain François Rumpf. He is an adjutant of Divisionnaire Tschumy, and has completed two or three months of special training to become a major, which is not quite enough; as a final requirement he has been given the task of overseeing me. I alone stand between Rumpf and the broad gold stripe of a major.

Rumpf is forty-one. He married Juliette Roussy, a daughter of the Dean of the Cathedral of Lausanne, and has three young daughters. When I first



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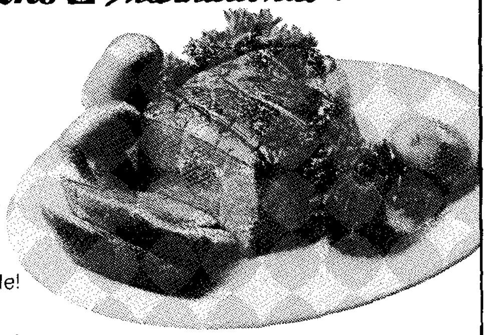

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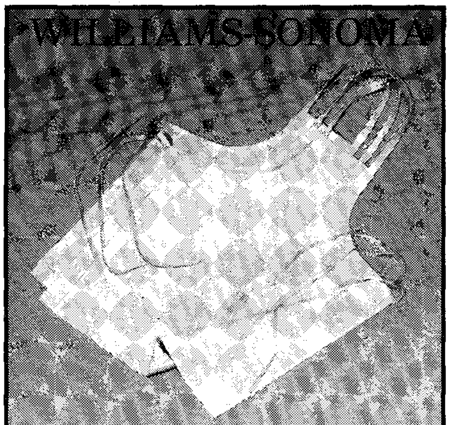

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met him, in Basel, he was wearing a Cardin blazer, a yellow V-necked cashmere pullover, a white-collared blue-and-white-striped shirt, and an English club tie. My own daughters would call him megaprep. With his apple cheeks and boyish manner, he did seem like a teacher at Uppingham or Kent, but he proved to be in charge of all private customers, worldwide, for the Schweizerischer Bankverein. He appreciatively acknowledges that he was given the job because of his rank in the army. The son of two doctors, he grew up in Vevey. His surname notwithstanding, he is resolutely Suisse romand—pure Vaudois and so much so that he regards Geneva as "absolutely not a Swiss town," and goes on to remark, "You will see a lot of Arabs there." In one of those moments of amazed recognition when someone exclaims "It's a small world!" Rumpf genteelly disagrees. "I say it is not a small world," says Rumpf. "I say the upper class is thin." He served the Bankverein for eight years in Monaco, and is now posted to Basel, from which he sends his children—Sophie, Joelle, Laetitia—daily into France to school. His ancestors lived in Basel, but he says the people of Basel today would never understand his Bentley (which he keeps in France). They might regard as rather odd his passion for distinguished cars.

The army has given him and me a sick Opel. We get around, seeing people and exercises. We go into the hanging valleys. Rumpf is an aesthetician. He likes sunsets, snow-covered couloirs, vines in fruit, and Switzerland. He points out the lovely, rock-enlofted church in Raron—where Rainer Maria Rilke is buried by the south-facing wall—and on the road to Simplon he ignores the hidden cannons. He tends to treat the army itself as if it were a military secret.

We went into the Val d'Anniviers. The dendritic valleys of Valais, branches of the Rhone system—Blinnental, Lötschental, Mattertal, Val de Bagnes, Val d'Hérens, Val d'Anniviers—are so competitively beautiful that (as with most awards) no one valley can reasonably be chosen above all others. Having said that, if I could go into only one I would without hesitation go into the Val d'Anniviers. Up out of the Rhone Valley we climbed the switchbacks from Sierre. We were discussing events that might occur in a time of national emergency, and I was asking Captain Rumpf how the army might

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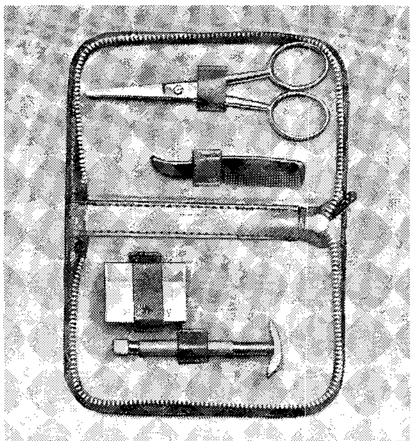

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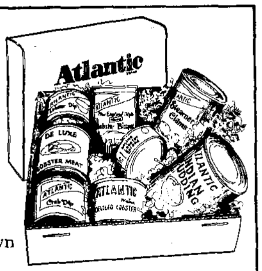

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respond if an enemy were to insist that Switzerland surrender or be showered with atomic bombs.

"We will absolutely never give up," he said. "Ninety-five per cent of Switzerland is sheltered, and we are on our way to a hundred per cent."

We were passing through the village of Niouc. Already, we were twelve hundred feet above the Rhone, and the mountainsides close around us went up six thousand more. Moving on along the keelson of the Val d'Anniviers, we could see ahead of us some of the high Pennines—Grand Cornier, Dent Blanche, Ober-Gabelhorn. "Do not bring a tank into this valley," Rumpf counselled me. "You would be blown to pieces."

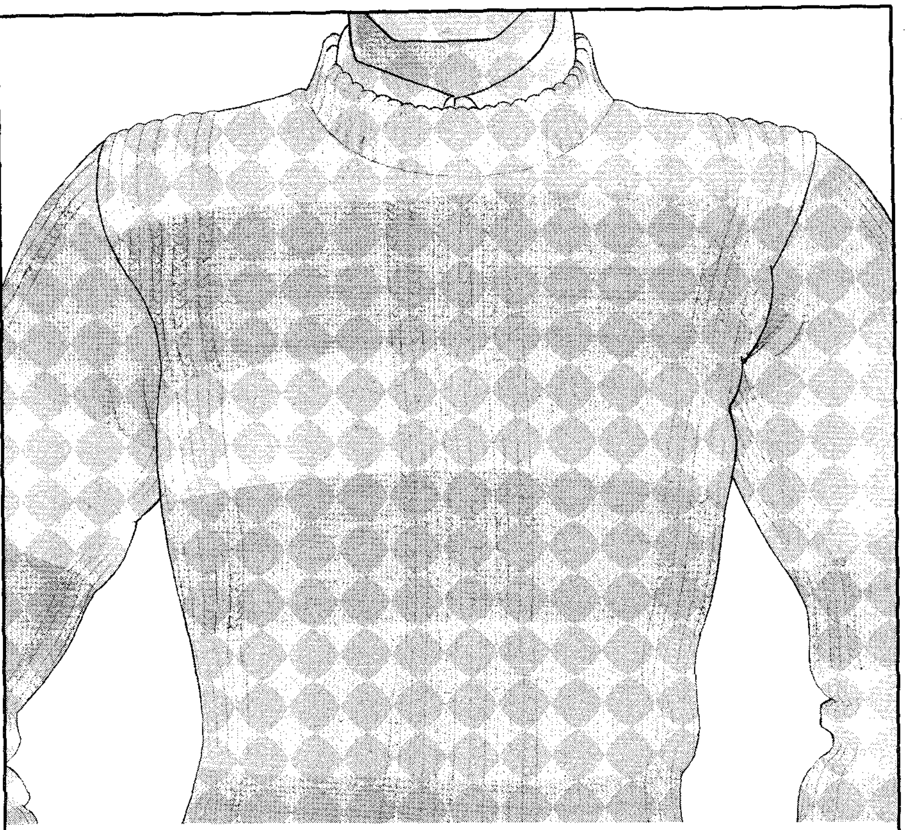
The deeply cutting river was called La Navisence. Villages, spread in the sun on their alpages, were two thousand feet above the river. Other villages—Saint-Luc, Saint-Jean—were on lower ground, the chalets dark and plain. In Grimentz, there was a waterwheel and dark granaries standing on flat round stones, and notices on the walls: "AVIS DE TIR." The people are the first to know when bullets will be flying. About fifteen kilometres from the Rhone, we moved close among the buildings of a town called Mission, where Rumpf parked beside a public hall. It had been a school—one large room on an upper floor—and for the moment it was the brain center of the regiment's Seventh Battalion.

"I'll just look in a moment and see if anyone's here," said Rumpf.

Major Jean-Philippe Jaussi was there, and Captain Ernst Sturzenegger, finishing, with other officers, their midday meal. "Come and join us," said Jaussi. "There is plenty." The old schoolroom was touchingly spare—a heavy-plank unfinished floor, a long refectory table—with a spread of windows, mountain light, and absent paper snowflakes. The food, presented with a dated menu, was remarkably unspare—a flavorsome light potage, choux-rouge braisés, fresh saucisson and jambon fumé, pommes natures, Poire Belle-Hélène—and in the glassware was a vigorous Dôle of the Valais. Captain Sturzenegger—a youthful man with a quick-forming grin—said in the course of conversation that in his civilian job with Crédit Suisse he was in charge of all the bank's personnel outside Switzerland: the nation's modern mercenaries.

Rumpf said, "You see the influence of banking on the army."

And someone said, "Not to mention



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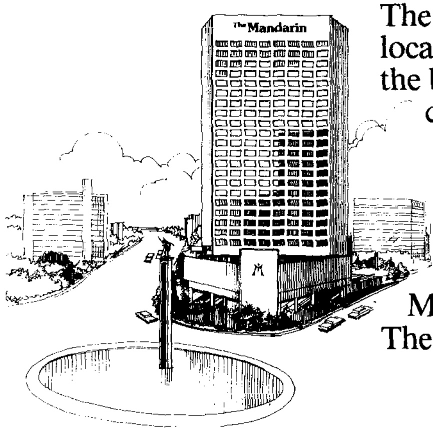

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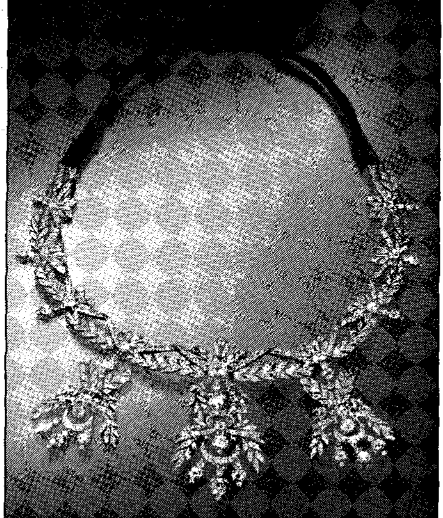
the influence of the army on banking."

I remarked that Ernst Sturzenegger was a name roughly twice as German as François Rumpf, and I wondered how Sturzenegger had come to serve in a Suisse-romand battalion.

Indeed, he was from Zurich, he said, and nothing about him was French but his colleagues in the army. In officer school, he had been told to translate something into French and had done so with ease. He was also sent out on a long walk, which he did not complete. Rubbing the one fact against the other, his superiors were pleased to reward him with exile, assigning him to a French battalion. In this way, the army deals with a chronic shortage: In French Switzerland, there are not enough officers to go around, not enough people who are willing to pay the grade, so the army must fill in with Swiss Germans. He said he had once been part of a Tenth Division company in which every officer was a Suisse allemand. There was contentment in his face and a playful smile as he completed this discussion. He said, "The French Swiss Army drinks wine, the German Swiss Army almost never." And he finished his chocolate pear.

Major Jaussi said the pear was for officers only. He called it "a little amelioration." The dinner had otherwise been served in various places to soldiers as well. I learned somewhat later that it had been prepared by a chef tournant from the brigade de cuisine of the Hotel zum Storchen, in Zurich. His name was Fredi Eckert—a tall, dark-haired twenty-seven-year-old cook with eyes as dark brown as finishing chocolate. Until quite recently, he had been cooking at the Hyatt Regency in Chicago. He had returned to Switzerland for the army some weeks beforehand, so that he could take up his new position at the Storchen and be paid his salary while off with the troops in the mountains. This was completely acceptable to the Storchen, whose general manager, Major Jean-Philippe Jaussi, would be in the same mountains at the same time, and in the same battalion, of which he is commanding officer. Jaussi had long known Corporal Eckert in the army, had employed him earlier at the Hotel zum Storchen, and had arranged his experiences in kitchens from Ticino to Vaud, in Nice, in Zurich, in Chicago. Jaussi regards his dual association with the chef as "typical of the importance of the army in civilian life." As chef tournant at the



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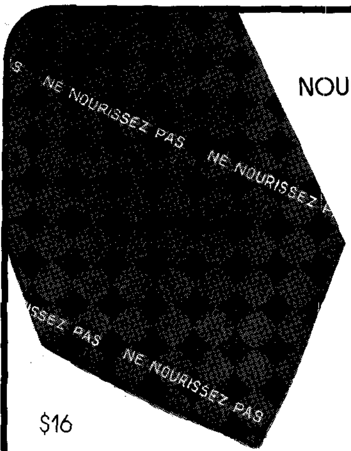

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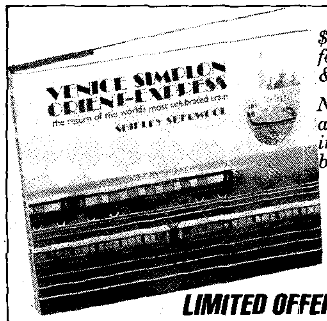

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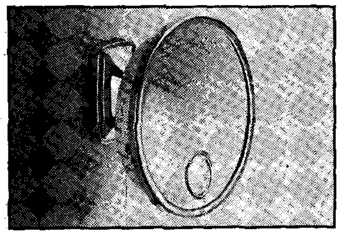

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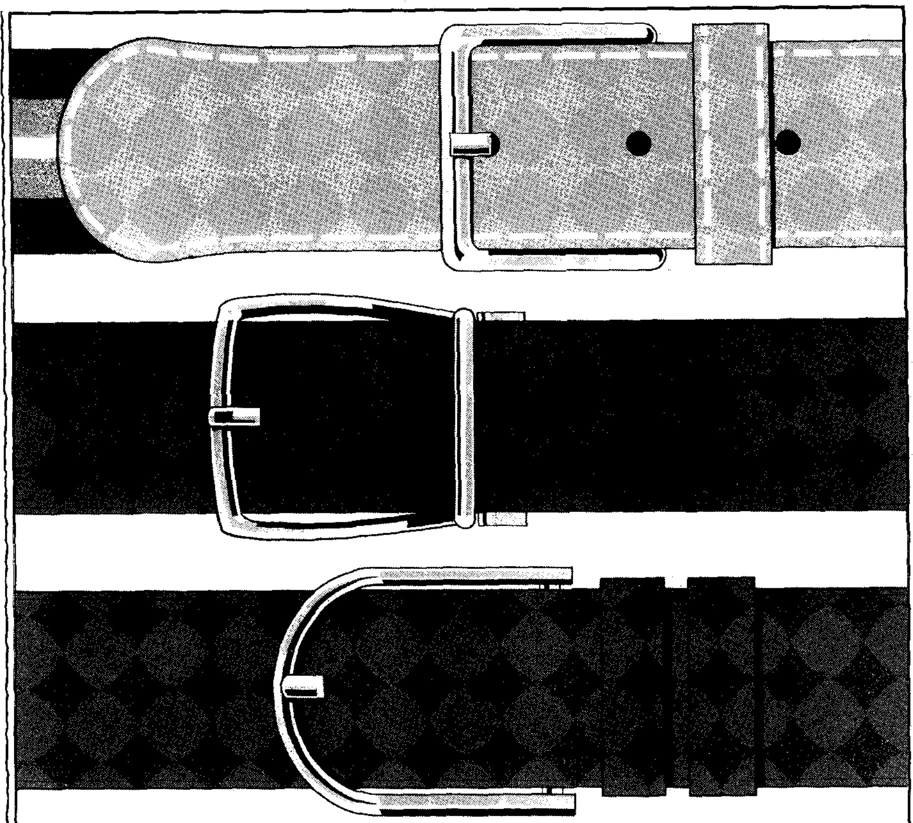
Storchen, Eckert had been working one day as saucier, the next as pâtissier, the next as garde-manger, and so on, amply proving to one and all that the hotel was fortunate to have him—not to mention the battalion, where his presence was more than a little amelioration. In this refresher course, in the battalion kitchen in the Val d'Anniviers, he had working under him as assistant cooks a biologist, an engineer, a baker, and a ship's officer from a boat on Lake Geneva. "I have always to look around," Eckert told me when I met him. "Sometimes they don't know how to take the knife in the hand."

Soldiers in refresher courses will typically eat in village restaurants, where they buy drinks but are served food that is carried into the restaurants by the army. Few battalions have a chef tournant as caporal de cuisine. On a table—serve yourself—there might be an army-colored ice chest full of lukewarm macaroni. A peck of oiled lettuce in a big aluminum pot. Some bread. Some cheese. No pears under chocolate sauce. The army kitchen staffs carry hot food wherever the soldiers happen to be. Rumpf and I were watching machine-gun practice one day, far up in the Saastal, several miles from the nearest road, in a thick snowstorm. The visibility could not have been more than three hundred feet. Around the white mountainside appeared a line of ice-bearded porters—looking for all the world like hired Sherpas—carrying brown ice chests full of hot carrots, rice, and stew.

Major Jaussi said that he was waiting for the sound of a helicopter. His mortar company was about to be inspected by the Commandant de Corps. The mortars had been set up a few miles away, and we would go there to meet the chopper. He spoke with enthusiasm about the usefulness of mortars. "For me, as battalion commander, they are my little artillery. They are precise. They are mobile, not too heavy. They cover three and a half to four kilometres. In the mountains, that is good. You can shoot from one valley to the other."

Thirty years ago, this same battalion—the Seventh Battalion of the Fifth Regiment of the Tenth Mountain Division—was commanded by Major Jaussi's father, Major Jaussi. If the present Major Jaussi were to win an international prize, I doubt that he would regard the fact with more affection. "In certain families," he said, "being in the Mountain Corps is



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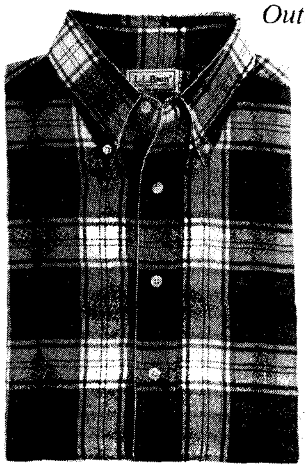

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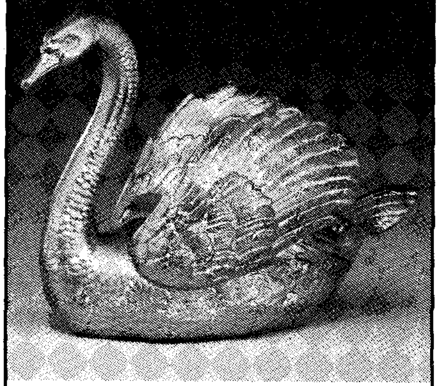

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a very strong tradition." In days that followed, I would come to know him, to talk with him at greater length than in the old schoolhouse in Mission, and he told me that when his father was not serving in the army he was being trained at the Meurice, in Paris, the Dorchester, in London, for the family has traditions in the hotel business, too, in both French and German Switzerland, reaching back through six generations. In 1969, Jean-Philippe Jaussi went to Cornell, for a semester at the school of hotel management, and in Ithaca, America, he found a truly novel world. "People said, 'Pop in. Pop in.' Wherever I went in America, people would say, 'Pop in. Pop in.' This American expression changed my approach to life. In Switzerland, it is impossible. Unimaginable. No one says, 'Pop in.' Or anything like it. My family had a big house in the country between Vevey and Montreux, about a mile back from the lake. If we wished to have visitors, my mother was always asking a week's notice. She would clean all the windows. Everything had to be perfect—the Swiss way. It's a little heavy. The Swiss are too well educated, a little too stiff, while the American says, 'Just pop in. You know where the fridge is. Just help yourself.' "

"Not this American," I murmured, zipping up my army cardigan against a mountain draft.

"If you speak French in German Switzerland, it is hard to get along, hard to make friends," Jaussi said. "Ithaca was a friendly, open world. At Cornell, they think Swiss are Swedes. Cornell never heard of Switzerland."

Jaussi had worked at the Waldorf-Astoria—and the Greenbrier, in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. "The Waldorf was a world in itself, a little city with people walking through the lobby, going from Park to Lex. It was like a bee house. In Switzerland, after midnight, there is not much going on. New York never ends. It is on a twenty-four-hour basis. I went everywhere—to Broadway, to the ballet, the Village Vanguard, Harlem. I was squeezing the lemon. I lived on Eighty-first between Lex and Third. The Greenbrier, like the Peninsula Hotel, in Hong Kong, was run by a Swiss Mafia. Hermann Rusch, the Swiss chef, was there. Virtually all the key positions were Swiss. It was a resort lost in the middle of nowhere, with a village living on the hotel. A truck went to New York for goods twice a week. I worked under Rusch as

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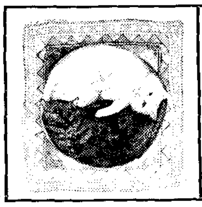

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garde-manger, among ice carvings and butter sculptures. I met Sam Snead."

Returning to Switzerland, he had applied for a job at the Hotel Zurich, and had made clear to his prospective employers his lifelong dual ambition: to manage a first-class hotel and to take the time as well to try to become an army major, to "match the achievement" of his father. He had every reason to suspect that his plan would be regarded with favor, because the Hotel Zurich—like the Hotel zum Storchen—was owned by Oerlikon-Bührle, a diversified company that manufactures (among other things) anti-aircraft guns, armored personnel carriers, and missile launchers, and has as its chief executive officer Colonel Dieter Bührle, a member of the general staff. Hired to do sales and marketing, Jaussi went off to Milwaukee, to Albany, to Kansas City, successfully drumming up trade. He was surprised when the Hotel zum Storchen job was offered to him, because, as a Suisse romand, he felt himself a bit of a foreigner in La Suisse Allemande. To run the hotel by the river in the old city—where Paracelsus had been a guest, as had Richard Wagner—he thought the company would want a Zuricher, with Zurich dialect, when all he could speak was High German. He was chosen because he was a captain in the army. It was simply "a matter of leadership." The Storchen has a cloistered arcade, a boat landing, and leaded windows that are extremely clean. It has a dining balcony over the Limmat. The diners wear dark-blue suits. Half are from Zurich and half from Philadelphia. They speak discounted Esperanto.

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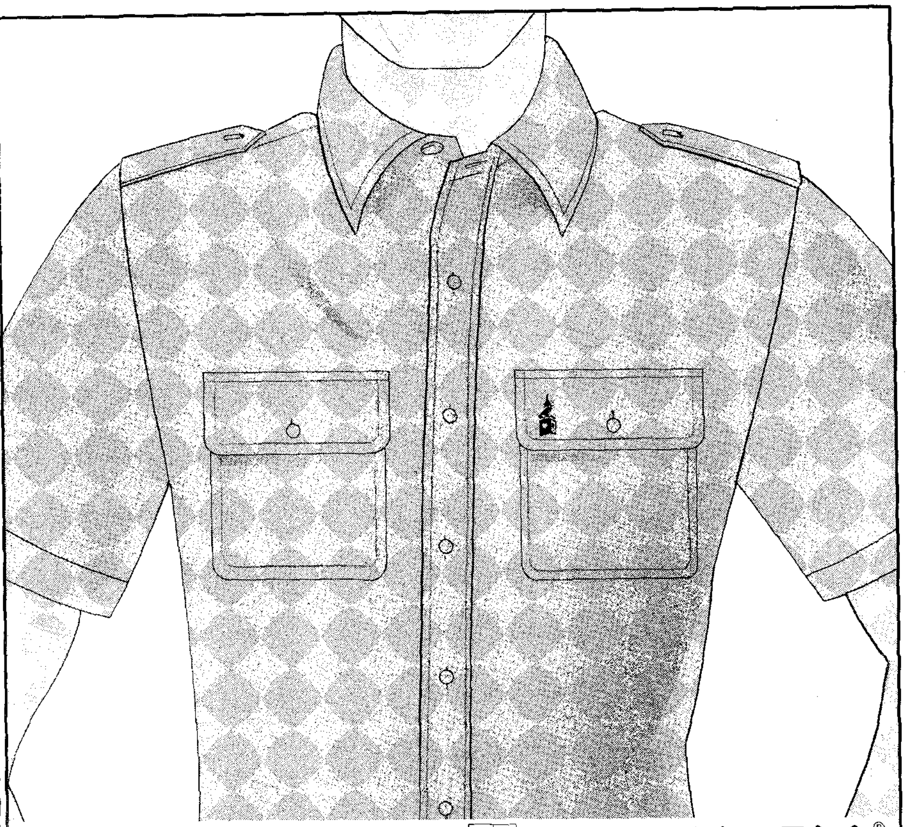
The sound of pounded air was coming up the valley. A few days before, Major Jaussi, in his three-piece pinstripes, protruding handkerchief,



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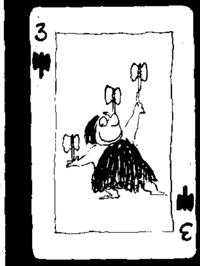

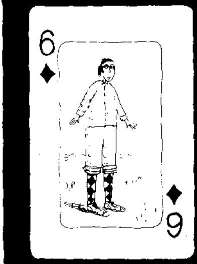

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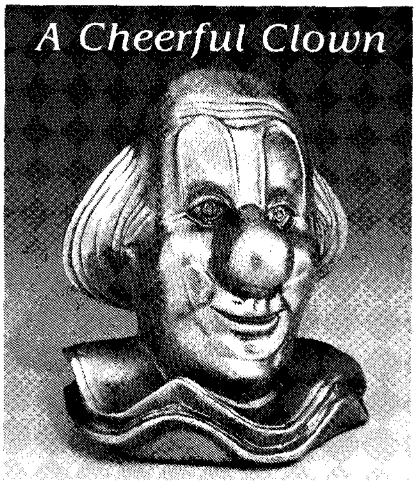

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had been briskly patrolling the Hotel zum Storchen, a handsome and neatly groomed man behind gold-and-tortoiseshell eyeglasses, with dark straight hair, brown eyes—direct, earnest, open, engaging. And now, in much the same manner, with a wide gold stripe on each shoulder, he had his battalion in spread-out units all over the Val d'Anniviers, and he was in charge of what everyone was doing—at least until the helicopter landed. He had driven up the valley to greet the Commandant de Corps.

This was a short, graying man who spoke slowly. He explored for words. He had a kindly face that was somewhat wrinkled and drawn. There were three stars on his cap, and down the sides of his legs ran the broad black stripes of the general staff, disappearing into low black boots. Sometimes described as "mysterious," and "not well known outside Ticino," he was one of the seven supreme commanders of the Swiss Army: Enrico Franchini, leader of all divisions of the Mountain Corps. Ticino is the largely transalpine Italian-speaking canton, where the supply of army officers is even less abundant than it is in La Suisse Romande. Franchini is a luminous exception.

Under tamaracks near the headwaters of the Navisence, the mortar company had set its weapons. Dug in, levelled, they were aiming vaguely south. An order was given that they be turned around and reset in less than ten minutes—to deal with enemy units discovered to the north. Shovels churned. Base plates went down on the rocky ground. There was a great deal of tossed dirt and examining of imprisoned bubbles. The job done, Franchini looked things over. Franchini had served in a mortar company during the Second World War. He now went from crew to crew, mortar to mortar, base plate to base plate, and found all of them faulty. In the stony soil, the plates were not firm enough to please him. As he moved from group to group, he quietly lectured. Accuracy depended on the stability of the plates.

Standing apart, Major Jaussi said to me, "The mortar is a dangerous weapon if they don't know where they shoot. They shoot over the troops. If you are in the troop under the fire, you must trust them. We do such exercises, and they have to work."

"Before they shoot, what do they do to make sure it's safe?" I asked.

Captain Rumpf said, "They go to church."

Franchini polled the mortar crews,

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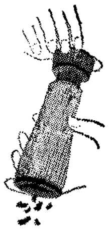

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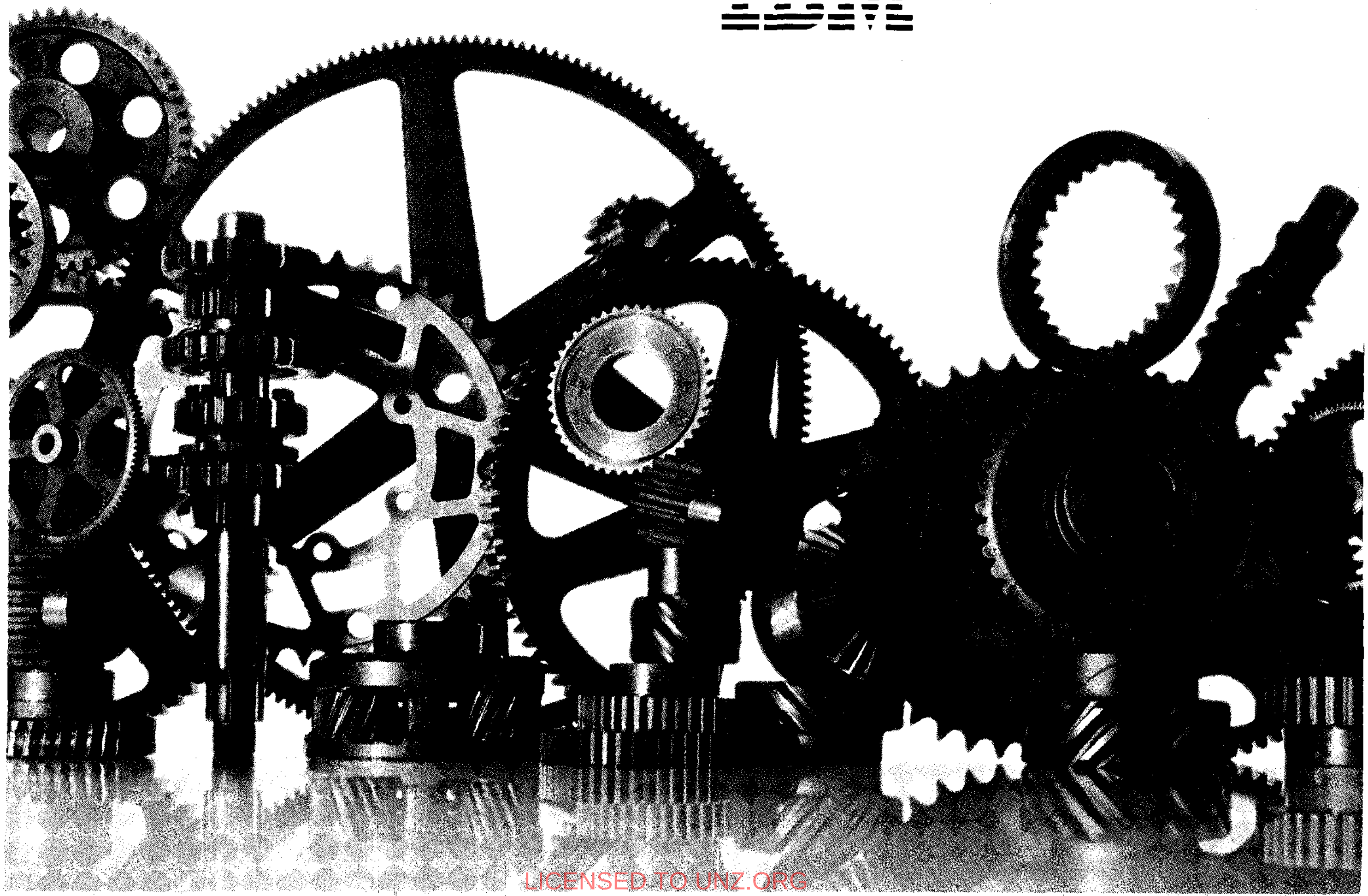

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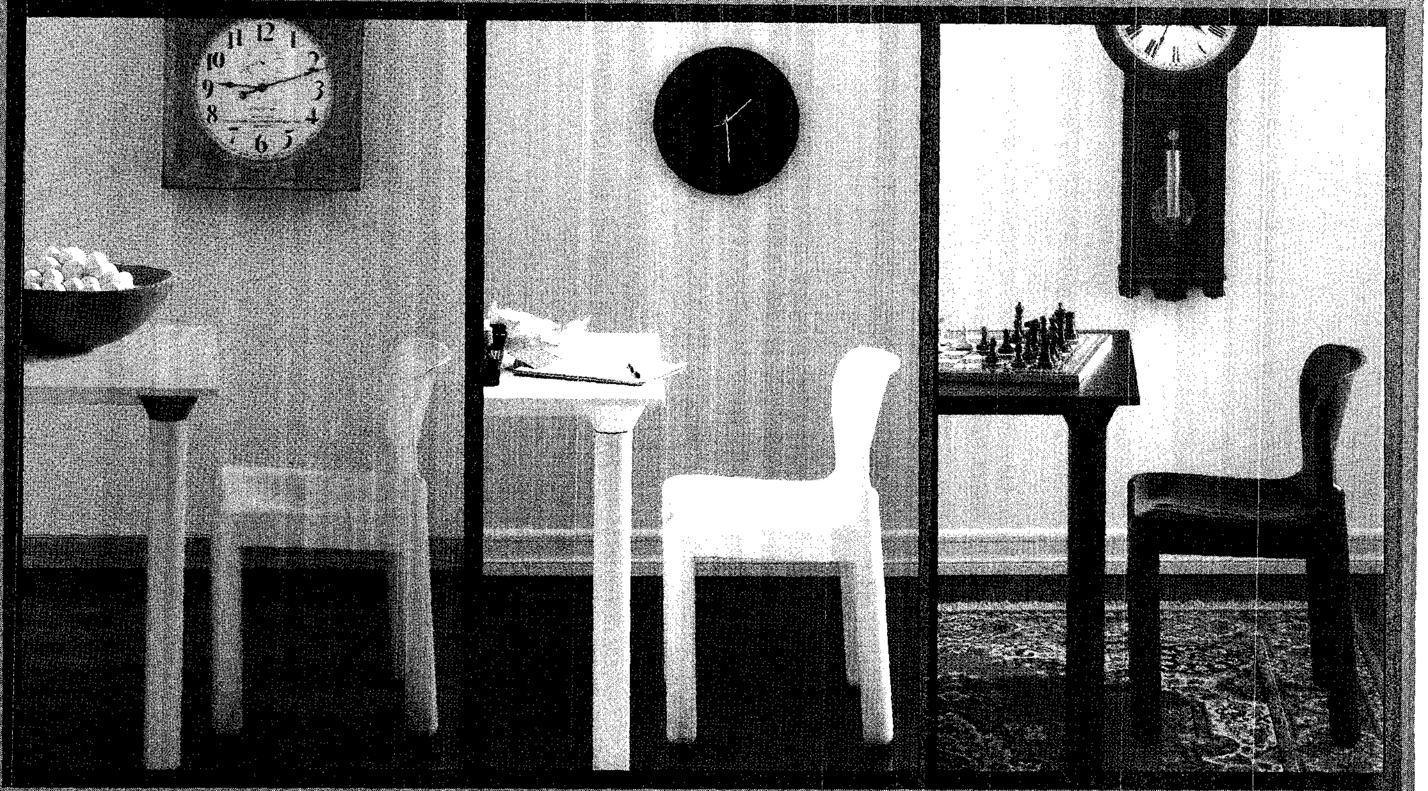

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asking what they did "in life." They were cheesemakers, boat builders, masons, farmers. In shifting the mortars around, they had turned away from a short high view of the snowy Dent Blanche and other Pennine summits to a distant picture of the Bernese Oberland framed in the steep green valley, with its chalets and meadows, its snowfields and forest. Franchini had not come for the view. He had singled out a corporal for particular instruction, informing him that his retreating manner and lack of bearing were at least as disturbing as his ignorance of mortars.

The corporal was nervous. He said, "Oui, mon Divisionnaire."

Franchini said, "Je suis le Commandant de Corps." Speaking further about the need for firm base plates, he asked, as he finished, "Compris?"

The corporal said, "Compris, Divisionnaire."

Franchini said, "Je suis le Commandant de Corps." He mentioned to the corporal that he would be a more effective leader if he stood up straight. Did the corporal agree?

"Oui, oui, Divisionnaire."

"Commandant de Corps!"

Franchini tended to gesture with his hands. Like a maestro, he moved them up and down. In one famous moment, when he was in a similar discussion with a rattled soldier, the soldier misinterpreted the gestures, reached out, and warmly shook Franchini's hand. This corporal, however, kept his arms at his sides, and did not seem to be thinking that he had made a new friend.

"A day without adequate preparation is a day lost," Franchini was saying. Did the corporal understand?

The corporal said, "Compris, Divisionnaire."

Gently, the Commandant said, "Je suis le Commandant de Corps."

"Compris," said the corporal.

If the corporal did not know what he was doing, he could not possibly lead others. Was that understood?

"Compris."

If he did not suggest in his own bearing a sense of purpose and pride, all discipline would disintegrate beneath him. Was that understood?

"Compris. Compris."

If the base plate were to shift in the ground, the shell could end up in the battalion's headquarters. Was that clear enough?

"Compris. Compris."

Service compris. —JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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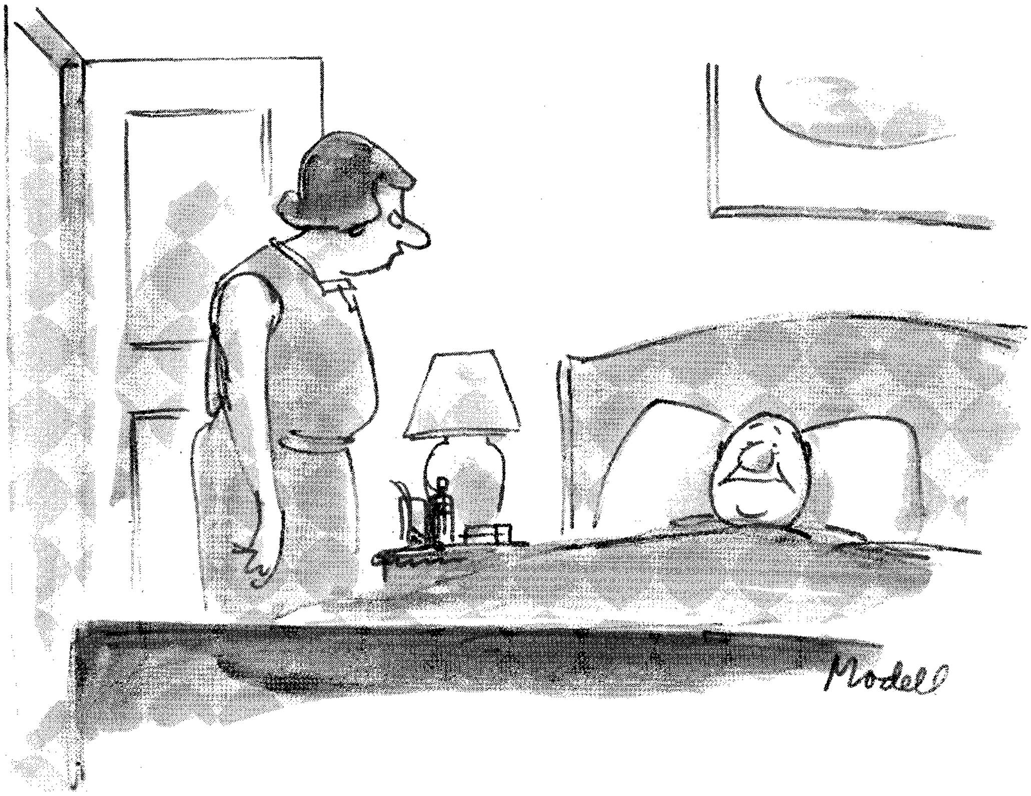
IN the opening scenes of "Under Fire," rebel soldiers in Chad are trying to move a caravan of elephants carrying crates of weapons across a patch of open field, and Nick Nolte, as Russell Price, a photojournalist, trots alongside, snapping pictures of the ponderous beasts and the drivers sitting way on top of them and their freight. Suddenly, a helicopter gunship appears, blasting, and the scene turns into a horrifying shambles of elephants running and men shot down as they scurry for the bush. Wherever he is, the big, blond Russell Price goes on taking pictures. He is covered with cameras; they're his only luggage, and they swing as he moves. He switches from one to the other, and with each small click of the shutter we see—in a freeze-frame that is held for just an instant—what he has shot. The director, Roger Spottiswoode, a Canadian-born Englishman who's thirty-eight now, began working in London studios at nineteen and already had several years of experience, including work as an editor on Sam Peckinpah's "Straw Dogs," when he came to live in this country, in 1971. He edited two more Peckinpah films and Walter Hill's "Hard Times," worked with Karel Reisz, first as editor, then as second-unit director and associate producer, and also wrote the first draft of "48 Hrs." before he got a chance to direct (with "Terror Train" and "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper"). He was ready—maybe more than ready—for "Under Fire." It has been made with breathtaking skill. Price's photographs—those freeze-frames, most of them in black-and-white, some in color, and each with its small, staccato click—fix the faces, the actions, the calamities in our memories, and the film is so cleanly constructed that they have a percussive effect. They're what "Under Fire" is about.

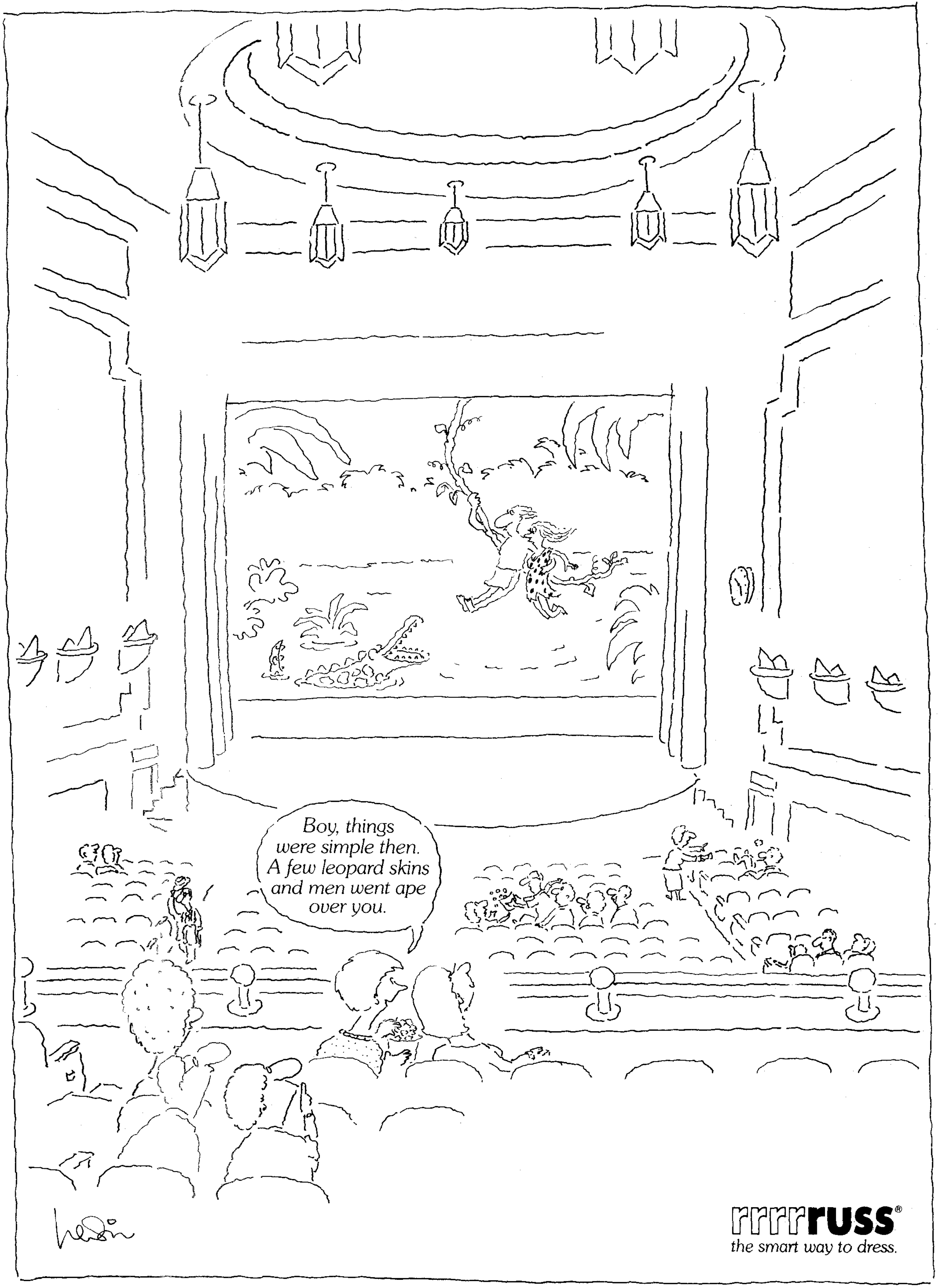
When Price hitches a ride on a truck carrying rebel troops out of the area, he's not the only American (or the only blond) among the black men. Oates (Ed Harris), a mercenary with the grin of a happy psychopath, sits among the rebels thinking he's among the soldiers of the government that's paying him. Price sets him straight, and he chuckles; he doesn't care who he kills anyway—it's his sport. When Price gets back to his hotel, the foreign press corps—which includes Claire (Joanna Cassidy), a radio reporter who is just breaking up with her lover, Alex (Gene Hackman), and Alex himself, a celebrated war correspondent and Price's closest friend—is preparing to move on to the next big trouble spot, Nicaragua. And we realize that what we have seen is, essentially, the prologue. But we have already grasped the most important thing about Price, who risks his carcass as a matter of course: he's an image man. And, seeing through his eyes as he clicks the shutter, we intuitively recognize how good he is at what he does. There's a purity about his total absorption in images. Price doesn't even have to do the kind of interpretation that the reporters do; he doesn't have to try to make sense of things. Nolte's loping, athletic grace as he moves alongside fighting men adds to the feeling we get that Price is an artist and an automaton, too. His whole body is tuned up for those clicks. He couldn't explain why he shoots when he does; he simply *knows*. And Nolte has what is perhaps an accidental asset for the role: his eyes are narrowed, as if by a lifetime of squinting through cameras, and his eyelids look callused.

It doesn't take long to grasp that Price and Claire and Alex regard their lack of involvement in what they cover as part of being professionals. They are observers, not participants, and they're proud of it. It's the essence of their personal dash and style—the international form of the swaggering cynicism of "The Front Page." They all risk their lives with a becoming carelessness. But that's almost the only thing they have in common with the heroes and heroines of old Hollywood movies. One conspicuous difference is that they're grownup people in their forties; Alex may even be fifty.



"The doctor said from here on in you're to stay away from commodities altogether."

The movie is set in 1979, during the last days of the rule of General Anastasio Somoza, the dictator-president whose family was put in power and kept there by the United States. And in a sense the Sandinist revolution—the imagery of it—is the star. This is trompe-l'oeil moviemaking, with Mexican locations in Oaxaca and Chiapas dressed up in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the shantytown building material of Nicaragua (uncut beer-can sheets), and the political graffiti and the pulsing, hot colors—turquoise and flaming pink. The young Sandinistas who dart through the streets in striped T-shirts, with bright handkerchiefs masking their faces, have the street-theatre look that is so startling in the book "Nicaragua," Susan Meiselas's 1981 collection of photographs of the insurrection. Spottiswoode knows not to make realism drab; there's dust and anger everywhere, but the country is airy and alive with color. Produced at a cost of eight and a half million dollars (Nolte and Hackman worked for much less than their usual fees) and with only fifty-seven shooting days, the film is a beautiful piece of new-style classical moviemaking; everything is thought out and prepared, but it isn't explicit, it isn't labored, and it certainly isn't over-composed. No doubt the cinematographer John Alcott, whose speed is turning him into a legend—he's the man who doesn't bother with light meters, he just looks at the back of his hand—gave it its tingling visual quality. The dialogue is exciting, too. The script, by Ron Shelton, working from a first draft by Clayton Frohman, is often edgy and maliciously smart. Terry Southern at his peak did no better than the lines Shelton has written for Richard Masur as Somoza's American publicity expert—the man trying to improve Somoza's "image"—as he offers condolences to the lover of a correspondent murdered by Somoza's troops: "Jesus Christ, a human tragedy. What can I say?" (Shelton was a professional baseball player for some time; he has been writing scripts for three or four years, but except for some rewrite work he did on "D. B. Cooper," this is the first to be filmed.) What gives the movie its distinction is that the articulate, sophisticated characters don't altogether dominate the imagery. The Nicaraguans (some of them played by Mexicans, others by Nicaraguan refugees in Mexico) aren't there just to supply backgrounds for the stars.

With its concentration on the journalists—the outsiders—"Under Fire" is a little like Peter Weir's "The Year of Living Dangerously," but visually and in its romantic revolutionary spirit it's more like the Cuban scenes in "The Godfather, Part II" and Gillo Pontecorvo's "The Battle of Algiers" and "Burn!" Spottiswoode isn't inflammatory in the way that Pontecorvo is, but in his more subdued impas-

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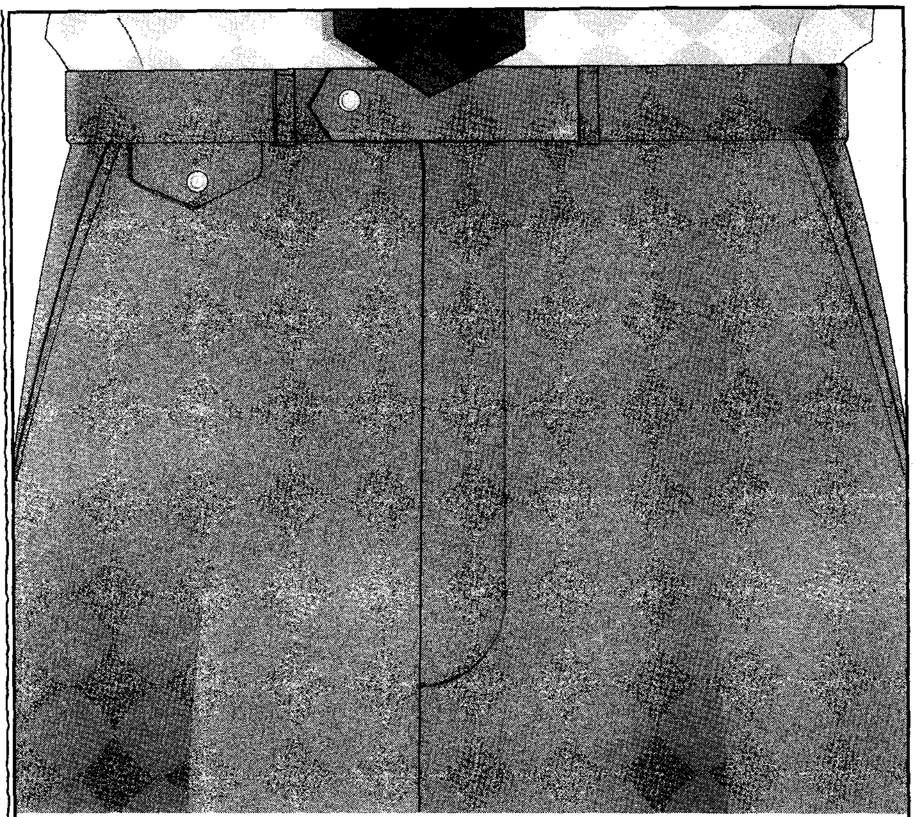
sioned manner he presents the case for the 1979 revolution—the one that the United States government has been trying to undo by backing the insurgents known as contras or anti-Sandinistas. (I assume that the title of the film comes from the words of Augusto César Sandino, the leader of a peasant army, who was murdered in 1934: "It is better to die as rebels under fire than to live as slaves.")

The revolutionaries, with their poetic peasant faces, are presented in a grand, naïve, idealized movie tradition. Anger doesn't make the Sandinistas mean or violent, and there's no dissension among them. (It's how we want to think revolutionaries are.) They don't have any visible connections to the Communist powers, either. Even so, this is one of the most intelligently constructed political movies I've ever seen. Its fictional inventions serve a clear purpose. Although the Sandinistas have always been led by a group, the story posits a single leader—Rafael—who gives the people hope. Rafael is featured in the graffiti—his face is the emblem of the revolution—but he has never been photographed, and the story involves the attempt of Price and Claire to find him, and the various forces that manipulate them before and after their search. One of these forces is a wily Frenchman, Jazy, who works for the C.I.A., and, as played by Jean-Louis Trintignant, he's a suave, lecherous imp. You know he's a dangerous little sleazo (he says he works for everybody, and he probably does), but he's also knowledgeable and witty. And when Somoza's men throw Price in the clink "for taking too many pictures" and kick him around, it's Jazy—a pal of Somoza's—who gets him released. Jazy is the kind of pal of Somoza's who amuses himself with Somoza's leggy young mistress, Miss Panama (Jenny Gago). The General himself is played by René Enriquez (of "Hill Street Blues"), who in fact is a Nicaraguan and was acquainted with Somoza. His performance is a finely nuanced caricature: this Teddy-bear Somoza deludes himself that he's an aristocrat with thousands of years of tradition behind him. He has perfected a form of infantilism—he sees only what he wants to see and hears only what he wants to hear. He's so locked in himself he's like a product of inbreeding—a genetic idiot who thinks he's a grandee.

The corrupt environment creates tensions in the gentle, affable Price:



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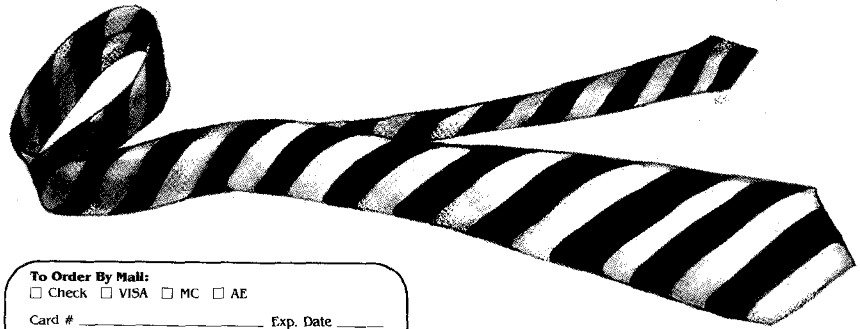

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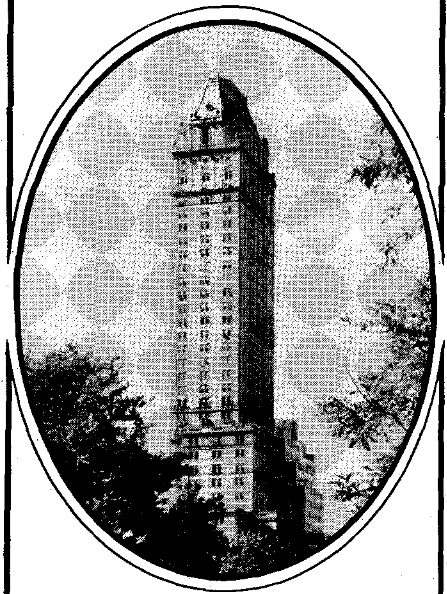

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anger at the way Somoza's bullies treated him, and deeper anger at the way they brutalized the priest he shared a cell with. And something happens that upsets him so much that, photogenic as it is, he momentarily forgets to take a picture. When he and Claire are on one of their trips trying to find Rafael and are being escorted by Sandinistas, he sees the mercenary Oates hiding. Oates is out of his skull; he's an obscenity. (He stands in for all the mercenaries running loose in Third World countries.) But Price, being a journalist and regarding himself as "neutral," doesn't reveal Oates' presence. Then, as he and Claire are walking along and talking to their young Sandinista guide—who wears a Baltimore Orioles cap, because the Nicaraguan Dennis Martinez is on the team—Oates kills the kid. It's a spiteful, showoffy murder, and Price knows he could have prevented it. He's sickened; he's full of grief and disgust. It's Claire (whom he loves) who points out to him that he didn't take a picture; the artist-automaton broke down and behaved humanly, and that night is their first together.

When Price and Claire reach Rafael's hiding place and Price is asked to perform a crucial service for the rebels, he is emotionally prepared. He is asked to fake a photograph for them, and he does it, though this is a betrayal of his art and, if it becomes known, will almost inevitably wreck his reputation. Events then move very quickly. Shortly afterward, Price discovers that a whole series of photographs he took (just for himself) of the unmasked Sandinistas at Rafael's headquarters have been stolen and are being used by the demented mercenary Oates—a one-man hit squad—to identify the rebel leaders. Even Price's pure images are being polluted; they're being used every which way. They're marking his subjects for extinction.

Before Price came to Nicaragua, he was an overgrown small boy playing with what he loved to do: take pictures. (And this is why Nolte is a perfect choice for the role. He can be dumb, unthinking, oxlike, yet with a controlling intelligence and a central sweetness and decency.) In Nicaragua, where somebody's using you all the time, Price is in a new situation. Detachment can have hideous results, as he saw when the Orioles lover was killed. Whatever Price's misgivings as a professional photojournalist with a reputation for integrity, and whatever the effect of the action on his future, when he fakes the picture to help the Sandinistas he isn't destroyed by doing it—he's humanized. He is letting himself be governed by his own core of generosity. These are the terms of the movie, in which Price the photojournalist is a metaphor for movie director. Making movies, this picture says, isn't about purity. It's about trying to suggest the living texture in which people make choices that may—from an academic point of view—appear unethical, crazy, wrong.

The movie fills our heads with images of people under fire. There are terrified peasants and Somoza's equally terrified national guardsmen—probably peasant boys who signed up because they were hungry. At one point, Price and Claire are in a car in a provincial town, and the driver panics when guardsmen direct him to stop; he backs up, and, with guardsmen firing at them, Price and Claire jump out into the street and try to hide. There's not much sense to anything that happens during the insurrection. Peasants in dirt streets stare at a shiny big automobile in flames. Refugees in the provincial city of León mill in the streets trying to escape the national guardsmen who are shooting at them, and they're simultaneously attacked by planes. In some neighborhoods of Managua, guardsmen fire into the flimsy beer-can shacks, and shoot everything in the streets that moves—even squealing pigs. It's in this sequence that the movie reënacts the 1979 killing of Bill Stewart, the ABC correspondent, at a national-guard checkpoint in Managua. After kneeling and holding his hands out, to show that he had no weapons, Stewart was told to lie down, with his arms over his head, and was then—for no particular reason—shot, while his cameraman went on photographing the scene. I hadn't been aware of how that footage had stayed in the back of my head for four years, but at the movie, as soon as I saw the guardsmen standing there in the street, and saw one of the characters mosey up to them to ask directions, I knew what was coming; Stewart's death was still so vivid that this reënactment almost seemed to be in slow motion, and, with Price's shutter-click frozen frames, in a sense it was. The killing has an eerie inevitability about it. "Under Fire" isn't just reproducing a famous incident here, it's making us conscious of the images we've got stored up. It brings the Nicaragua of countless news stories right to the center of our consciousness. We knew more about the place than we thought we did. And Jerry Goldsmith's spare, melodic score (one of the best movie scores I've ever heard) features a bamboo flute from the Andes with a barely perceptible electronic shadow effect—a melancholy sound that takes you back. It tugs at your memories.

There's a good reason, I think, for the use of grownup people as the principal characters. These grownups aren't surprised or scandalized by what they see, and their lack of surprise is part of the unusual quality of "Under Fire." There's no gee-whizz acting. After Hackman's Alex—who has been "hanging in there" with Claire, hoping she'll change her mind about wanting her freedom—decides to head back to the States and take the anchorman's job he has been offered, Claire says goodbye to him and watches as he goes off in the taxi that's taking him to the airport. Partway down the street, Alex sees Price walking up; he jumps out, and they hug each other. As he goes off again in the cab, Claire and Price both stand watching as it becomes smaller down the street and heads toward the hill in the distance. It's a beautiful shot, and expressive, too, because nobody (the audience least of all) wants Hackman to go. He's totally believable as a network's choice for anchorman—it's the quality in him that makes him so valuable to the movie (and picks up its energy level when he returns). Hackman seems leaner here than in his last films, and he's faster—he's on the balls of his feet. As the famous Alex, he maintains a surface jauntiness—he's professionally likable. But Alex has ideas ricocheting in his head, and whether he's sitting down at the piano in a Managua night club and singing or just basking in his celebrity he's never unaware of what's going on around him. He's always sizing things up—taking mental notes. He has an expansiveness about him; he's full of life (the way Jack Warden was in "Shampoo"). The three major characters have to be people who have been around, because outrage is not the mo-

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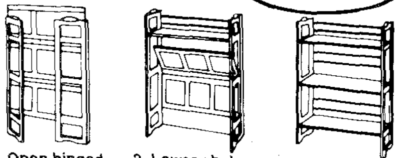

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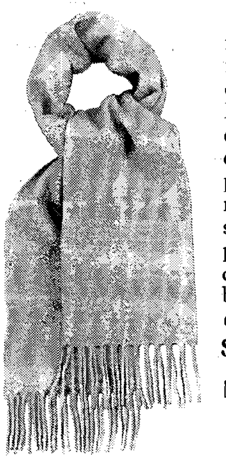

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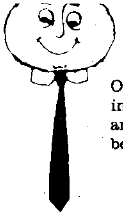

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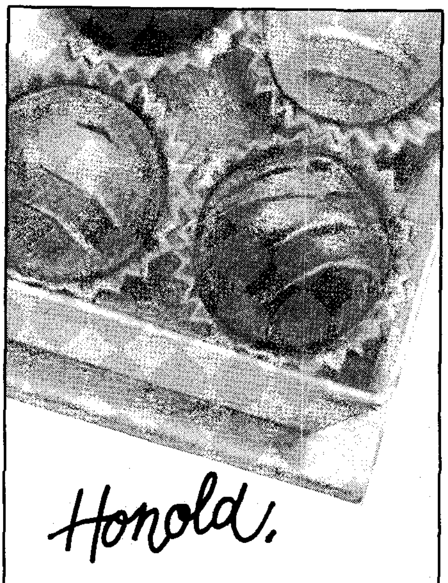
tivating emotion of "Under Fire," as it was in, say, Costa-Gavras's "Missing." Spottiswoode and Shelton may be appalled, but they're not shocked. And they're not interested in presenting characters going through the usual virgin indignation. The United States has been setting up or knocking down Nicaraguan governments since 1909; the movie can hardly pretend to be showing us things we don't—at some level—already know. "Under Fire" is about how you live with what you know.

Joanna Cassidy, who has the pivotal role, is a stunning woman with a real face, and as Claire she has a direct look—the kind of look that Claire Bloom's characters have sometimes turned on people, and that Jane Fonda has had in her best roles. Joanna Cassidy is tall (Trintignant looks really petite when he's next to her), and as Claire she has the strength of a woman who's had to set her jaw and keep her smile for long stretches. Claire has had to be tough, and toughness deeply offends her. She has been struggling to keep some softness. The film catches her at a key time in her physical development. Running through the streets, she moves with extraordinary grace, and you certainly know why Price takes pictures of her sleeping nude. But her job has yielded her everything that it's going to. She has an almost grownup daughter, whom she talks to on the phone and on tapes—she would like to be with her. This is a time in her life when doubts have settled in. The foreign press corps, like the mercenaries, jump from one chaos to the next; they go where the armaments shipments are going. They keep the people at home "informed," but to the people they descend on they must seem like powerful celebrities who could change things if they would just tell "the truth." Claire is doing her job almost automatically now, and her mind has a roving eye. When Price's automatic-response system fails him—when he doesn't take a picture of the dead kid right next to him—it's a change in him she can respond to. None of this is spelled out for us; it's all there in Joanna Cassidy's performance and in Nolte's response to her physical presence. As Price, he doesn't use the low, growling voice that he had in "48 Hrs.," and his beefiness is all sensitivity. Nolte never lets you see how he gets his effects. His big, rawboned body suggests an American workingman jock, but he uses his solid flesh the way



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Jean Gabin did: he inhabits his characters. He's such a damned good actor that he hides inside them. That's *his* sport.

I have been wondering why some members of the press show so little enthusiasm for this picture. (It certainly couldn't be more timely.) Possibly the movie ladles too much guilt on journalists. (The mercenary who has been poisoning Price's life bids him a cheery farewell—"See you in Thailand.") But I can think of only a few scenes that aren't brought off and only one that's clumsily staged: the last appearance of Trintignant's fascinatingly crisscrossed Jazy. Three frightened young Sandinistas who have come to his house to kill him wait around while he explains his political rationale to Price—his fear of the future Communist takeover. I think there's something in "Under Fire" that's bugging the press the way it was bugged a couple of years ago by "Absence of Malice." Price's faking the photograph and accepting the penalties that will follow may be bewildering to the run of journalists who make decisions about what to report on the basis of their own convenience and advantage all the time. Since they do it unconsciously, they can easily be aroused to indignation at Price's conscious act. Maybe they know that they wouldn't do what he does, and they think that that means he's morally inferior to them. And maybe, like other professional groups, they don't like movies about them that don't glorify them.

Spottiswoode could be a trace too sane; the actors go as far as they can with what they've got to work with, but possibly he doesn't go quite far enough (and neither, possibly, does the script). Spottiswoode doesn't have the mild, low cunning that the great scenes in Peckinpah's films have—he doesn't spook us. But he does everything short of that. In its sheer intelligence and craft this is a brilliant movie. —PAULINE KAEL

•

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[*From the Great Neck Record*]

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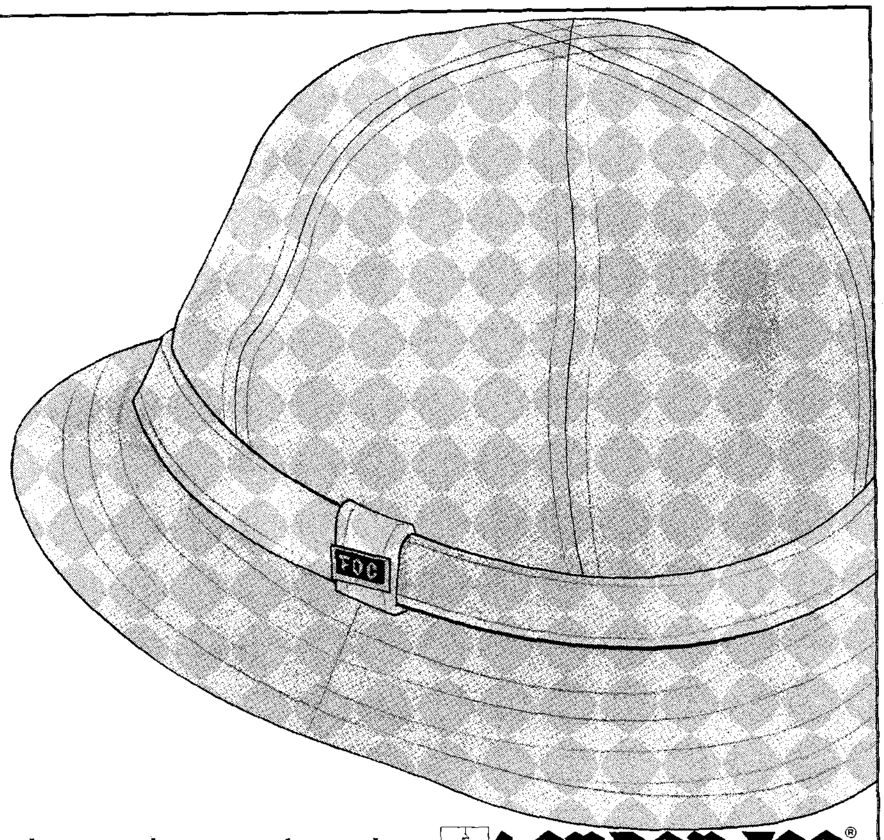

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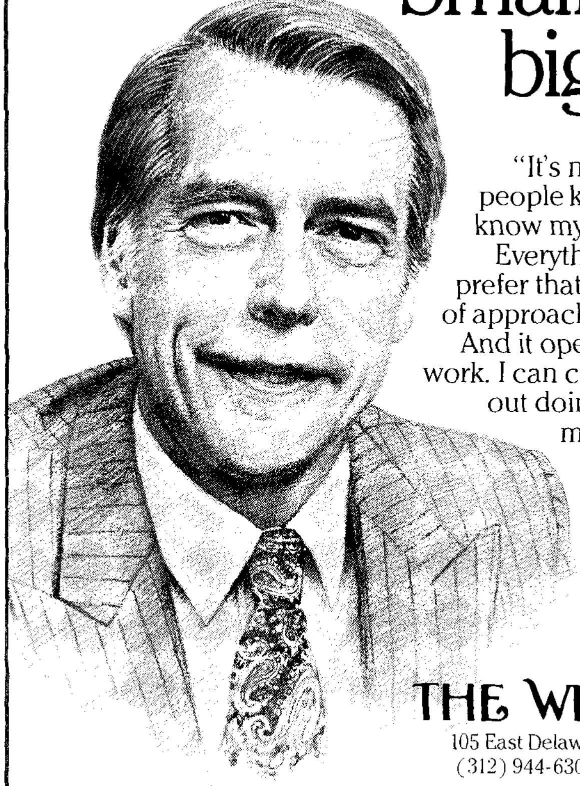

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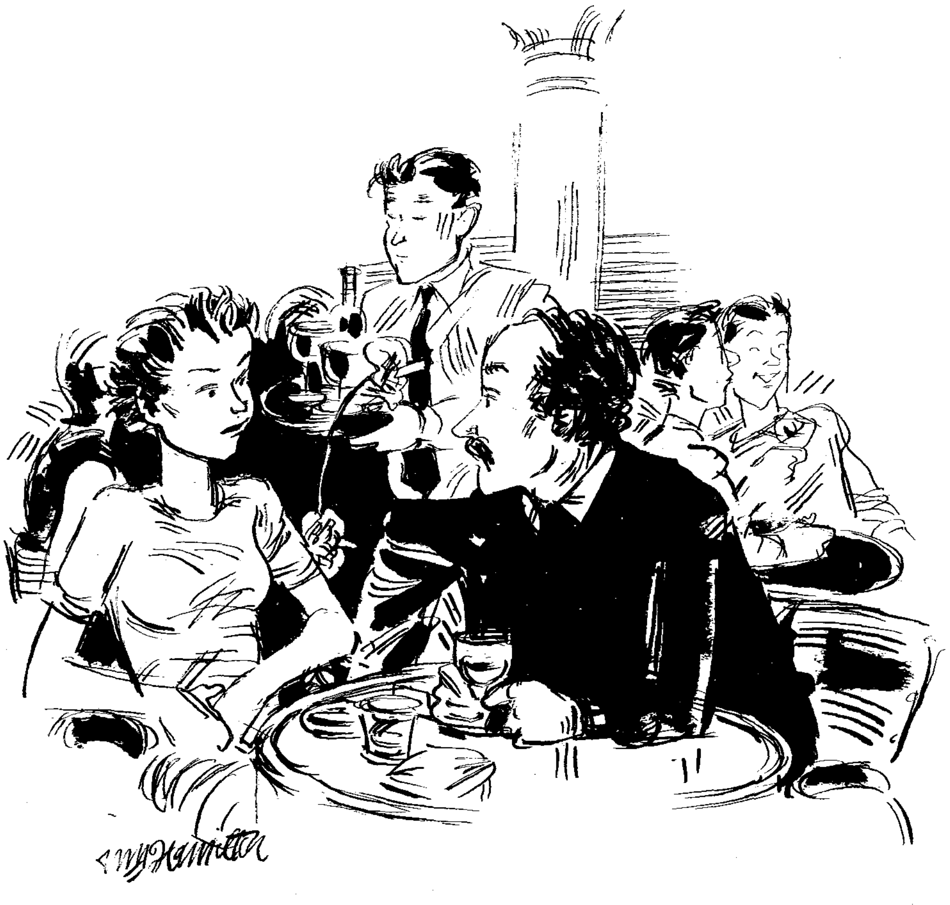
LETTER FROM EUROPE

Paris, October 21

WHEN Karl Richter died, in 1981, musicians from all over Germany gathered in a Hamburg church to honor the colleague who had been the great interpreter of Bach of their lifetimes. It was the Sunday before Easter. The music was Bach's St. Matthew Passion. The conductor and choirmaster was Günter Jena. The Evangelist was the tenor Peter Schreier, who had come over from Dresden, in East Germany, to sing. The church was Hamburg's Lutheran Hauptkirche, St. Michaelis.

St. Michaelis is a beautiful baroque church in old Hamburg, near the merchant canals. It is a little like the "gracious God" that Martin Luther, born five hundred years ago this November, spent his first ten years as an Augustinian monk trying to describe—grave on the outside but on the inside full of warmth and light. There is a special intimacy about the church. Its white pews and its gallery make circles of congregants, and its beauty is not theatrical but has to do with an evocation of family and community. The musicians at the church that day sat in the gallery, surrounded by their audience, and Schreier stood at the railing, a kind-looking, comfortable-looking man in wire-rimmed glasses, leaning forward with the gesture of a pastor speaking to his people or a father telling a story to his children on a cold night. He gave a performance full of sweetness. It took a public masterpiece of Christian music and, in a way, restored it to its domesticity and its privacy. A woman sitting beside me said that it was "a proper Lutheran performance"—by which I think she meant that it was direct in its faith, direct in its pity, and irrevocable in its grief.

Peter Schreier is one of the few East German performers who commute regularly to the West. He can sing with the Vienna State Opera in the winter and go to Salzburg and Munich for the summer. The Party in East Germany considers music like the St. Matthew Passion or "The Magic Flute" or a Schubert lied less of a challenge to its authority than, say, a rock concert on the Friedrichstrasse or Carly Simon on the Voice of America. It makes a curious distinction between classical and popular. The "classical" is unpolitical and the "popular" is political, and this means that Peter Schreier gets to sing in Hamburg and cut his records at Deutsche Grammophon, despite the fact that he is a choirmaster's son who says that his life depends on the Bible. There are seventeen million people in East Germany, and eight million of them are professed Lutherans. Lutherans are not welcomed into the Party and, consequently, they have none of the important jobs in the bureaucracy, but the Lutheran Church—the Evangelische Kirche—and the music of that church are often what they hold in common with northern Germans across the border, and the politicians on both sides exploit this in their rhetoric of a united Germany and their strategies for influence. It may be that East Germany underestimates the subversive vitality of its classics and overestimates that sort of vitality in what is defined officially as popular culture—meaning, mainly, whatever is happening at the moment. Writers like Thomas Brasch, the playwright, are censored until they "go over," which is what Germans call defection from East to West Berlin. Some artists are smothered with approval, which humiliates them. The Berliner Ensemble (run like a fiefdom by Bertolt Brecht's daughter, Barbara) maintains its enormous privilege by freezing modernity and becoming a monument to Theatre in the history of the revolution. This has nothing to do with Marxist aesthetics. Artists in East Germany have to live with bureaucrats who fear not for the revolution or its art but for themselves, and who sense, accurately, that art has a mysterious power to expose them. Those bureaucrats assume that "old" art is like old men—less trouble as it ages.



"Don't you see, Herb? The seventies are over, we are over, even that dumb mustache of yours is over."

I DID not hear Peter Schreier again until this year in Salzburg, where he gave a couple of lieder recitals and sang Tamino in "The Magic Flute." It was a wonderful old "Magic Flute," played in a theatre carved into the rock of the Mönchsberg three hundred years ago to make a riding school for the court of the archbishop of Salzburg, and staged by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle to turn the archbishop's stone galleries into the landscape of Tamino's voyage through the kingdom of the sun. There was something unsettling about discovering the mild

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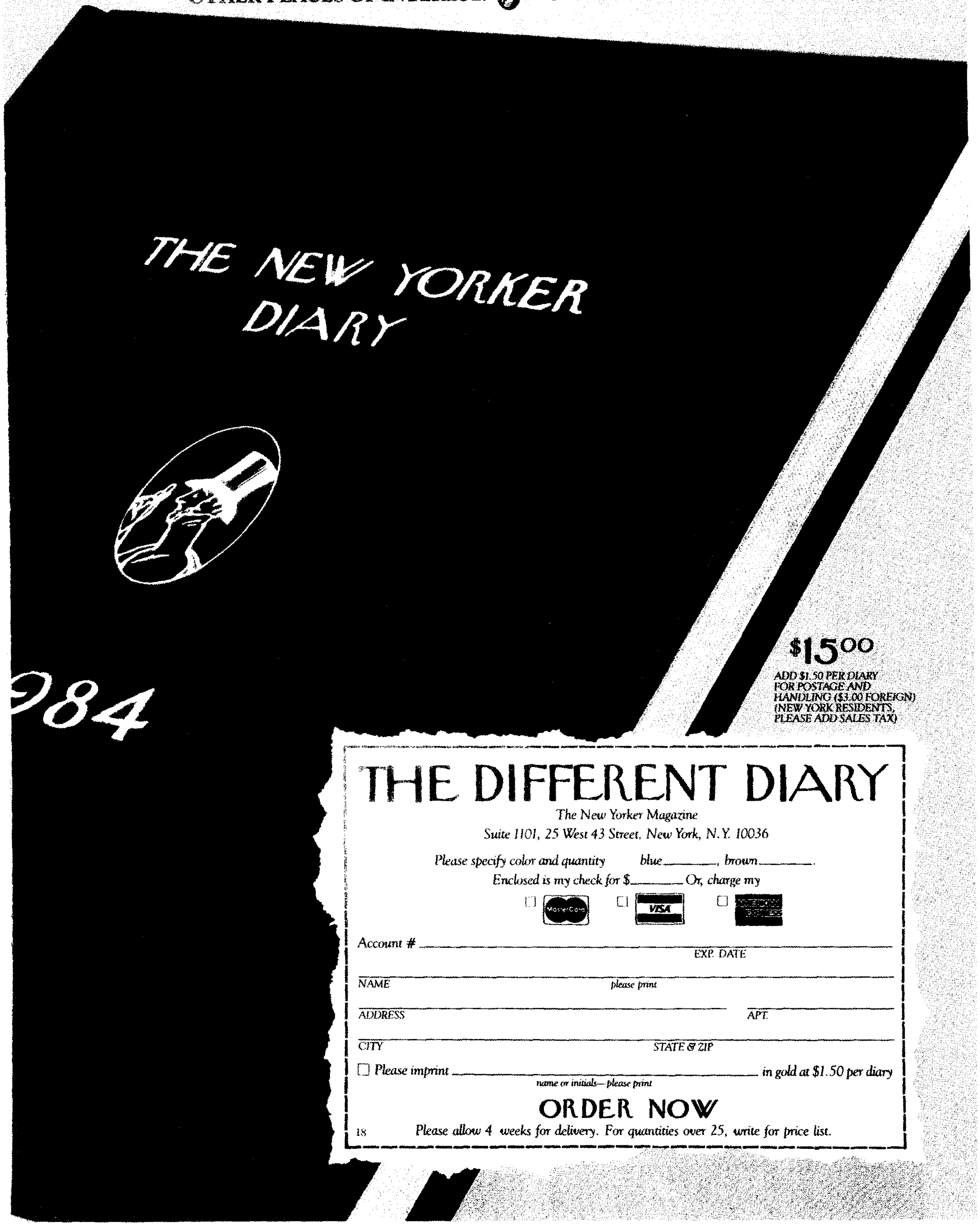

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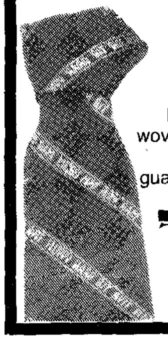

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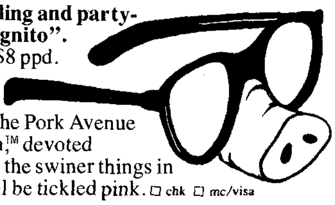

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Evangelist of the Hauptkirche St. Michaelis at what must be the most elegant and expensive music festival in the world. Europe in summertime is often unsettling. People go to the festivals and suffer a kind of cultural vertigo, and recover only toward October. By October, they can begin to make reasonably confident decisions about what they want to see and do, and to have reasonably confident enthusiasms. They can look at Valerio Adami's dense, autobiographical paintings—his "auto-mythologies"—in Rome, or at Pina Bausch's dance theatre in Wuppertal, or at Christopher Hampton's play about the Manns and the Brechts and the Feuchtwangers in exile, "Tales from Hollywood," which is at the National in London, and have the time and the calm for their own reactions. But in summertime Europeans get dizzy on a rush of culture out of context. Every town on the Continent seems to support a festival. Places like Edinburgh—three weeks and more than seven hundred performances—become exhausting spectacles in their own right and have the energy and variety of a three-ring circus or a medieval market, and chaos enough to refute any of the deadly distinctions between "serious" and "popular" art which plague Eastern Europe. Once a year, Edinburgh (or, for that matter, Avignon) is a happening, adding to its scheduled theatre a kind of spontaneous theatre of crowds and noise and hawkers selling everything from tickets and hotel rooms to marijuana and camping gear. The tourists come for that happening, sampling their society as if it were an Orvis catalogue or a wine cellar or a fair like the agricultural fair in Paris, where farmers spend their days tying hair ribbons around the tails of their extraordinary cows and their nights on package tours of the strip joints in Pigalle. People don't bother much about dressing up, unless, of course, they are at Salzburg or Bayreuth, which are not towns known for gaiety or abandon. In the end, they start to miss the little rituals of anticipation and appreciation. Whatever the ideology lately of museums without walls and opera in the subway, we still have museums with walls and formal openings and opera houses with fountains and plush seats and crystal chandeliers.

IN France, the festival season begins in May, with the Cannes International Film Festival, which properly

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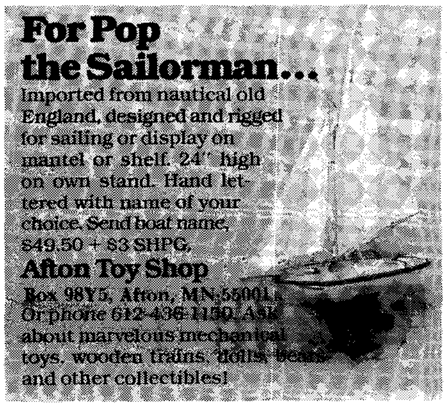

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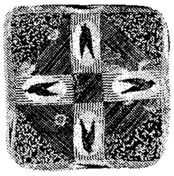

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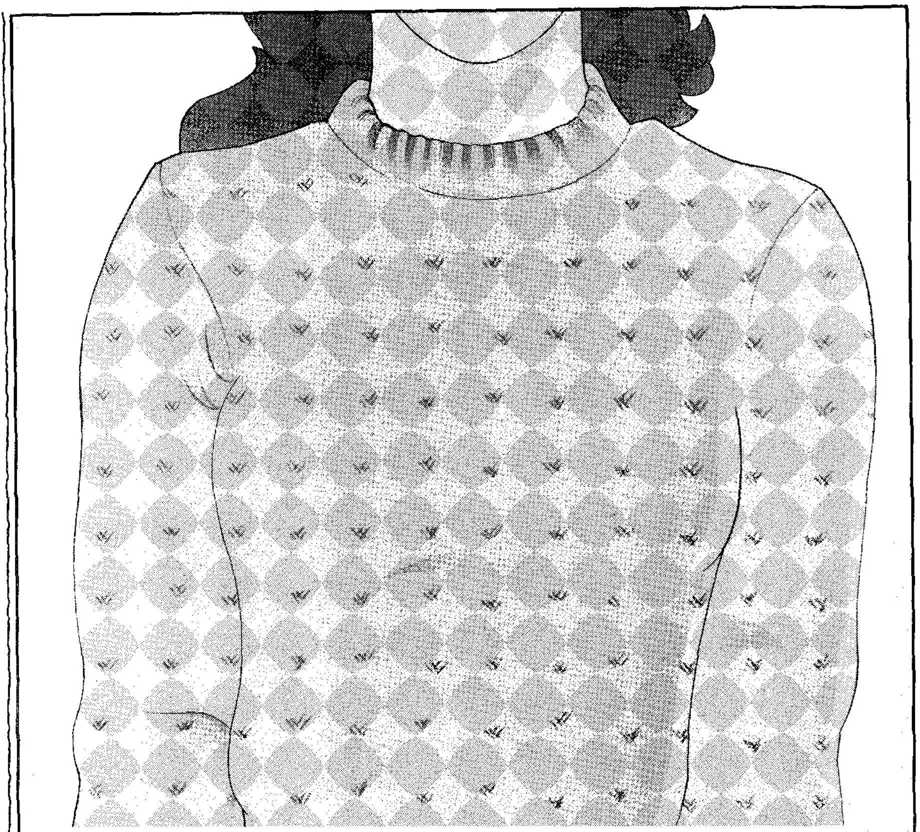
speaking is not a festival at all but a two-week scam whereby the movie industry—from the hard-core pornographers to the Czech avant-garde—convenes to work the press and the public for a year's worth of free publicity. Cannes is a performance. It depends on the collusion of a government that is always eager for attention and a lot of speculators and promoters who could just as well be making their distribution deals in a drafty boardroom in the middle of February. It is up to everyone involved to pretend that Cannes is a thrilling experience, a homage to the state of the art on the order of the opera season at Bayreuth. A producer I know describes the etiquette at Cannes this way: "You never ask the other guy what he's doing in this god-awful place, because he knows it's a god-awful place, and he gets ashamed, and then mad, and then he leaves you with the lunch bill."

Cannes is a ruined city to begin with—a little French Miami, but with none of the ardent vulgarity that makes Miami interesting. Even the gangsters of the *milieu* avoid Cannes and live in Nice and Marseilles—which makes it hard to imagine why any legitimate movie millionaire would choose to spend two weeks in May in a bad hotel across a crowded highway from a strip of sand, a "beach club" selling *croques-monsieurs* at ten dollars a sandwich, and a polluted sea. The producer Sam Spiegel used to take his yacht to the festival and anchor it somewhere off the village of Saint-Tropez, and anybody who wanted to see Spiegel had to wait for an invitation and, if he got one, fight the traffic from Cannes to Saint-Tropez to catch the producer's dinghy. Spiegel, of course, with his yacht and his cigars, is an authentic American movie mogul and impossible to imitate, though a lot of people try. The harbor at Cannes is filled with dinghies now, and seasick factotums ride back and forth carrying memos.

Lately, Americans who can afford it have abandoned boats for a tony hotel on the tip of Cap d'Antibes, which they rarely leave, preferring to sit through long meals on the hotel terrace under a punishing sun, looking at each other. It is easy to spot them—agents in handmade sneakers, bony women dripping makeup onto their lobster salad, chubby Hollywood children in designer T-shirts and gold chains. Actually, the real Cannes chic is to rent a villa in the hills so far from



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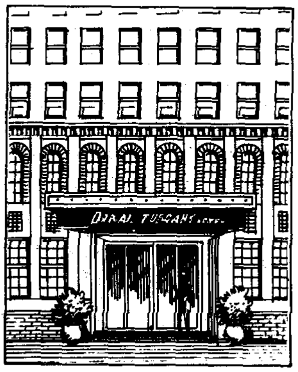

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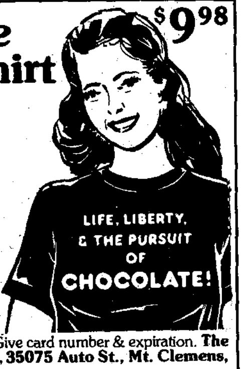
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town that you never go to the festival at all—or, at least, to be invited to someone else's villa. The publisher Christian Bourgois, who at festival time was spending a quiet Ascension weekend at his father-in-law's house, about an hour from Cannes, decided to ask a few friends up for dinner, and later read in the papers that he had thrown the fanciest party of the year.

The people actually in Cannes in May were French reporters, covering the film festival in hourly dispatches as if it were a missile crisis or at least a small war, along with some medical students on strike and an occasional movie star with an appearance in her contract. Officially, business took place in Cannes's new Festival Hall—which is a convention center with a purple-and-pink plastic auditorium for screenings. Unofficially, it took place in the lobby of the Majestic Hotel—some of the jury stay there—where warm drinks were served to a clientele that used them for dousing cigarettes. At night, Cannes policemen obligingly cordoned off the streets between the convention center and the hotel, to separate the people going to the movies from the people not going to the movies—which meant that the people not going to the movies would line up, gawking, and thus provide a couple of hundred photographers with bogus studies in glamour and longing.

SALZBURG ends the festival season that Cannes begins, but Salzburg is serious business. People who pass through Cannes in May for the kitsch can often be seen in Salzburg toward September, at the Mozarteum or the Grosses Festspielhaus, tidying up their minds. In Salzburg, there are no police cordons. It is the chilling elegance of the audience that keeps the crowds away. There are people—tourists and townspeople—who gather every evening across the street from the festival and stare, enchanted, at the satin and brocaded "dress dirndls" and at the jewels that as often as not will be carried by bodyguards in private jets to vaults in Vienna or Cologne after their owners' late supper at the Goldener Hirsch. Those people never cross the street; the wealth on display is too intimidating. No one is selling rights or making deals outside the Grosses Festspielhaus. They are, rather, very conspicuously consuming some of the best music in the world. The people who go to Salzburg are people who can afford to pay a hundred and fifty dollars a ticket in December and not

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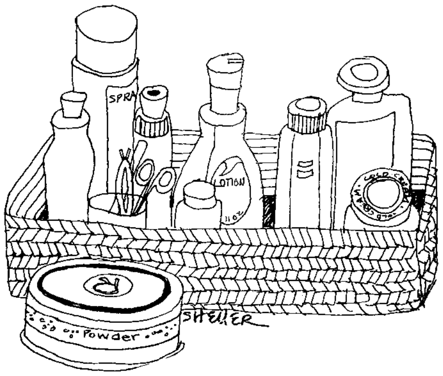
worry very much about whether they will actually get there at the end of August. Once the season starts, and the scalpers take over at two or three hundred dollars a ticket, silver-haired industrialists can be seen pacing the sidewalk in front of the Festspielhaus and waving wads of money—hoping that one of the women in emerald chokers and Dior gowns will have an extra ticket to Herbert von Karajan's Brahms concert that night because her husband has got indigestion from too much wurst or has sneaked off by himself to the Puppet Theatre.

Salzburg is Karajan's town. He is master and martinet of the festival, and the legends about him—his Falcon jet, his house in Saint-Moritz, his new helicopter-pilot license—give an edge, a kind of tight excitement, to its formality. Salzburgers point out his house to visitors the way they point out Mozart's house, or the lovely curve of the Mozarteum, or the eight stallions rearing on the baroque murals of the Siegmundsplatz. No one talks about Karajan and the war anymore. There are musicians who despise him because of the compromises they say he made with the Third Reich, and those musicians stay away from Salzburg. The ones who come get on with their work and, when they do talk about Karajan, talk about his genius and not his past. Karajan is an imperious host to the conductors he invites—Seiji Ozawa, James Levine, Riccardo Muti, Claudio Abbado—and keeps his distance. His rehearsals are closed. He takes his time and sometimes gets perfection. His "Rosenkavalier" was weeks in rehearsal, and most of his colleagues agree that it is the definitive production of the opera, beautifully sung, beautifully staged, and played by the Vienna Philharmonic with an astonishing purity. He conducts as if he were in some mortal contest with easy sentiment, including his own. It is only when he takes a bow or a curtain call that one notices how small he is, or remembers that he is seventy-



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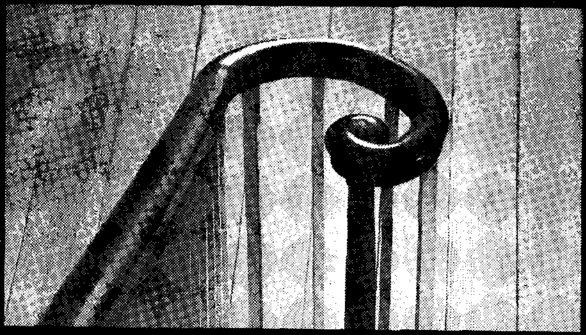
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five and that he is still recovering from a back operation and has been conducting in a brace, forcing himself to rest his weight on one leg for three or four hours. The brace makes him even straighter than he was before. It exaggerates his style—the high, crabbed movements of his arms—so that lately he reminds Americans of someone they cannot place at first and then remember is Drosselmeyer, the magician in Balanchine's "Nutcracker." In repose, he reminds them of Leonard Bernstein—the thick white hair, the same surprising shortness, the eloquent, creased face—though this is not a comparison either conductor would encourage.

I HOPE that Peter Brook takes his production of "The Cherry Orchard" to New York. "The Cherry Orchard" has already had two seasons at Brook's Théâtre des Bouffes du Nord, here in Paris, and it is the best Chekhov most Parisians have ever seen. Parisians claim that French is more "Chekhovian" in its rhythms, its nuances, its delicate syntactical possibilities than, say, English or German, and they are probably right. Reading an English "Cherry Orchard" after reading the adaptation that Jean-Claude Carrière wrote for Brook is like leaving a magic carpet for a bumpy ride in a pickup. Carrière's "Cherry Orchard" is limpid and precise, and so appropriate to Chekhov's wry landscape of the Russian heart—from Lopakhin's first argument with himself, about oversleeping, to Firs' dying "*Eh, toi . . . Propre à rien!*"—that it is bound to settle into the literature on its own. Carrière is a splendid writer, but he is that rarity in France, a truly modest artist, and so he tends to describe himself as a sort of handyman. He writes the best screenplays in Europe—"The Tin Drum," for Volker Schlöndorff, for example, and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie," for Luis Buñuel. Buñuel was his mentor over seventeen years and six movies. Brook is his mentor in the theatre. "Timon of Athens," "The Ik," "Measure for Measure," "Carmen"—virtually everything Brook has directed during his twelve years in Paris comes from or through Carrière. On any night at the Bouffes du Nord, you can see them together, standing near the door quietly scrutinizing their work and the responses to their work. By now, they have managed a kind of symbiosis. They seem to share an instinct about theatre and the language

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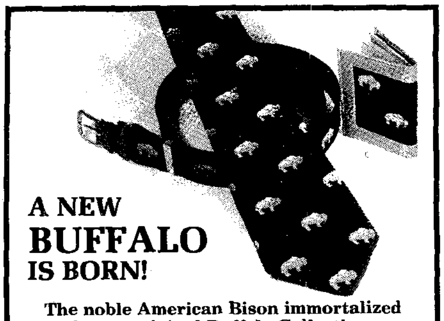

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of theatre which has to do with the interstices of words and gestures, with a choreography of feeling. They are masters of the imperceptible rhythms that break the hearts of an audience.

Most "Cherry Orchard"s (Andrei Serban's New York production, with Irene Worth, for one) belong to the actress playing Lyubov Andreyevna Ranevskaya. They take Lyuba at her word—Lyuba's word being that, as chatelaine, mother, and great beauty of the drama, *she* is the orchard, the center of attachment and loss—and they turn the play into a kind of wheel with Lyuba as the hub. But that is not Chekhov. Chekhov's play, like all of his plays, is about intimacies in motion, and its world is a world without a hub, without a cherry orchard or a heroine to weight it or claim it or fix those intimacies within the small space of the play or give them meanings. The brilliance of the "Cherry Orchard" that Brook and Carrière put together is that it returns the play to its twelve players—to twelve people in a house in the country who are as intricately, as delicately connected as the threads in Lyuba's lace handkerchief. Brook and Carrière, in an old vaudeville theatre near the train station, have reproduced the fatal, fluttering web of that rapport.

—JANE KRAMER

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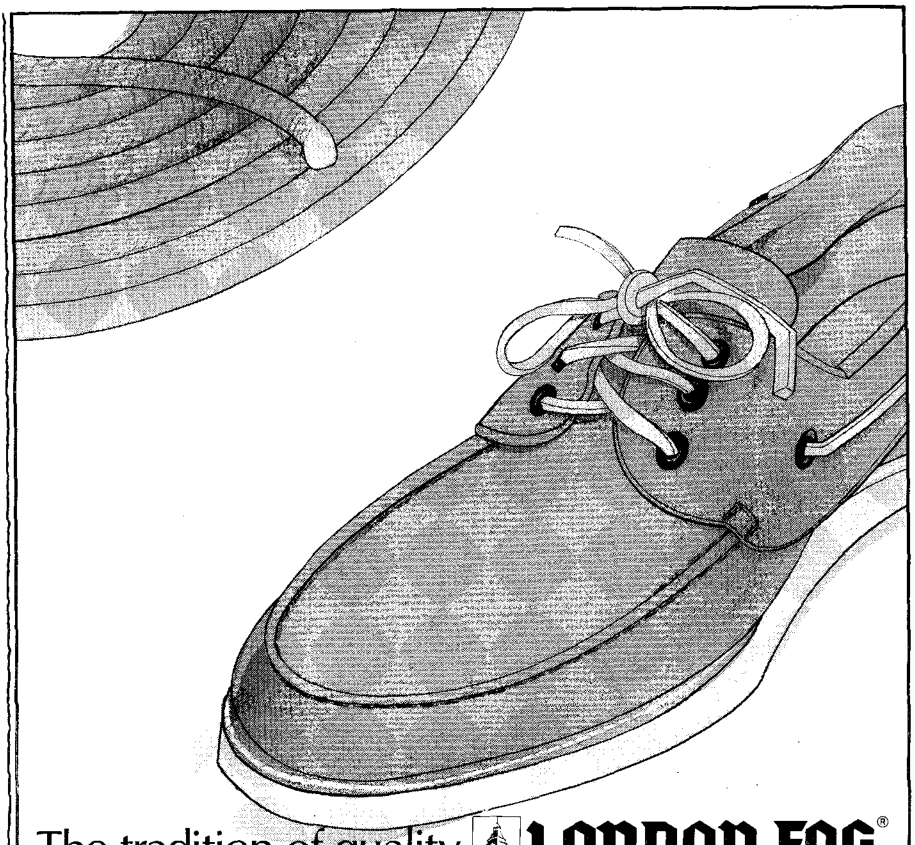

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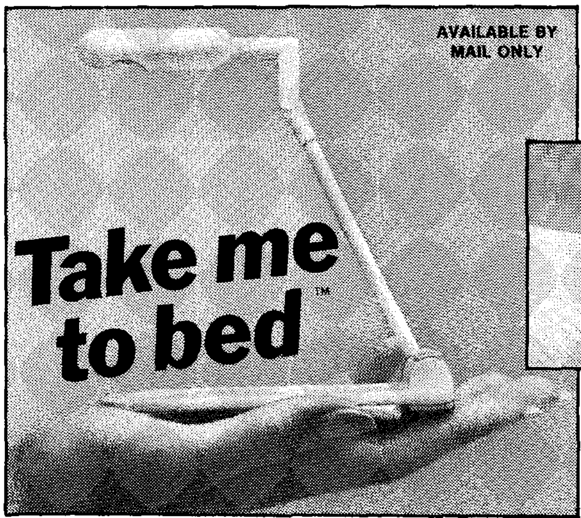

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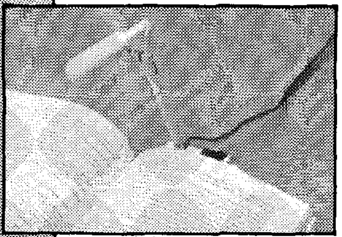

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Images of Exuberant Beauty

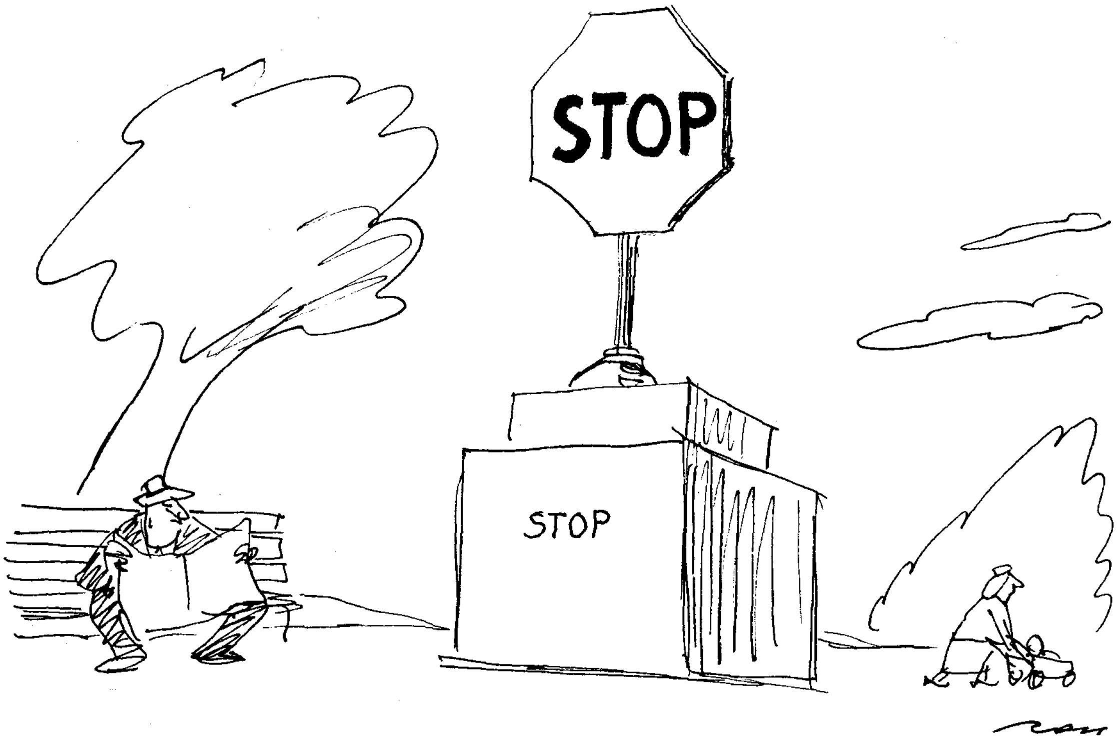
MICHAEL TIPPETT's first opera, "The Midsummer Marriage"—a lyrical celebration of love and joy—had its American première this month, in San Francisco. The opera tells of the changing seasons, of nature's endless dance, of the starry heaven and the fruitful earth, and of a young man and a young woman held apart for a while by differing idealisms but joined at last after a mutual sacrifice by which each is enriched. It is a contemporary work that has things in common with "The Magic Flute" and with "The Woman Without a Shadow." Its profuse, beautiful imagery—musical, visual, and verbal—gladdens the senses and stirs the mind. Tippett, in his essay "Poets in a Barren Age," sought to define a composer's task:

> To create images from the depths of the imagination and to give them form.... Images of the past, shapes of the future. Images of vigour for a decadent period, images of calm for one too violent. Images of reconciliation for worlds torn by division. And in an age of mediocrity and shattered dreams, images of abounding, generous, exuberant beauty.

"The Midsummer Marriage," composed in 1946-52 and first performed in 1955, at Covent Garden, reflects the bright years when Britain strove to create a new, juster society. Britten's "Spring Symphony" (1949) is another work of the time. The dream, as Tippett observed in that essay, is ever and again shattered. His later works, like Britten's, grew darker. In the Third Symphony (1970-72), he sounded the harsh, questioning fanfares of Beethoven's Ninth and answered them not with shouts of "Joy!" and pealing D-major proclamations of universal brotherhood but with qualified consolation. He sang the blues. In his opera "The Ice Break" (1973-76), when Hannah's song of healing, a blues transfigured, rises through a city murked by intolerance and brutality there shines what he has called "a momentary vision of a possibility." There are shadows, dangers, and a death in "The Midsummer Marriage," but its main song is of fruitfulness and joy.

At the first production, some were bothered by Tippett's dramaturgy, for he had embodied his realistic story—the age-old comedy plot of a marriage delayed both by misunderstandings and by parental opposition—in a scenario where the imaginings and emotional adventures of the characters are given theatrical shape. The poetic metaphors by which we describe and investigate experience take on visual and sonic form; Jungian dreams are enacted. Jenifer, in flight from Mark's embrace, finds herself at the foot of a staircase leading to heaven, and, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for her to do, she ascends it and passes out of our sight. Gates leading deep into the warm, pulsing earth open to receive Mark. The San Francisco production, directed by John Copley and designed by Robin Don, is the fourth I have seen, and it is the most successful, for it proceeds with utter naturalness, passing effortlessly between "real life" and scenic metaphor. Solos, choral scenes, and dances are blended in a single, spellbinding adventure. I feel unsure of the anthropomorphic elements in the décor: the imagined "temple" in the woods is an Ozymandian shattered visage, and the gates into the earth are represented by an enormous plaster hand, two of whose fingers swivel upward to admit entrance. But the feeling of a dappled glade where enchantments may happen, one whose aspect can suddenly change, is skillfully created by shapes in perforated metal, exquisitely colored, and very skillfully lit (by Thomas Munn). Terry Gilbert's choreography is fearless, beautiful, sensuous, and sensitive to all Tippett's intended imagery. The dancers are good, and Strephon, their leader, played by Jamie Cohen, is outstanding. The chorus—a regular glory of the San Francisco company—is superb. (Dancers and chorus become principals in this opera.) The orchestra, enjoying some of the loveliest nature music ever written, plays with great eloquence. The work, the company's press release says, "was given more than the routine number of rehearsals," and one can well believe it.

As Jenifer, a role created by Joan Sutherland, Mary Jane Johnson sang brightly and truly. Mark, a role created by Richard Lewis, needs fresher, freer tones than Dennis Bailey's, but his characterization was right. Sheri Greenawald and Ryland Davies were deft as the Papagena and Papageno couple, Bella and Jack. Raimund Herincx, who has often played King Fisher, Jenifer's father (it was his Covent Garden début role, in 1968), gave a wonderfully strong and rounded performance. Kevin Langan, a notable Sarastro, made a grave, commanding priest of the temple. David Agler's conducting was clear, con-



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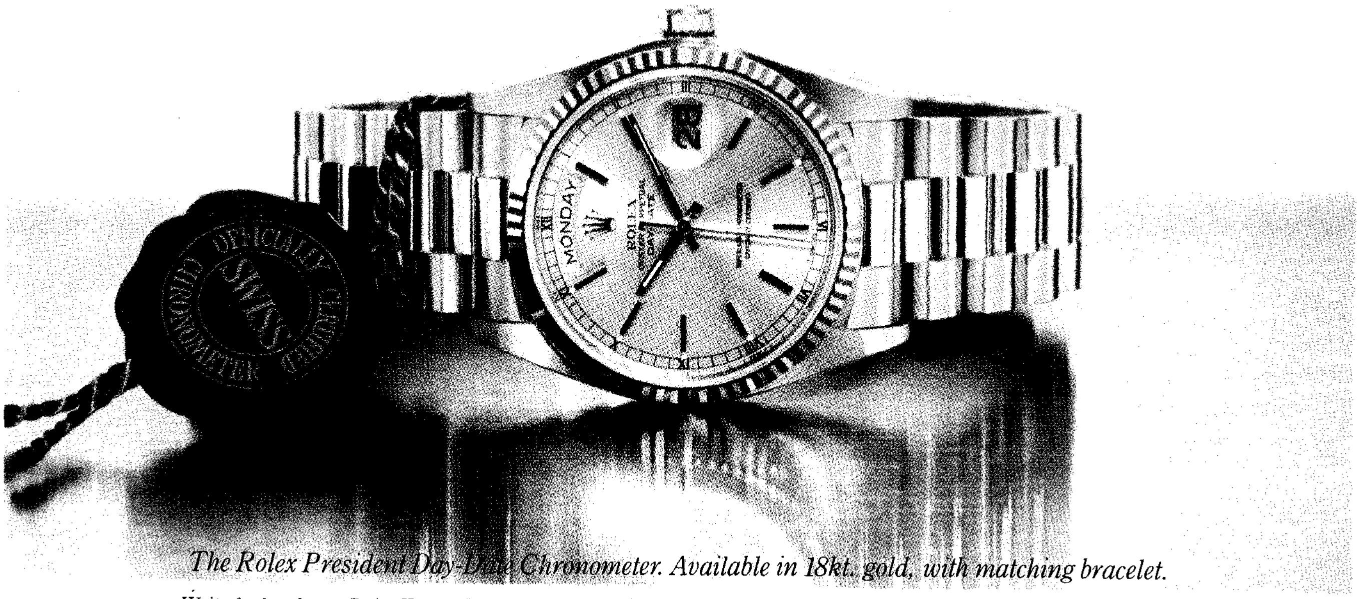

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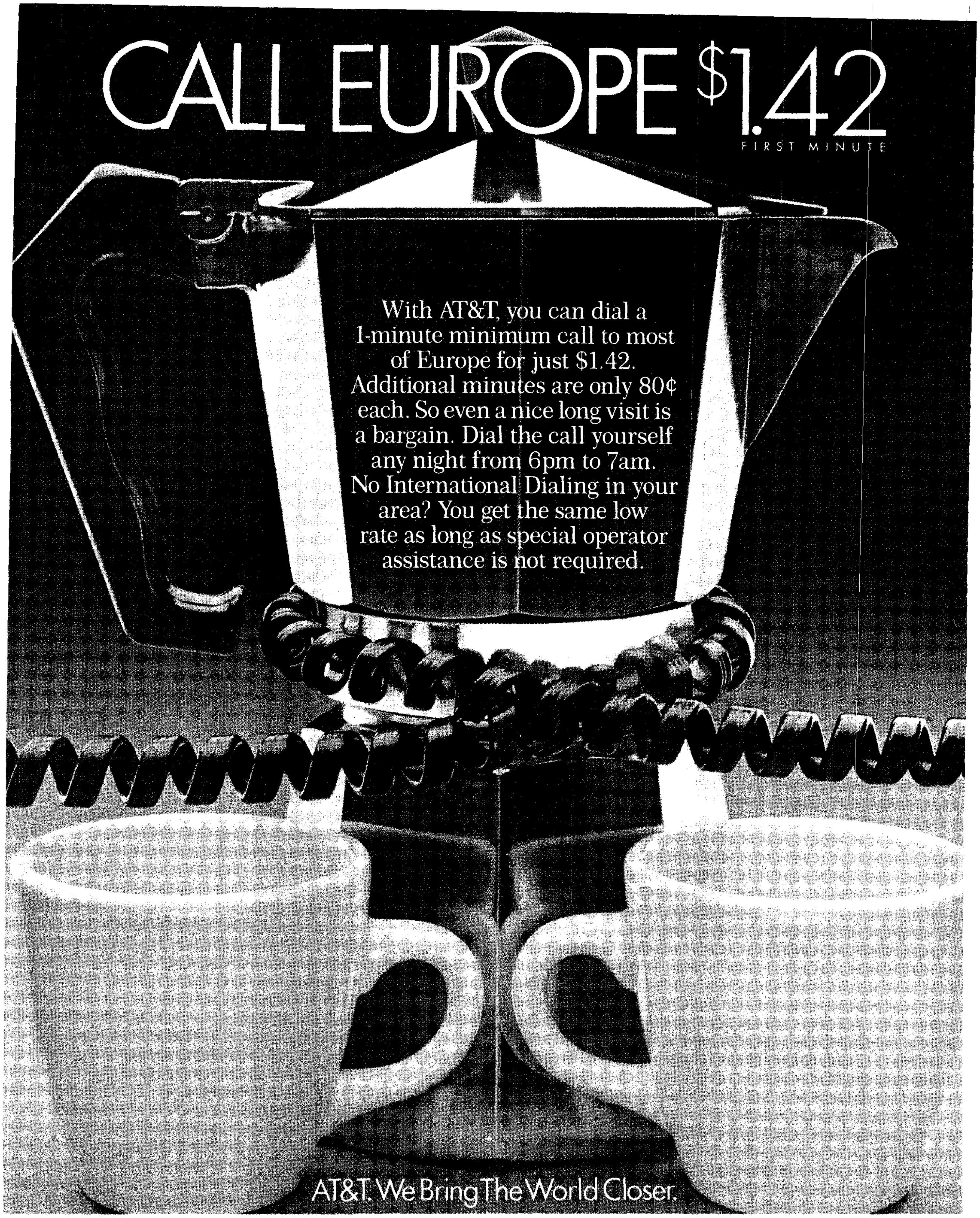
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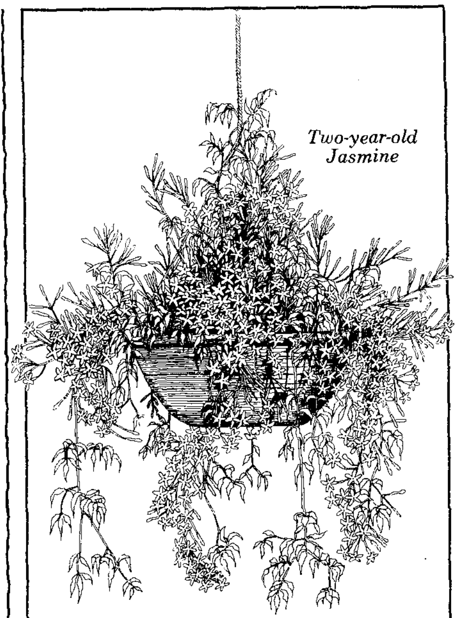
trolled, and shapely: I missed just a touch of the excited, passionate advocacy Colin Davis and Richard Armstrong bring to the score. The expert individual contributions came together in a single, inspired presentation of Tippett's inspiring opera. I've never admired Mr. Copley's work more. I hope the New York, Chicago, Houston, Dallas companies are clamoring to borrow the production.

The other opera played while I was in San Francisco was "La Traviata"—a careful restaging of the piece, by Matthew Farruggio, in Toni Businger's undistinguished but workable décor. It had musical freshness and dramatic urgency, for Richard Bradshaw, its conductor, is a musician with a sure feeling for unwritten but essential rubato—the ebb and flow of musical phrases which Verdi's music needs. An engaging Alfredo, Alberto Cupido, and a subtle, powerful Germont, Leo Nucci, shared his perceptions. The Violetta, Winifred Faix Brown, was a shade less stylish, but she is an able and accomplished singer. The comprimari—and especially Nancy Gustafson, the Flora—were all of them young artists of merit. The orchestra played well. The preludes were movingly shaped. The chorus, again, was outstanding; and the words of its Spanish divertissement could be heard.

ON the day of my return to the Met "Troyens," Placido Domingo's decision to abandon the role of Aeneas was announced. Tatiana Troyanos, the intended Cassandra, was ill and was replaced by an understudy. So of the three principals billed only Jessye Norman, the Dido, appeared. She was remarkable. On the opening night of the season, Miss Norman, at her Met début, had sung Cassandra. Eleven years ago, she made her Covent Garden début in the same role, without much success: "This seemed so glaring a piece of vocal and dramatic miscasting that I cannot begin to understand the thinking that led to it," said the editor of *Opera*. She has majesty and dignity, but there is a softness of grain in her timbre which deprived the heroic virgin's cries of their cutting edge, and she is hardly an impetuous performer. Dido suits her far better. She was warm, regal in manner, opulent of voice; and in the great final sequence of duet, monologue, air, suicide scene, and imprecation she found a new passion and intensity, both as a singer and as an actress. I have known Didos more moving but none more imposing. Wagner's Elisabeth and Mozart's Countess were among Miss Norman's early roles. Lately, she has been singing classical parts: Purcell's Dido (in Philadelphia), Gluck's Alcestis (recorded on the Orfeo label), Rameau's Phaedra (at the Aix festival). In this "Troyens," her often somewhat generalized, always vastly impressive monumental grandeur became incandescent. She was volatile, as Berlioz's music is—savage and alarming in her wrath, full-hearted and elegiac in her farewell to Carthage, unrestrained and searing in the wordless outburst of grief above stabbing woodwind chords.

On the opening night, Miss Troyanos was Dido, and Mr. Domingo was Aeneas. Both were accurate but not yet fully commanding. The love duet sounded careful, the duet of parting inhibited. At my second performance, William Lewis was Aeneas. His tones were dull and dry until he reached the fifth-act aria, which rang out convincingly. The Troy acts went for little; they could probably with advantage have been omitted, since Gwynn Cornell, the stand-in Cassandra, was unsteady and inadequate. (There's a lot to be said for performing "Troy" and "Carthage" on consecutive evenings—or as matinée and evening performances on a Saturday. "Les Troyens," which lasts five hours in the Met's two-intermission presentation, is one work, as Berlioz insisted. So is "The Ring." And Berlioz's drama is powerful enough to carry an audience through a dinner intermission, or even a day's.)

The Met production depends on its principals. It is not a committed, visionary presentation of Berlioz's epic which seems to transcend the individual contributions. The décor, by Peter Wexler, is that of ten years ago, slightly reworked, and it makes no attempt to match the colors, the picturesqueness, the Virgilian romance of the score. The prompt box serves as Achilles' tomb. There is no Trojan Horse. The Royal Hunt and Storm is unstaged. No warm, fragrant, enchanted Mediterranean night embowers the throbbing strains of the septet and the love duet. The wardrobe is meagre: Dido attends the municipal prize-giving, the garden party, and the funeral rite always in the same dull dress; the dancers—whether Egyptian dancing girls or Nubian slaves—all wear white shifts or tights. (Their ballet scarcely bears watching and



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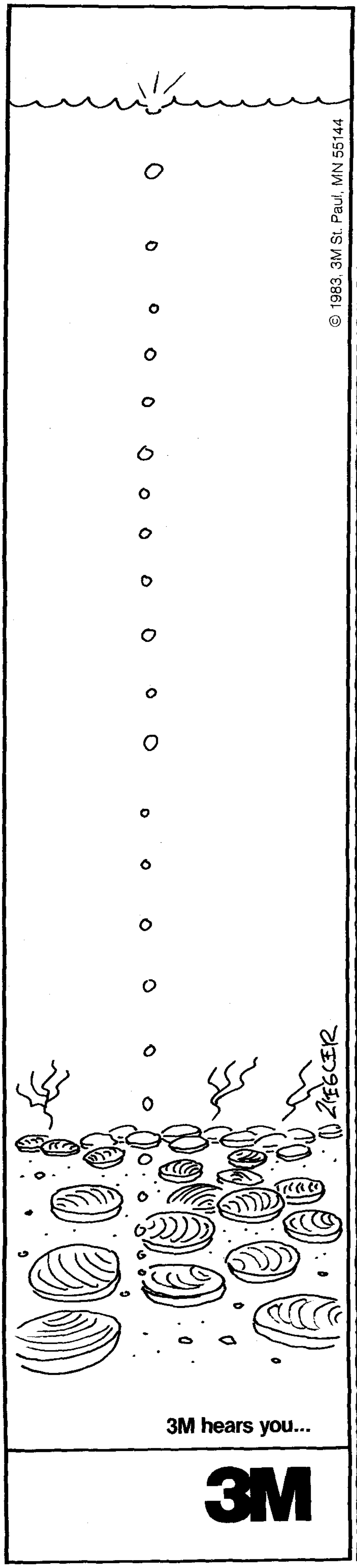

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could well be omitted.) All in all, the show looks—except for the numbers of choristers and supers—like a "Troyens" run up on the cheap and, worse, assembled without imagination or any excited, specific response to Virgil and to Berlioz. Fabrizio Melano's staging is little more than a concert performance in costume—one set on a platform spacious enough to allow the soloists room to move about if they choose to. At the start of the opera, shrill woodwinds and cornets depict the reckless high spirits of the populace—soldiers, civilians, women, and children—as after ten pent years of siege they run out onto the plain. The stage directions are specific: left, in the distance, the Trojan citadel; right, the stream Simois, with great Achilles' tomb on its bank; three piping shepherds atop the tomb; Mount Ida in the background. Another stage direction calls for dancing to begin five measures before the curtain rises, so that a scene of wild activity, matched to the hectic music, will greet the spectators' eyes. At the Met, the chorus maintains a serried oratorio formation, in a dark, drab scene. And so on throughout the evening.

James Levine's conducting is capable, energetic, and not insensitive, but it misses the special quality, easier to recognize than to define, that distinguishes the true Berlioz interpreter. It took fire, I thought, only when at my second performance Dido was singing. Miss Norman's Dido needs Jon Vickers' Aeneas, but Mr. Vickers' Met assignments this season are Peter Grimes (more of that later) and Florestan.

RICCARDO MUTI, the conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, declared recently that a concert performance may well provide a more honest account of an opera than some of today's fancy productions do. (He opened the Scala season last December conducting what seems to have been a perverse inscenation of "Ernani.") He has also said that an orchestra that confines itself to the symphonic repertory misses out on some of the best music. Since American opera companies prove unable to offer men like Muti, Abbado, Solti, and Carlos Kleiber conditions that they find acceptable, they conduct staged operas only in Europe. But this month Muti and the Philadelphia gave a concert presentation of Verdi's "Macbeth," in Philadelphia's Academy of Music and then in Carnegie Hall, that was more dramatic than just about any stage production of the piece I'd seen since Glyndebourne's in 1952. This concert version was on a huge scale. In 1847, before the Florence première, Verdi asked for eighteen witches—three covens of six apiece—and he had a full chorus of forty-eight. Muti had about ninety witches, a full chorus of a hundred and eighty-five (the Westminster Symphonic Choir, in excellent form), and an orchestra of over a hundred. He used the revised version of the opera, which in 1865 was mounted at the Théâtre-Lyrique as a spectacular show to rival Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine" at the Opéra.

None of Verdi's operas was more carefully composed or before its première more carefully rehearsed than "Macbeth." He exhorted his singers again and again to concentrate on serving the playwright rather than the composer: "Study well the dramatic situation and the words; the music will come by itself." But that music had to be rendered with careful observance of the frequent dynamic contrasts, of instructions such as "*pensieroso*," "*voce soffocata*," "*cupo*," "*con orrore*," and of the precise phrasing indications. Singers could then be trusted to employ dramatic rubato and to devise their own cadenzas—except in the few places that carry an express prohibition of the wonted embellishments. Verdi said he "endeavored to compose music tied to the text." In 1875, when he was in Vienna to conduct the Requiem and a journalist asked him his opinion of Wagner, he replied tactfully and then added, "I, too, have attempted the fusion of music and drama—in 'Macbeth.' "

Muti's *come scritto* approach to nineteenth-century scores—a literatim, notatim rendering in all places of the printed text which, as *Opera News* puts it this month, "sometimes borders on the comic"—is unscholarly, unstylish, and, I've found in the past, often undramatic. But in this "Macbeth" he gave his singers and his players rather more room to breathe and express themselves, the words, and the music than I've ever heard him give before. Not quite enough, it is true; he is no Richard Bradshaw. (Yet at one point I actually found myself missing the old bandmasterly Muti, who would have invested the jerky dotted rhythms of the final chorus with more snap.) His scrupulous attention to the expression marks brought rich rewards. The murder duet was largely whispered, except in those phrases marked to be sung in full voice. Such an approach requires a faithful edition, one that, for example, shows (as modern scores do not) the composer's subtle, striking differences of articulation in the two verses of Lady Macbeth's drinking song: the first time, a sustained F and a bold slur up the octave on the words "nasca il diletto;" a detached and more emphatic delivery the second time, as Lady Macbeth seeks to enforce merriment on a company perturbed by the royal host's behavior.

The orchestral playing was delicate, opulent, gleaming. The accompaniment to the cutthroats' chorus—one of Verdi's boldest inventions—was splendidly sinister. The invocation of ondines and sylphides was a lilting delight. The witches sounded just as Verdi (following A. W. Schlegel, whose famous commentary influenced the composer's thinking about the play) said they should: exalted and prophetic in their oracular moments, coarse and gossipy when cackling among themselves. As Lady Macbeth, Elizabeth Connell made her New York début. A celebrated Ortrud and Amneris, she has become a dramatic soprano with fire and flash in her voice, and her presence is vivid. Renato Bruson was the Macbeth. His performance was serious and strong until, as the evening progressed, he began to push the climaxes too hard and force his notes off pitch. Then the tragic hero turned into a baritone trying to display his voice. Luis Lima was a brave Macduff. Simon Estes was a full-toned Banquo, but one who, especially in recitative, tended to sing in stiffly metronomic note values, uninflected by the sense and shape of the words.

When singers and orchestra are together on a platform, the balance between them is possibly closer to what it was in the theatres of Verdi's day than it is when the orchestra is sunk into an anachronistic modern pit. And ensemble is certainly more easily achieved. Balance and ensemble were excellent in this performance. Muti is a master of color and texture. He plans to go on doing concert operas. It was good to hear a Verdi score so carefully rehearsed, so lustrously played, and so lovingly conducted.

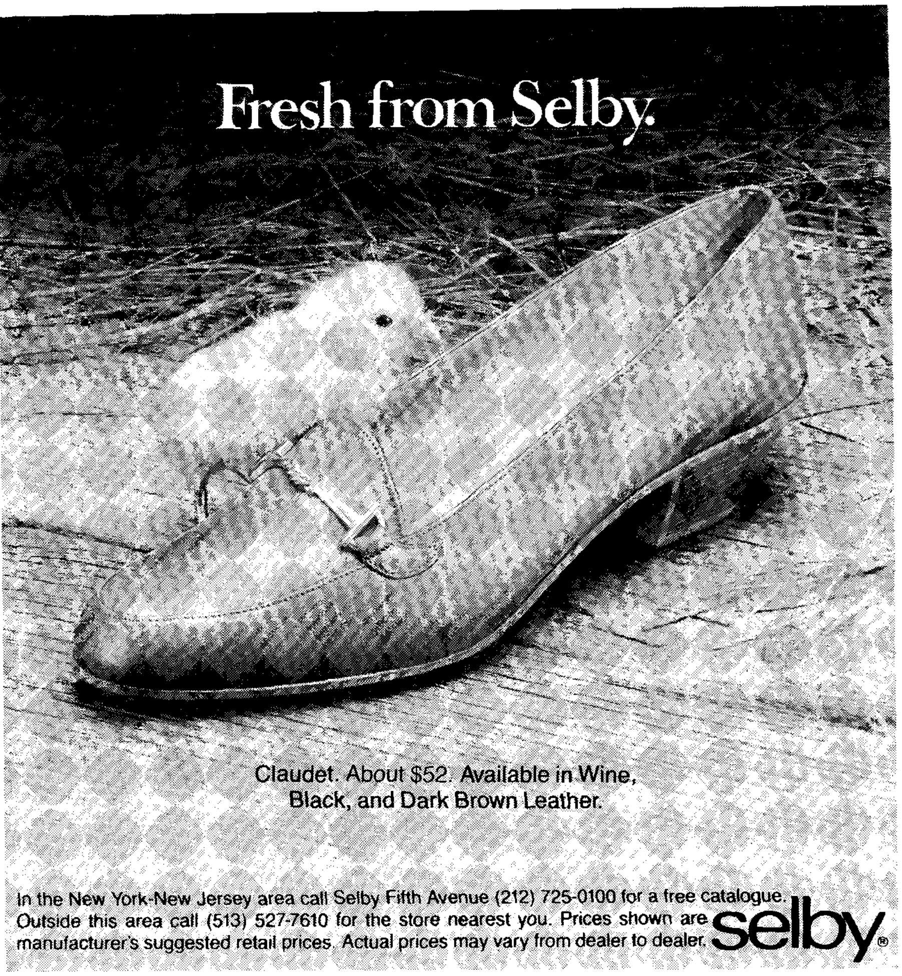
—ANDREW PORTER

●

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Boston Globe*]

Carpenter talks in monosyllables: "Understandable." "Sorry." "Maybe."



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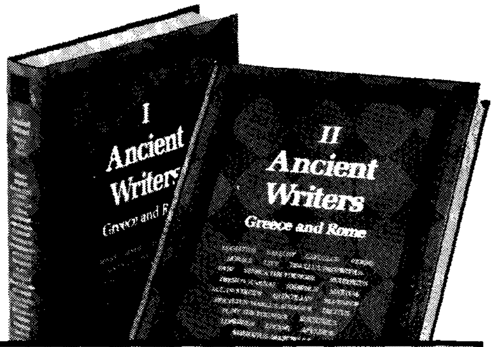

BOOKS

Sorrows of Edichka

WHAT is a fictional memoir? In this case, it's the label attached to a book called "It's Me, Eddie," by Edward Limonov, a Russian poet, about the life in New York of a Russian poet named Eddie. Set in 1976, when the narrator is thirty, the book was written in Russian and first published, in 1978, as "Eto ia, Edichka" (Ardis). The English version (Random House; $13.95) is a translation by S. L. Campbell. The book is presumably autobiographical; fictional, perhaps, in the alteration of certain names to avoid offense, and in the representation as real of certain sexual fantasies. It doesn't matter. There is no doubting the fictitious poet's allegiance to reality in his portrayal of émigré life or the fervor of his view of himself as a victim of cosmic injustice.

"It's Me, Eddie," which begins and ends with a cry of distress, has the discursive shape and style of an informal monologue built up out of anecdotes, declamation, political and literary observation, and erotic confidences. The constant shifting of tone and topic makes plain the moodiness of the speaker and conceals, at first, the artfulness of his delivery. The distraught wretch whose lack of love and money is evidently the main subject of the memoir emerges from his diatribe as a lively, humorous character with an unshakable curiosity about the outside world and sympathy even for people he claims to despise. The fluctuation of hyperbole and qualification, obscenities and tender sentiments, self-pity and altruism exposes him as a purposeful madman.

Eddie introduces himself belligerently, as an ignoble savage, indifferent to anyone's notions of the acceptable. He flouts the presumed morality of the American taxpayer:

> Twice a month I go to the clean, spacious welfare office at 1515 Broadway and receive my checks. I consider myself to be scum, the dregs of society, I have no shame or conscience, therefore my conscience doesn't bother me and I don't plan to look for work.

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And the undiscriminating fellowship of other Russian exiles, with their "predilection for gypsy campfires" and preoccupation with misfortune:

> You can recognize them from the back, by a sort of anguished depression in their posture. Although I hardly associate with them, I always recognize them in the elevator.

Depressed himself, having lost his job as a proofreader at *Russkoe Delo*, a Russian newspaper in New York, betrayed and deserted by his beautiful wife, Elena, Eddie tries suicide, "a week of life as a bum," and homosexuality, which he claims, in retrospect, to be his true sexual calling: "A love for strong men. I confess, and I see it now."

In scattered references to the past, Eddie reveals that he was born in Kharkov, an industrial city in the Ukraine, that his father is or was a career N.K.V.D. man ("That's right, the secret police"), that his uncle and grandfathers died in the Second World War, and that he himself was a teen-age hoodlum who at twenty-one became "a poet and an intellectual." He speaks of "poems and stories" he wrote in Russia, including a "poem-cycle" called "Three Long Songs." Although he was an outsider there, not a member of the Soviet Writers' Union, and obliged to publish and circulate his work privately, he was a popular writer: "The Russian people read me, they bought the eight thousand collections that I typed and distributed all those years, they knew them, recited them by heart." His flight "in search of artistic freedom," which he defines bluntly as "the opportunity to publish my works here," has landed him in familiar working conditions: "The cheapest food, not always enough of it; dirty little rooms, wretched poor clothes, cold, vodka,

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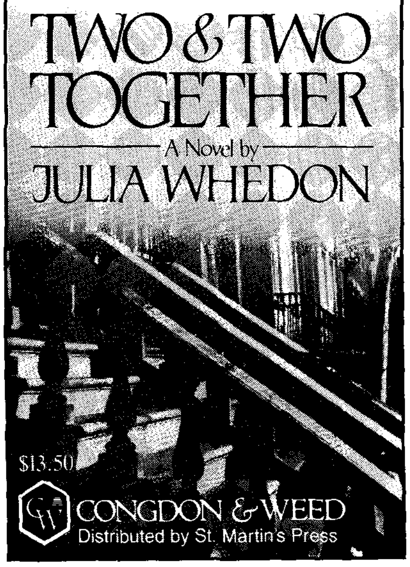

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nerves . . . Ten years of that life in Russia, and now the whole thing over again." Stranded in New York, without enough English to land a job as a waiter at the Hilton, Eddie cherishes the image of the Poet as a natural aristocrat in Russia, "something of a spiritual leader." In an awkward social moment, he takes out some of his poems and reads them to company—a Russian friend, who "gravely [expresses] his opinion on each poem," and an American acquaintance, who, though cultivated, "had unthinkingly assigned to art the role of a knickknack ornamenting life."

Seeking friendship and recognition, Eddie becomes a man of the streets, "familiar with all of New York's blind men and their dogs." He attends a lecture on anarchism at the Free Space Center on Lafayette Street, where he finds himself one of an audience of "five people, two of them Russian," and several meetings of the Workers Party, whose "methods of struggle" strike him, he says, as "undynamic—they were mainly busy 'supporting' everybody." Vainly, he introduces himself by mail to Allen Ginsberg and to a "Very Attractive Lady, 39," who has advertised in the *Village Voice* for a travelling companion. "I was sure she would jump at a Russian poet," he says.

Unlike the idealized dissident of the moment, Eddie is a classic bohemian. In the throes of unrequited love, he is a worldlier soulmate of Young Werther, Goethe's philosophical extremist. "As a poet," Eddie says, "I enjoyed shocking these old ladies. I love attention of any sort"—a chip off the old Baudelairean block. He is an adventurer in the city, like Henry Miller in Paris, revelling in the rhetorical possibilities of destitution and exile. Hardship reinforces his temperamental extremism.

Edward Limonov is identified as a poet and novelist in Edward J. Brown's book "Russian Literature Since the Revolution." The Russian version of "It's Me, Eddie" is quoted with admiration, and Brown links its author with Joseph Brodsky as a "powerful artistic witness on the human predicament of exile." In his fictional memoir, Eddie gives a brief account of a visit with Brodsky, whom he describes as "miserable here in your country." Eddie is in no position to exercise noblesse oblige, however, and insists on the superiority of his own alienation, choosing to interpret a discrepancy in success as a measure of

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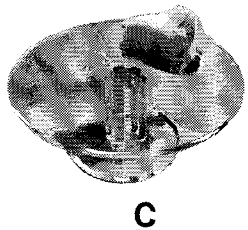

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integrity. Elsewhere in the book, he describes other pillars of dissidence as deceivers:

> It all started with Messrs. Sakharov, Solzhenitsyn, and company, who turned us against the Soviet world without ever having laid eyes on the Western world. They were prompted not only by specific purposes—the intelligentsia were demanding a part in governing the country, demanding their share—but also by pride, the desire to advertise themselves. As always in Russia, moderation was not observed. They may have been honestly deceived, Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn, but they deceived us too.

Underlying these uncharitable remarks are political differences—Eddie classifies himself as an "extreme leftist" and a potential terrorist—and a feeling that equal time is due. He and a fellow-poet petition and picket the *Times* in an attempt to publish an "Open Letter to Academician Sakharov"—an appeal "to cease destroying the Soviet intelligentsia . . . by inciting them to emigrate."

Eddie sees images of his second thoughts about emigration in an assortment of former somebodies, not all poets and not all Russian: "Stout, slovenly, wheezing Alyoshka Shneerson . . . former dissident and former groom at the Moscow race track," who "prides himself on having been the first Russian to master welfare;" "the savage Jew Marat Bagrov," who "contrived to hold a counter-demonstration against a demonstration on Fifth Avenue on behalf of the free exit of Jews from the USSR" and "came out with the slogans 'Stop demagoguery!' and 'Help us here!;' " "a former Soviet cycling champion," now a welder; "an ex-musician" and "an ex-wheeler-dealer," both working as dishwashers; a cameraman, a philologist, and an economist, all unemployed; "the lanky red-coated doorman, who was well known to the whole hotel as Fidel Castro's schoolmate."

One chapter covers Eddie's short career as a busboy at the Hilton, where his bitter daydreams force him "to hate our customers and to love the kitchen staff": "I'll blow up your world, and these lads will do it with me—the underlings of this world! I thought passionately, my glance resting on one of my fellow busboys—the Chinaman Wong, or the dark-browed, criminal Patricio, or the Argentinian Carlos." In another chapter, he offers tender impressions of the students in his English class at a community center on Columbus Avenue near 100th Street —"Ten women from the Domin-

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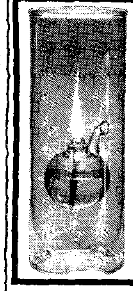
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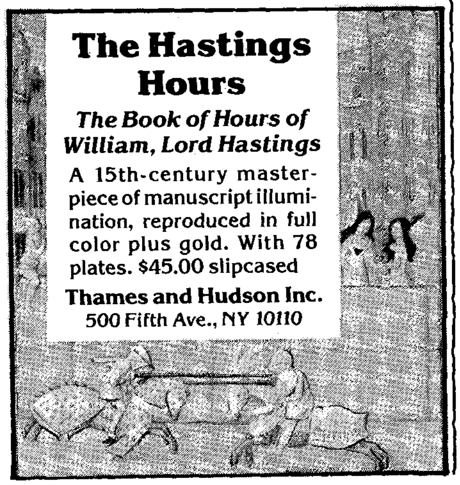

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ican Republic, one from Cuba, one from Colombia," who have no "rabid desire to squeeze their names, at all costs, into their country's history, or better yet the world's."

Toward the end of the book, Eddie goes shopping with Elena, "that lousy Russian tart," "my dearest possession, my little Russian maiden," who has developed under his obsessive attention into a substantial character. Again his anger yields to benevolent observation:

> "Treat Elena, Eddie-baby, as Christ treated Mary Magdalene and all women who sinned . . ." I exhorted myself. "If you love her, this long, thin creature in faded little jeans who is browsing now among the perfumes, sniffing them with an important air and unscrewing the stoppers . . ."

He constructs an almost complete short story in the chapter "I Make Money," based on his work for the "renowned Beautiful Moving Company." The central figure is Eddie's boss, John, "formerly Ivan . . . a seaman who defected from a Soviet fishing vessel in the Straits of Japan," "a Jack London character," who refuses to speak Russian, and whose determination and suppressed nostalgia are the elements in a drama of secret resemblances.

Eddie has already noticed the plural pronoun encroaching on his first-person-singular history and is not unduly disturbed:

> "We." Although I think of myself as separate, I keep returning to this concept "we." By now there are a great many of us here.

Edward Limonov, according to the book jacket, now lives in Paris, and has written, in addition to eight volumes of poetry, a book called "Diary of a Loser." —SUSAN LARDNER

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Mackinac Island* (*Mich.*) *Town Crier*]

Only the second such event since officers left the Fort in 1896, the ball is the Mackinac Associates' special 1983 season event. Members of the associates and their guests will concoct their own Victorian-era costumes, which, last year, ranged from officers' and ladies' dress clothing, to priest's garb, to a whitefish.

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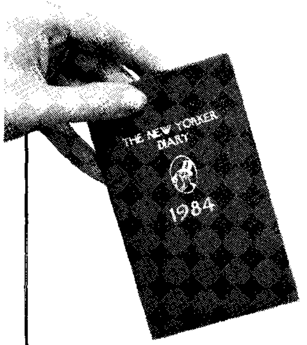

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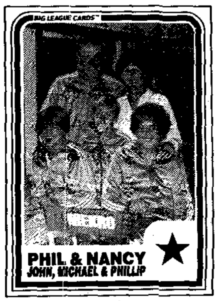

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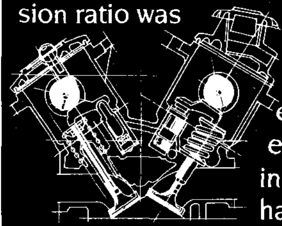
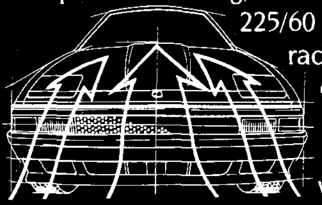
OH WHAT A FEELING!

TOYOTA

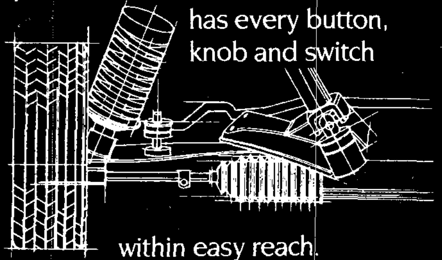
The Toyota Supra. A sleek and powerful driving machine. Smoldering beauty. Scorching performance. An automotive legend in just three years. How does a car earn such a glowing reputation? The answer begins under the hood, the heart of every performance car. For 1984, the 5-speed Supra has been refined, squeezing 10 more horsepower out of its already hot engine. The compression ratio was raised, the intake manifold enlarged for easier engine breathing and the exhaust system streamlined. As a result, the electronically fuel injected 2.8 litre Twin-Cam six propels Supra from 0-60 in less than 8.6 seconds.



In the handling department, standard features like independent rear suspension, MacPherson struts, variable assist power rack-and-pinion steering, and wide 225/60 HR14 radial tires on 14"x7" aluminum alloy wheels, give Supra superb cornering and precise control. A new front air dam was added to channel the wind for less resistance and even better road holding.



Inside the Supra, uncompromising attention has been paid to create the ultimate high performance environment. The Supra's now famous 8-way adjustable sport seat won't take a back seat to anybody else's. In a review of the ten best automotive features, Car and Driver Magazine rated the Supra driver's seat as the best in the business.* The driver's seat has a wide variety of adjustments from a unique pneumatic lumbar adjustment system to movable thigh support and side bolsters. The dash has every button, knob and switch within easy reach.



The 1984 Toyota Supra. Superb performance and stunning beauty. The right stuff to make a car a legend.

* Car and Driver Magazine, January 1983

BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

THE NEW 1984 SUPRA. CHARIOT OF FIRE.